George Birch, 21st July 1762.

Humane Prudence:

OR, THE

ART

By which a

MAN may Raise HIMSELF

AND HIS

FORTUNE

TO

GRANDEUR.

Corrected and very much Enlarged.

The TWELFTH EDITION.

Non dicere, sed facere, beatum est.
Pluris est prudenter agere, quam sapienter cogitare.

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MDCC XXIX.

TO THE

Virtuous and moſt Ingenious

EDW. HUNGERFORD, Eſq;

SIR,

NOthing can more illuſtrate, even the braveſt of Perſons, than to act according to the Maxims of Prudence and Virtue. Many Men are Wiſe in Picture, and notably Learned in Trifles; but when they come to Buſineſs, of no more Uſe than a Sun-Dial *in a Grave. That is the beſt Philoſophy which teaches Men* prudenter agere, *rather than* ſapienter cogitare.

If the World would ſpend that time in active Philoſophy, *and in the Study of Things of ſolid Uſe and Benefit, that they conſume in* Cobweb-Learning, *to* catch Flies; *People would be more Judicious and Knowing at Twenty Years of Age, than uſually now they are at Seventy.*

Prudence (like Mines of Gold) is found but in few Places; and though it is as yet in the Ore, active Philoſophy will refine it: To Think well is only to Dream well; but it is well-doing that perfects the Work. As Virtue is the Luſtre of Action, ſo Action is the Life of Virtue.

This little Manual, if you pleaſe to read it ſoberly, and practiſe the Principles contained in it, (though you may have erected a fair Structure of Knowledge to your ſelf, yet) I dare ſay it will build you a Story higher.

The Converſation of Men, is a good Expedient to cultivate and improve your Parts. Reading of Books may make you Learned, but it is Converſe and Buſineſs that make Men Wiſe.

The Theory of that Learning which the World hath for many Years admired, ſerves only to diſpute Piety and Truth out of the Church; Juſtice and Honeſty out of the State.

Of this Valentinian *and* Lucinus, *Emperors of* Rome, *had Experience, when they termed Learning the Plague and Poiſon of a Kingdom; and* Lycurgus *was not far from this Opinion, when he eſtabliſhed Ignorance in his Republick.*

If we conſult the Regiſter of Time, we ſhall find that Seditions and Revolutions, Hereſies and Schiſms, have not any where been ſo frequent as in Commonwealths, where this Kind of Learning was in great Eſteem, and even when it triumphed moſt: Ambition and Pride march always in the Rear of great Knowledge; whereas we have obſerved that thoſe that are not too Learned, are commonly the beſt Subjects, and the Wiſeſt and Honeſteſt Men.

There are many that are great Opiniators, and high in their own Conceits; but you may take the Elevation of their Parts, without a Jacob's *Staff: Theſe Men think when they have read* Ariſtotle's Phyſicks *and* Politicks, *they have exactly ſurvey'd the great Round of Nature, fathom'd the Moon; and that they know by what Springs, and upon what Pins, Wheels, and Hinges, the whole Univerſe moves: Whereas, if they had ſeriouſly ſtudied Nature, and Active Philoſophy, they would no more value all the Learning they now have, than we do*

the

the wagging of a Straw at the Antipodes. *Theſe Sophiſters are like* Diogenes's *Archer, that could hit any Mark but the right; or like ſome Perſons, who can give a good Ground to others, but cannot bowl themſelves: Whereas the Philoſophy of a Wiſe Man is* honeſtè vivere; prudenter agere, alterum non lædere; ſuum cuique tribuere.

Some part of this Manual was formerly Dedicated to a Perſon of great Honour and Merit, who is ſince Dead; and you being the next Heir to all his Virtues, no Man has a juſter Title to Humane Prudence *than your ſelf.*

This will ſerve you, as the Philoſopher's Mirror, to dreſs your ſelf by; to tune your Paſſions; and if any thing be amiſs, to correct it.

Nothing will add a greater Ornament to you, or render you more renowned, than Learning and Virtue.

When Alexander *had defeated the Army of* Darius, *amongſt the Spoils there was found his Cabinet, ſo rich, and of ſuch Value, that a Diſpute aroſe, what to lay in it;* Alexander *ſaid,* I'll ſoon end that Diſpute, I'll lay *Homer's* Works in it: *Such an Eſteem he had for Learning. It was* Philip *his Father that made him* Alexander, *but it was his own Conduct and Prudence that gave him the Title of Great.*

By Riches you may make Friends; by Honour and great Places, oblige many; but by your Virtues you may oblige the whole World.

Private Men for their Virtues, have been made Kings; and Kings for their Vices have been depoſed.

Riches may be waſted, Honour loſt, but Virtue will make you Immortal, becauſe it ſelf is ſo.

You have made a fair Progreſs in your Studies beyond your Years; if you proceed in that Courſe, you will be the Glory of the Age you live in.

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Alphonſus, *that incomparable King of* Spain, Sicily, *and* Naples, *was ſo devoted to his Studies, and had ſuch an Honour for Learning, that for his Creſt, he gave a Book open: If you will be a Prince, imitate that great King.*

Non a caſo è virtute anzi è bella arte.

As much as you excel others in Fortune, ſo much ought you to excel them alſo in Virtue.

The Nobleneſs of your Stock is a Spur to Virtue; and if Virtue could have been propagated, you had been one of the moſt Virtuous Perſons in the World.

After you have made your Progreſs through a Courſe of Virtue, imitate the induſtrious Bee, and gather from the Flowers thoſe Things which afterwards may be uſeful and ſerviceable to you.

Ageſilaus *was asked,* What Youth ſhould learn? That, *ſaid he,* which they ſhould uſe when Men.

I will not detain you any longer at preſent, than to intreat you to look into this Mirror, *as made up of other Men's* Cryſtals, *and my own Errors; wherein you may ſee what you are, as well as what you ought to be.*

Worthy Sir,

23 OC 62

I am your faithful Friend and Servant,

W. de Britaine.

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A Table of the Principal Matters contained in this Book.

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23 OC 62

Humane

Humane Prudence:

OR, THE

ART by which a MAN may Advance himself and his FORTUNE.

SECT. I.

Of STUDY.

SIR,

AN ingenious and an industrious Youth, seldom fails of being follow'd with a virtuous and a happy Life: You are now entring upon a publick Stage, where every Mortal acts his Part; what yours may be I know not; but be it what it will, whether of a Prince or of a Beggar, it must be your Care to discharge the Lot that Providence hath assign'd you, with a good Grace.

Never puzzle your Head with the fantastical Quirks of the Schools: As how many Angels can

da nce upon the point of a Needle; or beat your Brain about the Proportion between the Cylinder and the Sphere, though *Archimedes* highly valued himſelf upon the Invention.

Neither will it become you to quarrel pedantically about the Orthography of a Word; as whether to write *Fœlix* with a Dipthong, or an (*e*) ſimple; but rather attend to the Senſe and Meaning of Things. What is it to us how many Knots *Hercules* had in his Club, or whether *Penelope* was honeſt or not? Let every Man mind his own Buſineſs, and do his own Duty. A wiſe Man will employ his Thoughts upon things ſubſtantial and uſeful. It is not for a Philoſopher, and a Man of Letters, to peſter his Brains with idle Punctilio's and Cavils: That ſuperfine curious ſort of Learning ſignifies no more than a ſplendid Foppery, to no manner of purpoſe. What are we the better for thoſe Studies that furniſh us only with unactive Thoughts, and uſeleſs Diſcourſe, and teach us only to think and ſpeak?

Knowledge is the Treaſure of the Mind; Diſcretion the Key to it: And it illuſtrates all other Learning, as the Lapidary doth unpoliſh'd Diamonds.

It ought to be a great Part of our Study and Buſineſs, as well to unlearn what we have been taught amiſs, as to acquire the Knowledge of better Things: And this muſt be before the Error or the Miſtake become habitual to us; for the Impreſſions of Education are ſtrong and laſting. They grow up with us from the Cradle, and go along with us to the Grave. That's the beſt Knowledge, in fine, that makes us good, rather than learned; which conſiſts, in a great meaſure, in the governing of our Appetites, and in the tuning of our Affections; ſo as to keep them in harmony one to another.

Meta-

Metaphyſical Speculations are but the Spider-work of whimſical Heads. They are ſubtle and delicate; but at the beſt, they are but Pleaſure without Profit; like a Flower without a Root. Philoſophy pays no Scores.

It was put to *Antiſthenes*, What he got by his Learning? His Anſwer was, That he could talk to himſelf, without being beholden to others for the Delight of good Company. It is no ſmall Happineſs for a Man to keep all quiet within Doors, and to entertain himſelf comfortably with his own Thoughts: Provided always that you ſuperadd Obſervation and Experience to your own Faculties; a way of Learning as far beyond that which is got by Precept, as the Knowledge of a Traveller exceeds that which is got by a Map.

The whole Univerſe is your Library: Converſation, living Studies, and Remarks upon them, are your beſt Tutors.

Books give us the firſt Notions of Things, and contribute Materials towards the Structure of a beautiful Palace: but it's the Knowledge of the World which teaches us the Architecture, and ſhews us the Order and Connexion of Things, and gives us the Reputation of Wiſdom in all our Actions.

In any Art or Science to be firſt in Eminency, is a great Advantage; for thoſe that come after, will be counted but Imitators of thoſe which went before.

Hence it is, that any Part of Philoſophy penned by *Hermes-Triſmegiſtus*; any Script of Geography bearing the Name of *Anaximander*; any muſical Compoſition ſung by *Amphion* to his Harp; any piece of Mathematicks ſaid to be writ by *Zoroaſter*, are ſeverally reputed the beſt, as well as the Works of the firſt.

An illiterate Perſon is the World in Darkneſs, and like to *Polyphemus's Statue* with the Eye out.

I envy none that know more than my ſelf, but pity them that know leſs.

Nothing doth more dignify a Perſon than Learning, and no Learning makes a Man more judicious than Hiſtory: Which gives an Antedate to Time, brings Experience without grey Hairs, and makes us wiſe at the Coſt and Expence of others.

Study well the Book of Nature, which is more worth than all the Volumes in the Univerſe: And it lies open to all too; though read or underſtood but by few. To deal freely with you, I am not much concerned at the burning of *Ptolomy's* Library at *Alexandria*; and I ſhould not have been much more, if I had ſeen it in its Urn: For a multitude of Books is but a diverting Diſtraction of the Mind; whereas the Treaſury of Nature entertains us with an inexhauſtible Variety of Matter. Since the Diſcovery of the Uſe and Virtue of the Loadſtone, there is nothing, methinks, but Study and Induſtry may find out.

In Matters cognoſcible and framed for our Diſquiſition, Application muſt be our Oracle, and Reaſon our *Apollo*. Not to know Things out of our reach, is the Imperfection of our Nature, not Knowledge; for mortal Eyes cannot ſee beyond their *Horizon*.

True Knowledge values Things by Weight and Meaſure, and not by the diſtinction of Words and Authorities.

Truth is known but of a very few, whereas falſe Opinions go current with the reſt of the World.

Study to be eminent: Mediocrity is below a brave Soul: Eminency in a high Employment, will diſtinguiſh you from the Vulgar, and advance you

you into the Catalogue of Famous Men: To be eminent in a low Profeſſion, is to be great in little, and ſomething in nothing.

There was a Man who preſented to *Henry* the Great of *France*, an Anagram upon his Name, *(Borbonius)* which was *Bonus Orbi*, *Orbus Boni*; the King asked him what it meant; he told him, That when his Majeſty was a *Hugonot* he was *Bonus Orbi*, but when he turned *Catholick* he was *Orbus Boni*; a very fine Anagram, ſaid the King; I pray what Profeſſion are you of? Pleaſe your Majeſty I am a Maker of Anagrams, but I am a very poor Man: I believe it, ſaid the King, for you have taken a beggarly Trade.

I would not have you like a Friperer's Shop, that hath many Ends and Remnants in it, but never a good Piece.

A Smatterer in every thing is commonly good for nothing.

About a Hundred and Eighty Years ſince, *Greek* and *Necromancy* were one and the ſame thing with the common People: And it was not only ſcandalous, but dangerous to be Learned.

I have ſomewhat wondred, that Pope *Paul* the Second, ſhould declare them to be Hereticks, which pronounced the Word *Academy*, the Seat of Oracles and Learning.

However I ſhall have a ſingular Regard for them that bring any new Invention or Diſcovery to the Republick of Learning.

I honour *Carpus*, or thoſe others, whoever they were, who were the firſt Diſcoverers of the Medical Efficacy of Quick-ſilver; they have thereby relieved more diſtreſſed Perſons, than if they had built many Infirmaries or Hoſpitals.

I much admire the rare Invention of the Microſcope and Teleſcope, and muſt pay my Thanks to the Authors of them (of which Antiquity

quity give us not the leaſt hint.) By the Aſſiſtance of theſe Dioptrical Glaſſes, you may obſerve the curious Mechaniſm and excellent Contexture of the minuteſt Animals, and that in theſe pretty Engines (by an incomparable Contraction of Providence) are lodged all the Perfections of the largeſt Creatures; ſo that were *Ariſtotle* now alive, he might write a new Hiſtory of Animals; for the firſt Tome of *Zoography* is ſtill wanting, the Naturaliſts hitherto having only deſcribed to us the larger and more voluminous ſort of them, as Bears, Bulls, Tygers, *&c.* while they have regardleſly paſſed by the Inſectile *Automata*, with a bare mention of their Names.

There is a new World of Experiments left to the Diſcovery of Poſterity; but it hath been the unhappy Fate (which is great pity) of novel Inventions to be undervalued; witneſs that excellent Diſcovery of *Columbus*, with the Contempt he underwent both before and after it.

But let nothing diſcourage you; Worth is ever at Home, and carrieth its own Welcome along with it: Your own Virtues will ennoble you, and he that has a great Mind wants nothing to make him greater.

It is the Ruin of many Men, becauſe they cannot be beſt, they will be nothing; and if they may not do as well as they would, they will not do as well as they may.

Fortune is like the Market; if you can ſtay a little, the Price will fall.

Let great Actions encourage greater; and let Honour be your Merit, not your Deſign.

SECT.

SECT. II.

Of RELIGION.

LInk not your ſelf with a Faction, but joyn with all Chriſtians in a Communion.

Make not your ſelf of a Party, nor an Aſſertor of Opinions in Faſhion. Value no Man but for his Probity, and for living up to the Rules of Piety and Juſtice. If Integrity does not make you proſperous, it will at leaſt keep you from being miſerable: For no Man can be truly Religious, that is not likewiſe conſcienciouſly Juſt and Honeſt. Now Holineſs is the moſt prevailing Intereſt in the World, for God is on that ſide. Briefly, I wiſh the Chriſtian World Unity in the Fundamentals that are neceſſary, Liberty in things indifferent, and Charity in all things.

I know there are many things obtruded upon the World as Oracles of Heaven, that ſignify no more than Cheats and Impoſtures: But wiſe Men are not any longer to be entertained with Ænigmas, ſince God hath ſaid, *Fiat Lux.*

I muſt confeſs, I have not Faith enough my ſelf to ſwallow Camels, nor can I perſwade my Reaſon to become a Dromedary; to bear the whole Luggage of Tradition, or the Fables of the *Alchoran.*

Faith may exceed Reaſon, but not oppoſe it; and it may be above Senſe, but not againſt it: Thus while Faith doth aſſure me that I eat Chriſt effectually, Senſe doth aſſure me that I ſee Bread, and taſte it really: For though I oftentimes ſee not thoſe things that I believe, yet I muſt ſtill believe thoſe things that I ſee.

I can pay no Reverence to a Gray-headed Error: And as Antiquity cannot privilege a Miſtake, ſo Novelty cannot prejudice Truth.

There

There is nothing in its self more excellent than Religion; but to raise Quarrels and Disputes about it, is to dishonour it. It's admirable to me, that, that which was designed to make us happy in another World, should by its Divisions make us most miserable in this; and that what was ordained for the saving of Men's Souls, should be perverted to the taking away of their Lives. I do not like a Religion that, like *Draco*'s Laws, is writ in Blood.

I never was disaffected to any that were of a different Persuasion from me in point of Religion, but wished them Liberty of Conscience, so far as they made Conscience of that Liberty; and I never understood the Logick of convincing a doubting Conscience with Sword and Pistol. I never was so rigid a Censor as to damn all those which were not within the Purlieu of the Church; for my Charity hopes for a Reverse of Mercy, even for the very *Pagans* themselves.

I never affected any Schism, being against a main Article of my Faith, *viz. The Communion of Saints*, which makes the Church Militant and Triumphant one Parish.

I never Idolized the Theorems of the Schools; but I must confess, that *unum Augustinum mille Patribus, unam Sacræ Scripturæ paginam mille Augustinis præfero.* I value St. *Augustin* more than a thousand of the Fathers, and one simple Page of *Holy Writ* more than a thousand St. *Austines.*

That Religion to me seemeth best, which is most reasonable; especially if we consider how much of Interest, and the strong Impressions of Education there is in that which many call Religion. Not that we are to try the Articles of our Creed by the Touchstone of *Aristotle.*

Be content with a single Faith in God, the Comforts of a good Life, and the Hopes of a better

better upon true Repentance, and take the reſt upon the Authority of the Church.

In things neceſſary go along with the antient Church; in things indifferent, with the preſent.

Though you have ſome Opinions and Notions of your own, yet yield (as the Orbs do for the order of the Univerſe) to the great Wheel of the Church.

Let it be an Article of your Faith, to believe as the truly Catholick Apoſtolick Church believes; and the great Rule of your Practice, to live as the Law directs.

A ſound Faith is the beſt Divinity; a good Conſcience the beſt Law; and Temperance the beſt Phyſick.

Let not your Faith, which ought to ſtand firm upon a ſure Foundation, lean over-hardly on a well-painted rotten Poſt.

If in Scripture ſome Points are left unto us leſs clear and poſitive, be content; it is that Chriſtians might have wherewith to exerciſe Humility in themſelves, and Charity towards others.

Never wreſt the Scripture to maintain a Truth, for fear Cuſtom in time ſhould bring you to wreſt it to an Error.

Be careful not to exaſperate any Sect or Religion; Rigour ſeldom makes ill Chriſtians better, but many times it makes them reſerved Hypocrites.

Zeal doth well in a private Breaſt, and Moderation in a publick State.

Set Bounds to your Zeal by Diſcretion, to Error by Truth, to Paſſion by Reaſon, to Diviſion by Charity.

Never contend over-paſſionately for Ceremonies (which are but the Suburbs of Religion) to the diſquiet of the Church: It's better for the Church to be without ſome Truths, than to have no Peace.

Opti-

Optimus animus eſt pulcherrimus Dei cultus.

If you deſign to make your ſelf Happy, look to your Thoughts before they come to Deſires; and entertain no Thoughts which may bluſh in Words.

The beſt way to keep out wicked Thoughts is always to be employed in good ones; let your Thoughts be where your Happineſs is, and let your Heart be where your Thoughts are; for tho' your Habitation is on earth, your Converſation will be in Heaven.

Let your Thoughts be ſuch to your ſelf, as you need not be aſhamed to have God know them; and Words ſuch to God, as you need not be aſhamed Men ſhould hear them.

It was one of *Pythagoras's* Symbols, *De Deo loqui ſine lumine nefas eſto:* I muſt confeſs, I cannot think of God without an Extaſy, or ſpeak of him without a Soloeciſm.

If your Endeavour cannot prevent a Vice, let a timely Repentance atone for it; with the ſame height of Deſire thou haſt ſinned, with the like depth of Sorrow thou muſt repent; thou that haſt ſinned a day, defer not thy Repentance till to morrow: He that hath promiſed Pardon to thy Repentance, hath not promiſed Life till thou repent.

Make uſe of Time if thou loveſt Eternity; know yeſterday cannot be recalled, to morrow cannot be aſſured: To day is only thine, which if once loſt, is loſt for ever.

Let all your Actions be *à Deo, in Deo, ad Deum:* Never venture on any Action unleſs you bring God to it; nor reſt ſatisfied, unleſs you carry God from it.

Be aſſured he hath no ſerious Belief of God, or the World to come, who dares be wicked.

Inſtead

Inſtead of a *Cato*, ſet before you a God, whoſe Eye is always upon you; and therefore keep your Eye always upon him.

Fear to do any thing againſt that God whom thou loveſt, and thou wilt not love to do any thing againſt that God whom thou feareſt.

Let your Prayers be as frequent as your Wants, and your Thankſgivings, as your Bleſſings.

In the Morning think what you have to do, for which ask God's Bleſſing; at Night, what you have done, for which you muſt ask Pardon.

Take an exact account of your Life, be not afraid to look upon the Score, but fearful to encreaſe it: To deſpair becauſe a Man is ſinful, is to be worſe becauſe he hath been bad.

If the Devil ſhall at any time tempt thee to Evil, betake thy ſelf to Prayer and holy Meditations, and then he will forbear to tempt thee any more, when he ſhall ſee that he thereby puts thee upon holy Exerciſes and Devotions.

Have a care of the leaſt Temptation which may attack thee: for the moſt Heroick Virtue, like a great City, is ſeldom beſieged, but it's taken.

Conſider, that in Heaven above, there is an Ear which over-hears you, an Eye which over-ſees you, and a Book wherein all your Words and Deeds are carefully written; therefore ſo behave your ſelf in every Action, as if God were on the one hand, and Death on the other.

In all your Actions aim at Excellency; that Man will fail at laſt, who allows himſelf in one ſinful Thought.

And he that dares ſometime be wicked for his Advantage, will be always ſo, if his Intereſt require it.

Quod dubitas, ne feceris.

Let thy Eſtate ſerve thy Occaſions; thy Occaſions, thy Self; thy Self, thy Soul; thy Soul, thy God.

Be

Be not ſollicitous about Fame, for that lieth in the Power of many; but to take care of Conſcience, is a ſhort Work, for that is in the Power of one.

Diſpoſe of the Time paſt, to Obſervation and Reflection; Time preſent, to Duty; and Time to come, to Providence.

Your Time makes the richeſt part of the publick Treaſure; every hour you miſ-ſpend of that, is a ſacrilegious Theft committed againſt your Country.

Conſider the Shortneſs of your Life, and Certainty of Judgment; the great Reward for the Good, and ſevere Puniſhment for the Bad; therefore make even with Heaven by Repentance at the end of every Day, and ſo you ſhall have but one Day to repent of before your Death.

Have all the Wiſdom of the World, Knowledge of Tongues and Languages; if you be not acted by the Maxims of true Piety and Holineſs, 'tis but *ſapienter ad Infernum deſcendere.*

Religion lies not ſo much upon the Underſtanding as in the Practice: It's to no purpoſe to talk like Chriſtians, and live like Infidels; this was it, that made a famous Heathen Philoſopher ſay, *That there was nothing more glorious than a Chriſtian in his Diſcourſe, nothing more miſerable in his Actions.*

He that ſerves God is free, ſafe, and quiet; all his Actions ſhall ſucceed to his wiſh; and what can a Man deſire more than to want nothing from without, and to have all things deſirable within himſelf?

Therefore be careful, 1. That you be always employed. 2. Look to the Iſſue. 3. Reflect upon your ſelf; *Vita eſt in ſe reflectio*: Beams in Reflection are hotteſt, and the Soul becomes wiſe by looking into it ſelf.

In

In the Morning I frequently converſe with the Dead, at Noon with the Living, at Night with my Self; yet I don't trouble my Head with much reading of Books.

When I contemplate the great Volume of the Univerſe, in every Page of it I obſerve ſuch excellent Theorems and Maxims of Wiſdom, that all Books to me are uſeleſs.

SECT. III.

Of Loyalty.

NExt your Duty to God, I adviſe you, that you be Loyal to your King: Never ſell Honour to purchaſe Treaſon.

A ſecure and happy Subjection is more to be eſteemed than a dangerous and factious Liberty.

Government is the greateſt Security of Freedom; for as Obedience in Subjects is the Prince's Strength, ſo is the ſame their own Safety.

Therefore they who weaken the Sovereign Power, weaken their own Security.

Never ſuffer the Dignity of his Perſon to be ſlurred; for the moſt effectual Method of Diſobedience, is firſt to ſully the Glory of his Perſon, and then to overthrow his Power.

As Rebellion is a Weed of haſty growth, ſo it will decay as ſuddenly; and that Knot which is united in Treachery, will eaſily be diſſolved by Jealouſies.

Great Crimes are full of Fears, Delays, and frequent change of Counſels; and that, which in the Projection ſeemed full of its Reward, when it cometh to be acted, looks big with Danger.

It becomes all diſloyal Perſons to conſider, that when thoſe who employed them have effectuated their impious Deſigns, they will either

ther diſdain the Inſtruments as uſeleſs, or deſtroy them, as dangerous.

Charles V. During the Difference between the *Imperialiſts* and the *French*, made uſe of the Duke of *Bourbon* againſt his Lord and Maſter, *Francis* the Firſt, who for his Infidelity, had purchaſed the hatred of Men: After the Arrival of the Duke at the Emperor's Court, *Cæſar* having entertained him with all friendly Demonſtrations, ſent afterwards to deſire the Houſe of one of his Nobles to lodge him in: Who anſwered the Meſſenger with a Caſtilian Courage, *That he could not but gratify his Maſter's Demand; but let him know* (ſaith he) *that* Bourbon *ſhall no ſooner be gone out of the Houſe, but I will burn it; as being infected with his Treaſon and Infamy; and thereby made unfit for Men of Honour to dwell in.*

He that entertains a dangerous Deſign, puts his Head into a Halter; and the Halter into his Hands, to whom he firſt imparts the Secret.

And Events have aſſured us, that the People, after they have ſeen the Inconveniences of their own Actings, they will return that Power which they gained by their Rebellion (but could not manage it) to its proper Place, before it becomes their Ruin; for unbounded Liberty will deſtroy it ſelf.

And let me tell you, the Ends of the common People, if nurſed up in factious Liberty, are much different from the Deſigns of ſovereign Princes.

Mankind is highly concerned to ſupport that, wherein their own Safety is concerned, and to deſtroy thoſe Arts by which their Ruin is conſulted.

Submiſſion to your Prince is your Duty, and Confidence in his Goodneſs will be your Prudence.

Whatſoever a Prince doth, it's to be preſumed that it was done with great Reaſon; if he commands any thing, every one is bound to believe that he hath good reaſon to command the ſame:

His

His Actions are manifeſt, but his Thoughts are ſecret: It's our Duty to tolerate the one, and not to murmur againſt the other: For the Books of Kings are written in dark Characters, which few can uncipher; and their Actions like deep Rivers, whereof we ſee the Courſe of the Stream, but know not the Source, or the Bottom on't.

The Command of Princes is not to be diſputed, but obeyed; examine not what is commanded, but obſerve it becauſe it is commanded.

Let no pretence of Conſcience render you diſobedient to his Commands; for Obedience to your Prince, is part of your Duty towards God.

And Conſcience is not your Rule, but your Guide; and ſo far only can Conſcience juſtify your Actions, as it is it ſelf juſtified by God and his ſacred Word.

I have ſeen Loyalty ſuffer Puniſhment due to Rebellion, and Treaſon received the Rewards of Fidelity; yet for all that, I'll be Loyal, and force my Paſſage to the Service of my Prince, though the Way were paved with Thorns and Serpents.

A loyal Subject (like a good Soldier) will ſtand his Ground; receive Wounds; glory in his Scars; and in Death it ſelf love his Maſter for whom he falls; with this divine Precept always in his Mouth; *Fear God, honour the King.*

Remember that Kings have long Hands, they catch afar off, and their Blows are dangerous within reach.

SECT. IV.

Of CONVERSATION.

THE Love of Society is natural; but the Choice of our Company is matter of Virtue and Prudence.

The

The Converſation of wiſe Men is the beſt Academy of Breeding and Learning: It was not the School, but the Company of *Epicurus*, that made *Metrodorus*, *Hermachus*, and *Polyænus* ſo famous.

To hear the Diſcourſe of wiſe Men delights us, and their Company inſpires us with noble and generous Contemplations.

When I happen into the Society of two or three wiſe Men, I think my ſelf as happy as if I were in the *Lycæum* of *Ariſtotle*, or the *Stoa* of *Zeno*.

Let your Converſation therefore be with thoſe by whom you may accompliſh your ſelf beſt; for Virtue never returns with ſo rich a Cargo, as when it ſets Sail from ſuch Continents: Company, like Climates, alter Complexions: And ill Company, by a kind of Contagion, doth inſenſibly infect us; ſoft and tender Natures are apt to receive any Impreſſion: *Alexander* learned his Drunkenneſs of *Leonides*, and *Nero* his Cruelty of his Barber.

I dare not truſt my ſelf in the Hands of much Company; I never go abroad ſo as to come home again the ſame Man I went out; ſomething or other that I had put in order is diſcompoſed; ſome Paſſion that I had ſubdued gets head again; and it's juſt with our Minds, as it's after a long Indiſpoſition with our Bodies; we are grown tender, and the leaſt breath of Air expoſes us to a Relapſe.

Keep Company with Perſons rather above, than beneath your ſelf; for Gold in the ſame Pocket with Silver, loſeth both of it's Colour and Weight.

But be careful that you do not twiſt Intereſt with great Men grown deſperate, whoſe Fall hath been ruinous to their wiſeſt Followers.

Therefore 'tis well ſaid by the *Spaniard*, *Yra la ſogo con & Calderon.*

Men of large Souls, and narrow Fortunes, are not

not for your Converſation; for they ſeldom bleſs their Owners with Moderation; their Friends with Happineſs, or the Place they live in with Peace.

Eat no Cherries with great Men, for they will caſt the Stones in your Eyes; like Fire at a Diſtance they give Warmth, but if too near, they burn.

He is wiſe, or will ſoon be ſo, who keeps ſuch Company: But he that lieth with Dogs, riſeth with Fleas.

Retain your own Virtues, and by Imitation naturalize other Mens; but let none be Copies to you longer than they do agree with the Original: Study to gain Reſpect, not by little Obſervances, but by a conſtant fair Carriage.

Hear no ill of a Friend, nor ſpeak any of an Enemy; believe not all you hear, nor ſpeak all you believe.

Say what is well, and do what is better; be what you appear, and appear what you are.

Approve your ſelf to wiſe Men by your Virtue, and take the Vulgar by your Civilities.

Permit not your Humours to grow tart, though you be on the Lees of Fortune: Be of a quiet and ſerene Deportment; for any violent Courſes are like hot Waters (that help at a Plunge) but if they be often uſed, will ſpoil the Stomach.

Give not your Advice or Opinion before required, for that is to upbraid the other's Ignorance, and to value your own Parts over much: Neither accuſtom your ſelf to find Fault with other Men's Actions, for you are not bound to weed their Gardens.

Be not contradictious, for Contradiction paſſes for an Affront, becauſe it is the condemning of the Judgment of another; and it ſowres the ſweeteſt Converſation.

Diſtruſt a Queſtioniſt, or an Asker of many Queſtions, as an Impertinent or Spy; for ſome Perſons who are forward in asking, do often uſe the ſame Liberty in telling: In cunning Men they are dangerous; for Queſtions in them are like Beggars Gifts, *Sua munera mittit in hamo*, which are only to draw ſomewhat back again by way of Anſwer, to betray you: You will meet with Men whoſe Ears are like Cupping-glaſſes; for as theſe attract the moſt noxious Humours in the Body, ſo the other ever ſuck the worſt Diſcourſes of the Company.

In Converſation rather practiſe to hear than to ſpeak: For you will have this Advantage, that what is beneficial in the Diſcourſe, you may make your own, and more readily diſcover what is falſe or impertinent.

Avoid too much Familiarity in Converſation: He that familiarizes himſelf, preſently loſes the Superiority that his ſerious Air gave him: The more common Things are, the leſs they are eſteemed: Familiarity diſcovers Imperfections that Reſervedneſs concealed: Be not too familiar with Superiors for fear of Danger, nor with Inferiors, for it is indecent; far leſs with mean People, whom Ignorance renders inſolent, inſomuch that being inſenſible of the Honour that is done them, they preſume it is their due.

There is no better Counter-battery againſt thoſe, who would pick the Lock of the Heart, than to put the Key of Reſerve in the Inſide.

Never commend any Perſon to his Face, but to others, to create in them a good Opinion of him; neither diſpraiſe any Man behind his Back, but to himſelf, to work Reformation in him.

Over-great Encomiums of any Perſon do not ſuit with Prudence; for it is a Kind of Detraction from thoſe with whom you do converſe, and it will

will expreſs Arrogance in you; for he that commends another, would have him eſteemed upon his Judgment.

Nothing will gain you more Reputation with the People, than an humble and ſerene Deportment.

A rude and moroſe Behaviour in Converſation, is as abſurd as a round Quadrangle in the Mathematicks.

Urbanity and Civility are a Debt you owe to Mankind; civil Language and good Behaviour, will be like perpetual Letters commendatory unto you: Other Virtues have need of ſomewhat to maintain them; Juſtice muſt have Power; Liberality, Wealth, *&c.* But this ſets up with no other Stock than a few pleaſant Looks, good Words, and no evil Actions: It is an eaſy Purchaſe, when Friends are gained by Kindneſs and Affability

Pyrrhus being advertiſed by the *Romans* to beware of Poiſon, for one of his own Subjects had a Deſign to diſpatch him; he did then begin to fear that he ſhould be conquered by their Arms, who had already ſubdued him by their Civilities.

Hence it was that magnanimous *Don Alphonſo* King of *Naples*, by forgetting Majeſty but a while, lighting from his Horſe to relieve a Countryman that was in ſome Danger, conquered the forfeited Walls of *Gaetta*, which the Battery of his Guns could not have done in many Days: He made his firſt Entry at their Hearts, and preſently after entred in Triumph into their City.

The Vulgar are as violently carried in their Affections, as they are furious in their Perſecutions: The firſt Thing that gets their Love (after a good Opinion) is Courteſy and Generoſity. *Ageſilaus* being asked how one might get the Love of Men, anſwered, by ſpeaking the beſt, and doing what profits them.

Let your Behaviour, like your Garment, be neither ſtreight or looſe, but fit and becoming.

Catch not too ſoon at an Offence, nor give too eaſy Way to Anger; the one ſhews a weak Judgment, and the other a perverſe Nature.

Avoid in Converſation, idle Jeſts, and vain Compliments; the one being *Crepitus ingenii*, the other nothing but verbal Idolatry; Virtue, like a rich Stone, is ever beſt when plain ſet.

Anacharſis being invited to a Feaſt, could not be prevailed with to ſmile at the affected Railleries of common Jeſters; but when an Ape was brought in, he freely laughed, ſaying, *An Ape was ridiculous by Nature, but Men by Art and Study.*

Be not of them that commence Wits by Blaſphemy, and cannot be ingenious but by being impious.

To break idle Jeſts, is the Suburbs of Vanity; and to delight in them, the City of Fools.

By endeavouring to purchaſe the Reputation of being witty, you loſe the Advantage of being thought wiſe.

An Advocate pleading in the Senate, and uſing many Jeſts, *Pleiſtarcus* ſaid to him, *Sir, you do not conſider that as thoſe that wreſtle, are Wreſtlers at laſt:* So you by often exciting Laughter, will become ridiculous your ſelf.

Jeſts muſt be uſed like Phyſick, you muſt not accuſtom others Ears with them too much, for they loſe their Operation by reaſon of the too much Familiarity they have with the Hearers: If your Jeſts, like Muſtard, be biting, as you make others afraid of your Wit, ſo you had need be afraid of their Memory. Wit is of the ſecond Venter to Wiſdom; or Wit is nothing but Wiſdom skared out of its Wits.

Never put your Countenance or Words in a Frame, to expreſs Bombaſt or profound Nonſence; nothing doth more depriciate or under-value a ſober Perſon.

This

This Folly is handſomely derided in an old blunt Epigram, where the Fantaſtico thus beſpeaks his Foot-boy:

Diminutive, and my defective Slave,
Reach my Corp's Coverture immediately;
'Tis my Complacency that Veſt to have,
T' inſconce my Perſon from Frigidity.

The Boy thought all was *Welſh* his Maſter ſpoke; till he railed in *Engliſh*, Rogue, go fetch my Cloak.

Uſe ſuch Words, as thoſe to whom you ſpeak, underſtand; otherwiſe you will be as ridiculous as *Andrew Downes* (*Greek* Profeſſor in *Cambridge*) who courted his Miſtreſs out of *Henry Stephens*'s *Theſaurus*.

I pity that Perſon who never ſpeaks but in Monoſyllables, like *Rablais*'s Gray-frier.

You will meet with many Perſons (as I my ſelf have done) which are wiſe in Picture, and exceeding formal; but they are ſo far from reſolving of Riddles with *Oedipus*, as that they are very Riddles themſelves.

You muſt have a care of theſe, for a Pedant and a Formaliſt are two dangerous Animals; but to the *Solons*, and Heroes of the Times, out of Duty you muſt pay them the Debt of an honourable Regard and Memory.

If you meet with a Perſon ſubject to Infirmities, never deride them in him, but bleſs God that you have no Occaſion to grieve for them in your ſelf.

You may ſee your own Mortality in other Men's Death, and your own Frailty in their Sins.

Nothing doth more cultivate and embelliſh a Man than the Converſation of the Wiſe: Man is born barbarous, he is ranſomed from the Condition of Beaſts, only by being cultivated.

To build up your ſelf, keep the Society of the

moſt virtuous and excellent Perſons; but when you are built, ſtrike in with thoſe of the inferior Size; for the other will eclipſe the Luſtre of your Virtue: The moſt accompliſhed will always have the firſt Rank; and if you have any Part of the Praiſe, it will be their Leavings: It will be no Prudence to do Honour to others, at the Expence of your own Reputation.

It is a fair Step towards Happineſs, to delight in the Converſation of wiſe and good Men; where that cannot be had, the next Point is, to keep no Company at all.

The Cat out of pretended Kindneſs came one Day to viſit a ſick Hen, and asked her how ſhe did? ſhe anſwered, the better if you were farther off: After the ſame manner, anſwer all idle and vain Perſons.

Theſe Men, like a vitiated Stomach, corrupt whatſoever they receive, and the beſt Nouriſhment turns to the Diſeaſe.

I do not deſign to open my Breaſt, like the Gates of a City, to all that come; the Virtuous only are my Gueſts.

The *Aſſyrians* make *Mercury* to be the Planet of young Men; and the Reaſon is, as I conceive, becauſe that Planet is good or bad as it is in Conjunction with another.

Be free from all kind of Strangeneſs and particular Humours, as not agreeable to Converſation; for who would not wonder at a *Demophon*'s Complexion, who ſweat in the Shadow, and trembled for Cold in the Sun?

Be *Orpheus in Silvis, inter Delphines Arion*: I would adviſe thoſe that are of a ſevere and moroſe Converſation, to ſacrifice to the Graces.

SECT.

SECT. V.

Of DISCOURSE.

DIſcourſe is *Vehiculum Cogitationum*; therefore it ſhould run even with the Wheels of Mens Thoughts, which ought to be diſcreet, and not idle chiming of Impertinences.

Silence is the Wiſdom of a Fool; Speech, of a wiſe Man.

The Rabbies obſerve upon the Two and thirtieth *Pſalm*, and other Places, that this Word (Speak) in the Original, ſignifies as well Thinking as Speaking; to teach us, that we ought to think before we ſpeak, and not to ſpeak otherwiſe than we think.

If the Clock of the Tongue be not ſet by the Dial of the Heart, it will not go right.

Before you ſpeak, dip your Tongue in your Mind, and then you will mind what you ſpeak.

A wiſe Man hath his Tongue in his Heart, but a Fool his Heart in his Tongue.

Never ſpeak in Superlatives, for that Way of ſpeaking ever wounds either Truth or Prudence.

Let your Diſcourſe be ſuch as your Judgment may maintain, and your Company deſerve; in neglecting this, you loſe your Diſcourſe; in not obſerving the other, you loſe your Self.

Diſcourſe, like the Seaſon of the Year, is beſt in its proper Time.

A polite ſmooth running Diſcourſe charms the Ears; but ſublime metaphyſical Conceptions, make thoſe that hear them, do Penance; and the Diſcourſe of ſome Men is as the Stars, which give little Light, becauſe they are ſo high.

I approve not of thoſe *Bœotick Ænigmas*, or *Delphick Oracles*, they are fit only for an *Apollo*.

Hear more willingly than ſpeak, and learn of others rather than ſhew thy ſelf a Teacher; for

it is many Mens Fault, rather to unfold their old Wares, than purchaſe new.

I had rather be a Table-book, to take the wiſe Sayings and Diſcourſes of others, than to have every Word of mine eſteemed an Oracle.

A prudent Man hath his Eyes open, and his Mouth ſhut; and as much deſires to inform himſelf, as to inſtruct others.

The wiſe Man retires within the Sanctuary of his Silence; and if ſometimes he be commuicative, it is but to a few, and thoſe the Wiſe.

Never argue againſt the Truth, but covet to be her Champion, at the leaſt to hold her Colours: He that argues againſt the Truth, takes pains to be overcome; or if a Conqueror, he gains but Vain-glory by the Conqueſt.

I have heard two Men arguing ſo paſſionately one againſt the other, that each of them loſt Charity, and at the laſt, both of them Truth: There is no Diſpute managed without Paſſion, and yet there is ſcarce any Diſpute worth a Paſſion.

Let your Diſcourſe be ſmooth, and flowing like a River, not impetuous like a Torrent.

If there be any occaſion of contending, let it be done with Reſpect, and in ſuch Terms as to propound your Opinion, and not magiſterially, and in a Stile of Authority, to eſtabliſh it; but as the *Romans* gave their Judgment, *Ita videtur*, it appeareth ſo to me; for Men are not eaſily convinced of any Thing by others diſcourſing imperiouſly.

In Diſcourſe make not too great Profuſion or Expence of your Knowledge, leſt your Treaſury be ſoon exhauſted: Some new thing is to be kept in Store, that you may appear with to Morrow: The skilful Fowler throws no more Meat to the Birds than what is neceſſary to catch them.

Never

Never talk or diſcourſe of any Thing beyond the Sphere of your Intellectuals, or that is out of your Knowledge, which will render you ridiculous.

Navita de Ventis, de Tauris narret Arator;
Enumeret Miles Vulnera, Paſtor Oves.

There was a Gentleman that had a ſalt Humour ſettled in his Noſe, which did much afflict him; he conſulted a Doctor of Phyſick, and the Gentleman told the Doctor that he had a Friend (who was but a Quack) but becauſe he was much beholden to him, and unwilling to diſoblige him, deſired that he might be ſent for, and coſult together about his Diſtemper; to which the Doctor did willingly agree: The Quack being ſent for, came, and being informed what the Doctor had preſcribed, after ſome impertinent Diſcourſe, he told the Doctor he was much miſtaken in the Diſtemper; the Doctor asked him what he took the Diſtemper to be? the Quack told him it was *Fiſtula in Ano.*

I had a Neighbour, by Profeſſion a Taylor, who was much abuſed with ill Language by another Perſon; the Taylor was reſolved to ſue him, and came to his Counſel and declared to him how he had been abuſed; the Counſel asked him what were the Words that he ſpake of you? Sir, ſaid the Taylor, he called me Prick-louſe; A good Action will lie, ſaid the Counſel; I know that, ſaid the Taylor, very well, but I would have a *Scandalum Magnatum*, for the Words are of a high Nature; and I have heard that the Jury uſually gave great Damages in that Action.

Theſe two Perſons had their Brains under the ſame Meridian with that Gentleman, who being asked what the Bucentore was, anſwered, it was the Duke of *Venice.*

Diſcourſe is the Scheme by which you may take the Aſcendant of the Underſtanding.

Forbear all Sarcaſms or Satyrical Speeches, for they will be remembred when they are forgotten by him that ſpake them.

The Earl of *Eſſex* told Queen *Elizabeth* that ſhe was as crooked in Diſpoſition as ſhe was in Body; ſhe never forgot thoſe Words, and the Earl loſt his Head for them.

Chæreas the Tribune had a broken Voice like an Hermaphrodite; when he came to *Caligula* for the Word, he would ſometimes give him *Venus*, other while *Priapus*; *Chæreas* well underſtanding the Abuſe; there being ſome time after a Conſpiracy againſt *Caligula*, *Chæreas* to convince him of his Manhood, at one Blow cleft him down the Chine with his Sword.

Le Lingua non ha Oſſa, e rumpe ill Doſſe,

Says the *Italian*; the Tongue, though it hath no Bone, yet many times it breaks the Back.

Vincula da linguæ, vel tibi vincula dabit.

Confine your Tongue, or elſe it will confine you.

Be not futile and over talkative; that is the Fool's Paradiſe, but a wiſe Man's Purgatory; it will expreſs a great Weakneſs in you, and doth imply a believing that others are affected with the ſame Vanity.

Great Talkers diſcharge too thick to take always true Aim, *Qui pauca conſiderat, facilè pronuntiat.*

To ſpeak well and much, is not the Work of one Man.

Ἐν πολυλογίᾳ ἔϛι πολυμωρία.

Speak well, or ſpeak nothing; ſo if others be not better by your Silence, they will not be worſe by your Diſcourſe.

By your Silence you have this Advantage, you obſerve other Mens Follies, and conceal your own;

own; not that I would have you over-reſerv'd, that's a Symptom of a ſullen Nature, and unwelcome to all Society.

But let your Diſcourſe be ſolid, not like a Ship that hath more Sail than Ballaſt.

Let Reaſon be the Pillar of your Diſcourſe, and Similies the Windows that give the beſt Lights.

Your Wit may make clear Things doubtful, but it is your Prudence to make doubtful Things clear; remember he that is quick in ſearching, ſeldom ſearches to be quick.

There is no Man that talketh, if you be wiſe, but you may gain from him; and none that is ſilent, if you have not a Care, but you may loſe by him.

In Diſcourſe it is good to hear others firſt; for Silence hath the ſame Effect as Authority, it procures a kind of Reſpect to your Words.

Demades, the Orator, in his Age was a very talkative Perſon, and would eat hard; *Antipater* would ſay of him, that he was like a Sacrifice, and that nothing was left of him but the Tongue and the Paunch.

Be aſſured, he that delights to ſpeak much and hear little, ſhall inform others more than himſelf can learn.

I have Knowledge enough my ſelf to hold my Tongue, but not enough to ſpeak.

Parca lingua, aperta frons, & clauſum pectus, are the beſt Ingredients of Wiſdom; and that made the *Italian* ſay, *Gli penſiere ſtreti, & el Viſo ſciolto*, Keep your Thoughts cloſe, and your Countenance looſe.

Be not magiſterial, or too affirmative in any Aſſertion; for the bold maintaining of any Argument, doth conclude againſt your own civil Behaviour: Modeſty in your Diſcourſe will give

a Luſtre to Truth, and an Excuſe to your Error.

If you deſire to know how ſhort your Underſtanding is in Things above, conſider how little you know of your ſelf, what the Soul is, of what Members your Body is inwardly compacted, and what is the Uſe of every Bone, Vein, Artery, or Sinew, which no Man underſtands; as *Galen* himſelf confeſſeth.

Protagoras hath delivered to us, That there is nothing in Nature, but doubt; and that a Man may equally diſpute of all Things; and of that alſo, whether all Things may be equally diſputed of.

I do pay much Reverence to the Humility of *Plato*, *Democritus*, *Anaxagoras*, *Empedocles*, and all the new Academicks, who poſitively maintain, that nothing in the World could be certainly known.

And *Socrates* was by the Oracle adjudged the wiſeſt Man living, becauſe he was wont to ſay (I know only this) I know nothing; yet *Archeſilaus* was of Opinion, that not ſo much as that could be known, which *Socrates* ſaid he knew, to wit, that he knew nothing.

Therefore I never troubled my ſelf with the Inquiries of the Height of the Heavens, nor the Magnitude of the Earth, whether the Sun (as *Anaximenes* thought) be as flat as a Trencher, or whether it be hunch-back'd underneath as a Cock-boat, as *Heraclitus* held: I never diſturb my Head with the Dimenſions of the Moon, to know whether ſhe be hung looſe in the Air, or inhabited or not; whether the Stars be but Earth luminated, as *Thales* maintained, or whether perfect Fire, as *Plato*; I leave Nature to it ſelf, and think it ſufficient to know who is the Author, and to give God thanks as I am able.

SECT.

SECT. VI.

Of SILENCE *and* SECRECY.

Jupiter having conceived ſome Diſpleaſure againſt Mortals upon Earth, cauſed an Army to be raiſed againſt them; and being raiſed, there was a great Squabble who ſhould command it; ſome were for *Mercury*, others for *Mars*; but not agreeing, they acquainted *Jupiter* therewith; *Jupiter* told them he would have none of them, *Silence* ſhould be his General: And indeed *Secrecy* and *Celerity* are the two Poles upon which all great Actions move, and the nobleſt Deſigns are like a Mine, which having any Vent, is wholly fruſtrate and of no Effect.

Hence it was that *Pythagoras* enjoined his Scholars a Quinquennial Silence, that they might learn to meditate, and unlearn to talk; and this was the firſt Rudiment of Wiſdom; and after they were grown learned in Silence, which they called ἐχεμυθίαν, then they were allowed to ſpeak.

He who offends through Speech, offends raſhly; who through Silence, ſafely: In Matters of Conſequence, *Qui filet eſt firmus*: A ſilent Man walks in the dark, and is rather to be gueſt at than known: *Sapiens ſemper in ſe reconditur.*

The *Venetians* in their Senate, which conſiſts of three hundred Nobles, manage their Affairs with ſuch admirable Secrecy, as if none of them were privy, or as if they had Power to forget whatſoever they heard.

And Embaſſadors ſent thither, ought to be of the greateſt Sagacity, becauſe they treat as it were with dumb People, and are to underſtand every Thing by Signs.

So that at *Venice* Silence is no leſs venerable than amongſt the *Perſians*, where it was eſteemed a Deity.

Secrecy

Secrecy is the Key of Prudence, and the Sanctuary of Wiſdom.

I never do more Penance, than when I have communicated a Secret to two; before I told you of this, ſaid *Charles* the Fifth (of a Deſign diſcovered of the Seventeen Provinces to his Favourite *Lunenburgh*) I was an Emperor, but now you are ſo.

The Anſwer of the *Italian* was witty, who had publiſhed a Libel againſt Pope *Sixtus*: His Holineſs being extreamly offended at it, promiſed a conſiderable Sum to any that ſhould diſcover the Author; ſome Days being paſt without hearing any News thereof, they found theſe Words written at the Bottom of the *Paſquil, Nol Sapray, Santiſſimo Padre, quando lo feci era ſolo: Moſt Holy Father, you ſhall never know it; when I made it, I was alone.*

Nulli crede unquam, quod tu clam faceris: He that makes others Privy Counſellors in ſuch Caſes, may paſs for a Prodigy of Folly.

He that talks what he knows, will alſo talk what he knoweth not.

Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, commiſſa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger eſt, hunc tu (Romane) caveto.

A futile and talkative Perſon is no well-tuned Cymbal: Be like a Spring-lock, readier to ſhut than open: If a Man be thought ſecret, it inviteth Diſcovery, as the more cloſe Air ſucketh in the more open.

Never communicate that which may prejudice your Concerns when diſcovered, and not benefit your Friend when he knows it.

Pretend not to underſtand thoſe Affairs which your Prince would have kept ſecret; there is nothing will ſo ſoon create an Hatred of you, and conſequently your Ruin.

The

The Duke of *Anjou* having received from *Charles* the Ninth of *France*, his Deſign of extirpating the *Hugonots* on St. *Bartholomew*'s Day, communicated this to one of his Gentlemen; the King diſcourſing with the Gentleman in private, happened to mention this Secret; his Majeſty was much ſurprized at it, and cauſed this Gentleman to be killed as he was hunting, conceiving no other Way to ſecure a Secret of ſo great Importance, which the Duke had ſo inconſiderately diſcovered.

He that truſts another with a Secret, makes himſelf a Slave: But in great Perſons it is a Violence that cannot laſt long; for Men are impatient to redeem their loſt Liberty.

Seleucus, ſirnamed *Galymaca*, a valiant Prince, being diſcomfited in Battel, was driven to break his Royal Diadem, and to get himſelf packing with three Men, that he might not be known. After he had wandred a while in the Deſart, he chanced upon a poor Cottage, where he requeſted Bread and a little Water, to the End he might not be diſcovered; his Hoſt ſhewed him all the Kindneſs and Courteſy which in him lay, well knowing that he was the King, and ſo conducted him in the Way that he did require; and would certainly have been nobly rewarded for it, had not his talkative Tongue marr'd his Market: The King departing, ſaid, Farewel, mine Hoſt; who anſwered, God keep you, my Lord; whereat the King being much troubled, and fearing to be diſcovered by the Indiſcretion of his Hoſt, ordered one of his Men to cut off his Head.

As it is not Prudence to hear a Secret, if of Concern, ſo many times it may be his Ruin that heard it, to diſcover it.

When King *Lyſimachus* profeſſed great Kindneſs unto *Philippides* the *Comedian*, and demanded

manded of him what he ſhould give or communicate unto him, *What pleaſes your Majeſty*, ſays *Philippides*, *provided it be not a Secret.*

I am not for making Windows into Mens Hearts, or prying into the Cabinets of their Privacies: It was ſmartly replied by the *Egyptian*, when one asked him what he had in his Basket; *Cum vides velatum, quid inquiris in rem abſconditam?*

I would not have any Man enter into my Secrets without my Leave. It is but common Civility to ſtand off when a Man is reading of Letters, or in any private Diſcourſe. Cardinal *Richlieu* had a great Eſteem for a Perſon, and began to entruſt him in his Buſineſs; but finding the young Man reading ſome Papers which he left upon his Table, he would never after employ him.

As *Alexander* was reading of a Letter, which he received from his Mother, containing Secrets and Accuſations of *Antipater*, *Hephæſtion* alſo (as he was wont) reading along with him, he let him alone: But having read it over, took his Ring off his Finger, and laid the Seal upon his Mouth; meaning thereby, that he to whom a Secret is committed, ought always to have his Mouth cloſe.

Servo d' altrui ſi fa,
Chi dice il ſuo Secreto, a chi n'ol ſa.

He makes himſelf a ſervile Wretch
To others evermore,
That tells his Secrets unto ſuch
As knew them not before.

Let your Heart ſet a Lock upon your Lips, but be ſure you your ſelf keep the Key.

If at any time you fall into the Humour of Talking, keep the Philoſopher's Check upon your Tongue, *i. e. Lingua, quo vadis?*

Bembo, a primitive Chriſtian, came to a Friend of his to teach him a *Pſalm*, he began the 39th *Pſalm*;

Pſalm: I ſaid, I will look to my way, that I offend not with my tongue: Upon hearing of which firſt Verſe, he ſtopt his Tutor, ſaying, *This is enough for me, if I learn it as I ought:* And being after ſix Months rebuked for not coming again, he replied, *That he had not learned his firſt Leſſon:* Nay, after nineteen Years he profeſſed, that he had ſcarce learned in all that Time to fulfil that one Line.

No Man ever repented of having kept Silence, but many that they have not done ſo.

A Man may eaſily utter what by Silence he hath concealed; but it is impoſſible for him to recal what he hath once ſpoken.

Things that are to be done, are not to be told; nor are thoſe that are fit to be told, good to be done: We pay Tribute to as many as we diſcover our Secrets unto.

En la boca ſerada Moxca no entra, ſays the *Spaniſh* Proverb, *Into a Mouth cloſed, a Fly never enters.*

I am unwilling at any time to entertain a Secret; but if my Friend ſhall make my Breaſt a Repoſitory of one, I do declare, *Ubi depoſuerit, ibi inveniet*, where he hath laid it, there he ſhall find it: Therefore I pay a great Veneration to the Memory of that excellent *Leæana*, who after her two Lovers, *Armodius* and *Ariſtogiton*, having failed in the Execution of their Enterprize, had been put to Death, ſhe was brought to the Torture, to be made to declare what other Complices there were of the Conſpiracy; but ſhe continued ſo conſtant, that ſhe never detected any one. In Remembrance of which Fact, the *Athenians* cauſed a Lion of Braſs to be erected which had no Tongue, and placed it at the Entrance of a Caſtle, ſhewing her invincible Courage by the Generoſity of the Beaſt, and her Perſeverance in Secrecy, in that they made it without a Tongue.

It was one of *Pythagoras*'s Symbols, *Entertain not a Swallow under your Roof:* Thereby adviſing not to admit into your Society a talkative Perſon intemperate of Speech, who cannot contain what is committed to him.

There are a Set of Men which differ nothing from broken Pitchers, which can hold nothing, but let it run out by babbling.

Freedom of Speech, I muſt confeſs, is proper to Generoſity; but Difference of Occaſions many times renders it dangerous.

To hear much and ſpeak little, is an heroick Virtue.

Homer had good Reaſon to eſteem *Menelaus*, *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* (who were ſlow to ſpeak) to be the Wiſeſt among all the *Grecians*, and *Therſites* a Fool for his babbling.

Silence is the higheſt Wiſdom of a Fool, and Speech the greateſt Trial of a wiſe Man.

A Man without Secrecy, is an open Letter for every one to read.

It was the Advice of *Philip* D. of *Burgundy* to Earl *Charalois* his Son, *Think to Day, and Speak to Morrow.*

A wiſe Man draws the Curtain of Prudence before him (which is Silence) to make him walk unſeen: Yet many a ſilent Man is like a ſhut Book, which if you open and read it, you may find good Matter in it.

But I would not have you pay too ſuperſtitious a Reverence to *Angerona* the Goddeſs of Silence, leſt you make your ſelf liable to that Paradox which was told one who was ſilent: *Si Prudens ſis, Stultus es; ſi Stultus, Sapiens.*

Reſervedneſs will be your beſt Security, and Slowneſs of Belief the beſt Sinew of Wiſdom: Never open your ſelf, but with an half Light and full Advantage: Never impart that to a Friend, which

which may impower him to be your Enemy: Your Servants (which uſually prove the worſt of Enemies) you may admit into your Bed-chamber, but never into your Cloſet.

A Secret, like a Crown, is no Eſtate to be made over in Truſt; and to whomſoever you do commit it, you do but enable him to undo you, and you muſt purchaſe his Secrecy at his own Price: And if you ſhut your Purſe, he will open his Mouth; and remember that Secrets are not long-lived.

Conſider how precarious and unhappy your Life and Fortune will be, which depend on ſo ſlender a Thread as another's Pleaſure; therefore let me adviſe you always to carry two Eyes about you; the one of Warineſs upon your ſelf, the other of Obſervation upon others.

SECT. VII.

Of Reputation.

Reputation is a great Inheritance, it begetteth Opinion (which ruleth the World) Opinion Riches, Riches Honour: It is a Perfume that a Man carrieth about him, and leaveth wherever he goes; and it is the beſt Heir of a Man's Virtue.

Ageſilaus being asked how one might get the greateſt Reputation amongſt Men? He replied, by ſpeaking the beſt, and doing the braveſt Things.

Reputation is made up of the Breath of many that ſpeak well of you; if by a diſobliging Word you ſilence the meaneſt, the Gale will be the leſs ſtrong, which is to bear up your Eſteem; therefore by your Civility oblige all, ſo your Eſteem will be the greater, and the Conſort the fuller.

The ſhorteſt Way to attain Reputation is that of Merit; if Induſtry be founded on Merit, it is the true Way of obtaining it.

Chi

Chi Semina virtu fama raccoglie.

The gaining of Reputation is but the revealing of your Virtue and Worth to the beſt Advantage.

It will be more Glory to you to perform that which hath not been attempted before, or attempted and given over, or hath been atchieved, but not with ſo good Circumſtance; than by effecting a Matter of greater Difficulty, wherein you are but an Imitator of thoſe that went before you.

There was an excellent Painter obſerving that *Titian*, *Raphael*, and ſome others had gained to themſelves the Fame of eminent Maſters, who reſolved to fall to work in a groſſer Way. Some demanded of him why he did not paint after the Manner of *Titian* and others; he anſwered, that it was more Credit to him to be the firſt in that groſſer Way, than the ſecond in a Way of more Delicacy.

Having raiſed your Reputation, it will require great Skill to preſerve it freſh and flouriſhing, and to keep it from growing ſtale and out of date: For an ordinary Novelty carries it from the greateſt Excellency that is in a State of Decay. You muſt therefore always have ſomewhat that may create Curioſity, and feed Expectation; as the Sun we ſee in the Change of his Horizons, that ſo Privation may make you deſirable when you ſet, and Novelty admirable when you riſe.

To Men in great Places there can be nothing more fatal than a great Fame.

Non minus malum ex magna quam mala fama.

Great Merit and high Fame are like a high Wind and a large Sail, which do often ſink the Veſſel.

Alcibiades, by his noble Exploits which he atchieved on Behalf of his Country, had obtained ſo great Reputation for his Abilities, that when he failed in the exact Performance of any Thing, he

was

was preſently ſuſpected, not ſo much becauſe he could not to do it, as becauſe he would not.

It is Wiſdom ſometimes therefore to clip the Wings of Reputation, and not ſuffer them to ſpread beyond the Compaſs of the Neſt, and to commit ſome ſmall Faults, in an Affectation of certain Failings and Miſtakes, which, peradventure, *Alcibiades* did; this is the throwing off ones Cloak before the Eyes of Envy, which, peradventure, may empty her Quiver at you, but never wound your Reputation.

There are Men in the World, who, to advance their own Fame, will decry the Virtue and Merit of other People: In which Caſe you may be aſſur'd that he that is out of Hopes to attain another's Virtue, will endeavour to take away his good Name.

Never think of raiſing your Reputation by Detraction.

Over-great *Laudatives* do many times more Hurt than Good; for when any thing is cried up and much talk'd of, People imagine to themſelves greater Perfection in it, than in truth there is; for Reality can never come up to Imagination; ſo that the Perfection falling ſhort of the Idea, Men begin to ſlight that which before they admired.

Reputation is gained by Courſe of Time, and ſeldom recovers a Strain; but if once broken, it is never well ſet again. There is no Plaiſter, in fine, for a wounded Reputation.

Be ſtudious therefore to preſerve your Reputation; if that be once loſt, you are like a cancelled Writing, of no Value, and at beſt, you do but ſurvive your own Funeral: For Reputation is like a Glaſs, which being once crack'd, will never be made whole again: It will bring you into Contempt; like the Planet *Saturn*, hath firſt an evil Aſpect, and then a deſtroying Influence.

It is eaſy to get an ill Name, becauſe Evil is ſooner

ſooner believed; and bad Impreſſions are very difficult to be defaced.

The Navigation of civil Life is dangerous, becauſe it is full of Rocks, for Reputation to ſplit upon.

But howſoever, be careful to keep up the Reputation of your Parts and Virtue with the Vulgar; for it will be more Advantage to you to be accounted wiſe and virtuous by the Ignorant, than by the Learned; for the Ignorant are many, but the Learned few.

It was a Principle in *Julius Cæſar*, not to be eminent among the Magnificos, but to the Chief amongſt the Inferiors.

Credit cannot be preſerved with too great Care, nor forfeited but with the greateſt Loſs: There is no ſuch Infelicity as to ſurvive one's Reputation, nor ſo great a Folly as to put it in Hazard. That brave Archer deſerves Commendation, who refuſed to ſhew his Skill unto *Alexander*, fearing to loſe that Honour in an Hour, which he had been all his Life-time a getting.

It is more difficult to repair a Credit that is once ſhaken, than to keep that in a flouriſhing Greenneſs, which was never blaſted.

Reputation is like Fire, when you have kindled it, you may eaſily preſerve it; but if once you extinguiſh it, you will not eaſily kindle it again, at leaſt not make it burn ſo bright as before.

At a time Fire, Water, and Fame went to travel together (liking each others Company) they conſulted, in Caſe of loſing one another, how they might be retrieved, and meet again; Fire ſaid, when you ſee Smoak, there you ſhall find me; Water ſaid, when you ſee mooriſh Ground, there you ſhall find me; but Fame ſaid, take heed how you loſe me, for if you do, you will run a Hazard never to meet me again.

Therefore,

Thy Credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone,
Being got by many Actions, loſt by one.

SECT. VIII.

Of VAIN-GLORY *and* BOASTING.

I Never ſee a Vain-glorious Man, but he makes me think of the Fly which ſate upon the Axletree of the Chariot-wheel, and ſaid, *What a Duſt do I raiſe!* So there are ſome vain Perſons, if they had never ſo little hand in any Buſineſs, they think it is they that carry it: They make a Triumph of every thing they do; and it muſt be the Reſult of their Conduct.

Self-eſteem is commonly puniſhed by univerſal Contempt; he that praiſes himſelf, remains a Debtor to all others.

Homer was ſo blinded with Conceit, and overconfident of his own Abilities in Poetry, that he ſlipt a falſe Quantity, and left it on Record in the very firſt Verſe of his Iliads.

Oſtentation of Dignity offends more than Oſtentation of Perſon. To carry it high, is to make a Man hated, and it is enough to be envied.

Never boaſt of your Nobility, Gentry, or of the Grandeur of your Family; for the greateſt Nobility was puny to no Nobility, when Men were alike; and a Yeoman is a Gentleman in Ore, which another Age may ſee refined; and the greateſt Nobleman is but a Gentleman in a Text Letter.

The Marquis of *Spinola*, Commander of all the *Spaniſh* Forces in the *Netherlands*, and the Prince of *Orange*, who commanded the Army of the *Dutch*, were two famous Rivals; the Prince derogating

from *Spinola*, ſaid, that he was ſprung out of a Merchant, and conſequently not capable of any Competition with him, who came of a princely Extraction: The Marquis ſent him Word, That it was a more glorious thing for a Merchant to have command over Princes, than for a Prince to be commanded by Merchants.

I knew a Man, who by Profeſſion was a Butcher, and raiſed a conſiderable Eſtate, and purchaſed a Coat of Arms; he left ſeveral Sons, who much boaſted of their Gentility; falling one Day into Diſcourſe with a Gentleman of a very antient Family, and highly extolling their Coat of Arms, the Gentleman asked them what their Coat was? they told him a flaming Torch: The Gentleman replied, that a flaming Torch was but a Cow's Tail reverſed.

If any Man will ſet himſelf off, let him do it rather by a great perſonal Worth, than by a borrowed Character.

A ranting and boaſting Man, is like a Drum which wakes a great Noiſe, but look in it, and there is nothing.

I will not with the *Egyptians* vaunt of my Nobility, nor with the *Arcadians* contend for Antiquity with the Moon; Virtue is my Creſt and Nobility.

Thoſe Perſons who vainly boaſt of their Nobility and antient Deſcent (having nothing elſe) are like the Man of *Abydenus*.

Qui ſe credebat miros audire Tragœdas,
In vacuo lætus ſeſſor, plauſorque Theatro.

Or like unto that ignorant rich Man, *Calviſius Sabinus*, who thought himſelf very learned, becauſe he maintained learned Men about him.

Sometimes a few Grains of Vain-glory may ſet forth a Man's Worth and Merit, and, like Varniſh to

o Cielings, make him ſhine, as it did *Sigiſmond* f *Lunenburgh*. Without ſome Feathers of Oſentation, the Fight had been but ſlow; and tho' *Sigiſmond* had taken good Aim, yet he could neer have hit the Eagle without them.

There are a ſort of Men which magnify themſelves as if they were the only Oracles in the World, and that the whole Orb of Learning moved in their Heads; but I muſt tell you, as amongſt wiſe Men, he is the wiſeſt that thinks he knows leaſt: So among Fools, he is the greateſt that thinks he knows moſt.

It can be no Glory to any Man to be proud of his Knowledge, if he conſiders, that much of the Knowledge of the Arts we profeſs, we have been inſtructed therein by the very Beaſts and other Creatures; of the Spider we learn to Spin and Sow; of the Swallow to Build; of the Nightingal Muſick; of divers Creatures Phyſick; the Goats of *Candia* being ſhot with an Arrow, do chooſe out from a Million of Simples, the Herb Dittany, and therewith cure themſelves; the Tortoiſe having eaten of a Viper, doth ſeek for wild Marjoram to purge herſelf; the Dragon clears her Eyes with Fennel; the Cranes with their Bill do miniſter Gliſters of Sea-waters to themſelves.

We cannot derive the Pedegree of Knowledge ſo high as *Solomon*, much leſs from reading it on *Seth*'s Pillars; only with aſtoniſhed Ignorance, we may ſee its Epitaph in Confuſion on the Plains of *Shinar*.

He that doth not know that he is weak, is but weak in Knowledge.

A little Eſteem of one's ſelf, hinders a great deal from others; boaſting may gain Applauſe from Fools, but it puts a wiſe Man to the Expence of a Bluſh.

I value the Aſterisk of one wiſe Man, more than

the *Euge*'s of a Multitude, or the *Io Peans* of the Many; prudent *Antigonus* placed his whole Renown in the ſingle Teſtimony of *Zeno*.

A Poet being derided for acting of a Tragedy, none being preſent but *Plato*, anſwered, That this one Perſon is more than all the *Athenians* beſides.

Vain-glorious Men are the Scorn of wiſe Men, the Admiration of Fools, the Idols of Paraſites, and the Slaves of their own Vaunts.

Thoſe Men expoſe their Actions to the Publick, as Painters do their Pieces drawn in Water-colours (which are Repreſentations of what was only in their Imagination) to be gazed at, and admired by the Multitude.

One boaſting to *Ariſtotle* of the Greatneſs of his Country; That, ſaith *Ariſtotle*, is not to be conſidered; but whether you deſerve to be of that great Country.

When a Man comes once to be blown up with this Tumour of adoring himſelf, farewel Reſpect and Reverence to all others.

Ariſtotle ſeeing a Youth very conceited, and withal ignorant; Young Man, ſaith he, I wiſh I were what you think your ſelf, and my Enemies what you are.

Wind puffs up empty Bladders; Opinion, Fools.

Socrates perceiving *Alcibiades* to be exceeding proud, and boaſting of his Riches and Lands, he ſhewed him a Map of the World, and bid him find out *Attica* therein, which done, he deſired that he would ſhew him his own Lands; he anſwered, they were not there: Do you boaſt, replied *Socrates*, of that which is no conſiderable Part of the Earth!

He that is his own Appraiſer, will be miſtaken in the Value. It was *Jugurth*'s Glory, *Plurimum faciendo, & nihil de ſeipſo loquendo:* By this he grew

grew greater than Envy, and received the Honour and Regard of Posterity.

It is a sufficient Recompence for the doing of a brave Action, to have brave Men approve of it.

Agricola (saith *Tacitus*) notwithstanding his many Services done to the Empire, *Nunquam in suam famam gestis exultavit*, did never boast of any Action of his Fame, but (as an inferior Planet) did modestly acknowledge the Light he had to be wholly derived from a higher Sun.

Germanicus having calmed and allay'd the tumultuous Broils and Insurrections of the *Germans*, caused a Pile of Weapons to be raised with this stately Title, *Debellatis inter Rhenum Albimque Nationibus, Exercitum Tiberii Cæsaris ea Monumenta, Marti, & Jovi, & Augusto sacravisse*; that the Nations between the *Rhine* and *Albis* being overcome, *Tiberius Cæsar*'s Army had consecrated those Monuments to *Mars*, *Jupiter*, and *Augustus*, but added nothing of himself.

He is doubly excellent, who confines all his Excellencies and Perfections within himself, without boasting of any; he is in the Ascendant of Applause by a Way not much frequented.

Make not your self a Figure among Cyphers.

No Man is content with his own Condition, though it be best, nor dissatisfied with his Wit, though it be the worst.

In the Kingdom of the Blind, he that hath but one Eye is a Prince.

When I have done a Kindness or good Office to any, I never love to boast of it; for that of a doubtful Friend is to make a certain Enemy.

Nothing will give a greater Lustre to all your Virtues than Modesty.

Never magnify your self, or boast of your great Actions (that is Pedantry) and as in Falconry, so take it for a Truth, that those of the weakest

Wings, are commonly the higheſt Flyers: Reſt ſatisfied to do, and leave it to others to talk of it.

It is the Employment of a great Soul rather to do Things worthy to be admired, than to admire what himſelf hath done.

There are ſome who hold it the chiefeſt Honour to be thought the Wonder of their Times; which if they attain unto, 'tis but the Condition of Monſters, that are generally much admired, but more abhorred.

An old drudging Whore-maſter, was now turned of Fourſcore, and had ſtill the Vanity to value himſelf upon his Faculties that Way, was taken notice of upon all Occaſions to be telling People over and above what a Spark he had been in his Time: He was a conſtant Man at the Offices of the Church, and was obſerved ſtill upon the reading of the Commandments, to roar out [*The Lord have Mercy upon us*] to the Seventh; ſo much louder than to any of the other; that it ſet the People a ſtaring about them to find out that deſperate Blade, that was in ſo much more Danger of that Commandment than any of the other Nine.

A proud prancing Steed (and Bob-tail'd according to the Mode) that was as brave in his Embroidery and Velvet as his Maſter and Money could make him, got loſe out of the Stable once ready bridled and ſaddled, and there was he bounding and curvetting at ſuch a rate, as if no Ground would hold him; while this vain Humour was upon him, it was his Fortune to meet two Aſſes and a Horſe upon the Way coming from Market with empty Sacks inſtead of Sadles: This Equipage with their long beaſtly Tails, all Powdered over with Chaff and Duſt, looked ſo ridiculouſly phantaſtical, he could not forbear bantering him for ſo odd a Furniture and Faſhion

I would

I would fain know now, ſays he, what you three are thinking of, and what you wear thoſe ſweeping Tails for, unleſs it be to clean the Way for the next Comer. Why, ſays the Horſe, it is a Pleaſure to us to think how light and eaſy we ſhall travel all this Day; beſide, cry'd the Aſſes, that we are going into a Country where there are rare *Thiſtles*. Pitiful Wretches, ſays the other, to entertain your ſelves with ſuch mean Thoughts, and ſo fell into his Capreols again, and put himſelf into ſuch a Heat, that he could not be quiet till he had thrown off his Saddle: When that was gone, the Flies plagued him ſo confoundedly, that he wiſh'd for his Tail again; and are not you right enough ſerv'd, cry'd the Aſſes, to be made ſmart for your Vanity, in preferring the ſuperficial Splendor of a vexatious and an unprofitable Pomp to the Bounties of Providence and Nature.

One *Rinaldo* a Merchant fell into Company upon the High-way with three good Fellows, the civileſt and the beſt bred People that ever were born, but the complemental Part of this Encounter is nothing to our Purpoſe.

At the firſt greeting, they fell a talking from one thing to another, and in particular how dangerous the Road was for Thieves, and what a Shame it was the Government look'd no better after it. But, ſays one of them, we live in a wicked World, and we muſt expect to meet with ill Men in it. Well, ſays *Rinaldo*, it is a ſtrange thing the Virtue of certain Words and Characters. I have heard indeed, ſays one of the Brotherhood, of Charms to drive away the Fleas, to make Butter come, and to keep Ale from ſouring: And, ſays another, to cure a Horſe of the Farcy, or to prevent Foundring. In theſe Caſes a good Spell will do more than a good Farrier.

Rinaldo gave them the Hearing, and ſo they went on putting the Queſtion to him, what he thought of the Power of certain Prayers by the Way of Charms or Spells. Why truly, ſays *Rinaldo*, I do not much deal that Way; but this I can tell you, that when I travel, I do commonly ſay the Office that they call the Prayer of St. *Julian*, every Morning faſting, and never fail of a good Lodging the Night after it; which is a main Point with me, let me tell you, upon a Journey; and ſo it is with me too, I can aſſure you, ſays one of the Company (ſmiling) and I hope you have ſaid your Leſſon in Form this very Morning. Yes, yes, ſays *Rinaldo*, every Syllable of it: So that you are ſafe, ſays the other; and yet after all this, what do you think of a Wager now betwixt you and me, which gets the better Lodging of the two? Well, ſays *Rinaldo*, with all my Heart, provided you give me your Oath that you have not made uſe of the ſame Prayer. To tell you the Truth, ſays the other again, Praying is not my Talent; but if I loſe this Wager, by the Grace of Heaven, I will go that Way to work hereafter; however, for your preſent Satisfaction, I do now ſolemnly ſwear to you, that I have not either directly or indirectly called upon any Saint more or leſs this Day. Hold, ſays *Rinaldo*, one Article more, and then it is a Bett. You ſhall be bound to lodge at an Inn too; for I have no Friend or Acquaintance upon the Road. Ay, that's but Reaſon, ſays t'other, and now 'tis Done and Done, and the Wager ſhall be Horſe, Money and Cloaths.

As they were coaſting forward by the Side of a Wood, the Wagerer ſtopt ſhort, takes *Rinaldo*'s Horſe by the Reins, and bids him Stand, Diſmount and Deliver, for this is the Time and Place to determine the Wager. In one Word, they

they ſtript him to his Shirt, and turn'd him looſe bare-foot, cold and dirty, to ſhift for himſelf, with the Wind in the Teeth of him, and a long Way to go. The Thieves in this Interim ſcampering ſeveral Ways, for their own Security, as faſt as they could, calling out to *Rinaldo* to make Trial of his Friend St. *Julian*.

His Servant with his Valiſe (which was all the Hope he had left him) was not as yet come up; his Horſe, it ſeems, having caſt a Shoe by the Way, but he was got near enough however to ſee the Encounter, and to ſhew himſelf Rogue enough to leave his Maſter in the Lurch, and ſave his own Bacon, by ſcowring away croſs the Fields to the beſt Inn in the Town, where his Maſter was to have quartered that Night, and there was he fuddling and making good Chear, while poor *Rinaldo* was groping out his Way up to the Ears in Mud.

About an Hour after the Bridge was drawn, he got up to the Walls of the Town, and hunting up and down a conſiderable Time for ſome Place of Shelter, Providence brought him at laſt to the Back-ſide of the Houſe with a kind of Penthouſe to it, and a few ſcatter'd Straws upon the Ground under it: *Rinaldo* took up this Retreat for his Couch, and there laid himſelf down, trembling and ſhuddering ſo long, that he was over-heard into the next Houſe, by the Lady and Maid-ſervant of the Family.

The Miſtreſs of the Houſe was a brisk airy young Widow, and the Confident of a certain Marquis that carried on the Intreague of a Secret Amour with her in thoſe Lodgings. The Marquis, for his Privacy and Convenience, had a Back-door into the Fields to go or come at any Time unſeen; the Lady looked for him that Night, and when every thing was made ready for his Recep-

tion, Bath, Supper, Bed, Lady and all in her beſt Dreſs and Humour, in comes the Page with an Excuſe that his Lord could not come.

This was a lucky Diſappointment for *Rinaldo*, for the Maid upon this Occaſion moved her Miſtreſs in his Favour: Madam, ſays ſhe, this Miſerable Wretch will be ſtarved to death if there be not ſome care taken of him. Thou ſpeakeſt like a good Wench, ſays the Lady, here is an empty Garret, and prithee put him in there, with a Squab and a little freſh Straw, and there let him take his Reſt; but you muſt get him ſomewhat to eat. The Laſs does as ſhe was bid, and the opening of the Door was to *Rinaldo*, the taking him out of his Grave. The Man was excellently well-ſhaped, and a very agreeable Perſon to all Purpoſes, only out of Countenance at the beaſtly Circumſtances of his preſent Condition. He told his Story over and above with ſo good a Grace, that the Maid goes up to her Miſtreſs in a Tranſport of the rare Qualities of the Man, and, in ſhort, tells her from Point to Point how he behaved himſelf; ſtay Sweetheart, ſays the Widow, have not I ſome Cloaths in the Wardrobe of my late Husband's? Yes, yes, Madam, ſays the Servant, I am ſure you have; but in the firſt place, ſays the Widow (out of Reſpect to this Gentleman's Quality, as by this Time did evidently appear) carry him to the Bath that was prepared for the Marquis, and after that give him a Suit of my Husband's Cloaths, and then to Supper. The Widow's Thoughts were divided all this while 'twixt the Marquis and *Rinaldo*, but upon the Reſult ſhe came to this Concluſion, That Change was no Robbery, and that one Man might be as good as another. *Rinaldo* was come by this time to have a very good Opinion again of St. *Julian*'s Prayer. Supper and Deſart being now over,

over, and the two Lovers left to themſelves to talk out the reſt, they made a Match on't before they parted, to the Satisfaction not only of the two Principals, but of the Marquis himſelf. There needs no more to ſupply this Vacancy, but to imagine the tendereſt Things that are poſſible to be ſpoken upon ſuch an Occaſion.

After this Night's Converſation away goes *Rinaldo* to his Inn, where he found his Lacquey faſt aſleep, and his Horſe and Baggage as he left them: He changes his Cloaths, and in this Interim, in comes the News that his three Fellow Travellers were fallen into the Hands of Juſtice, being ſurprized upon the very Point of parting their Booty. They were preſently arraigned in Courſe, tried, condemned, and executed; ſo that *Rinaldo* recovered his Money, Goods, Horſe, and Equipage, with a good Supper gratis, into the Bargain; Thanks to the Widow and St. *Julian*.

SECT. IX.

Of CENSURE *and* DETRACTION.

THere are a Sort of People that love to look on the knotty Side of the *Arras*; and take little notice of the excellent Figure that is wrought upon the right Side of the Hangings: If they ſee many Perfections in a Man, and ſpy but one Failing in him, that muſt eclipſe the Glory of all the other.

Ubi multa nitent, non ego paucis offendor maculis.

I have ſo many Failings in my ſelf, that I never cenſure any Man; if I do, I cenſure my ſelf moſt: I love not to reprehend that in another

which I find in my own Breaſt; I affect not to play the *Epicure*, and inveigh againſt Luxury, or be perfidious my ſelf, and expect exact Fidelity from my Neighbour.

A wiſe Man which values himſelf upon the ſcore of Virtue, and not of Opinion, thinks himſelf neither better or worſe for the Opinion of others.

I have often admired how it ſhould come to paſs, that every Man loving himſelf beſt, ſhould more regard other Men's Opinions concerning himſelf than his own.

When one told *Peliſtarchus* that a notorious Railer ſpake well of him, *I'll lay my Life* (ſaid he) *ſomebody hath told him that I am dead, for he can ſpeak well of no Man living.*

He that thinks himſelf injured, let him argue thus within himſelf; either he hath deſerved this, or he hath not; if he hath, it is a Judgment; if he hath not, it is an Jnjuſtice. When you diſcover any Faults in others, make the right uſe of them, which is to correct and amend the like Failures in your ſelf: Therefore when you obſerve any Miſcarriages in others, forget not to put this Queſtion to your ſelf, Am I not ſuch another?

Moſes, an Abbot and a religious Perſon, was heretofore called to give Sentence againſt a Perſon that had offended; he came, but withal, brought a Bag full of Sand upon his Shoulders; being asked what he meant by that, *They are* (ſaid he) *my Sins and Errors, which I can neither ſufficiently know, and am ſcarce able to bear: How then ſhall I judge of another?*

We live upon the Credit and Reports of others; Truth ſeldom comes pure to us when it comes from far; for when it takes ſome Tincture of the Paſſions it meets with by the Way, it pleaſes or diſpleaſes according to the Colours that Paſſion or Intereſt gives it.

Men

Men uſually frame both Opinions and Cenſures according to the Mould of Evil in themſelves: They are not moſt guilty that are moſt blamed: Thoſe who ſpeak againſt *Machiavil* practiſe him moſt.

They that of every Slip Advantage take,
Find but thoſe faults which they want Wit to make.

The firſt Report makes no Impreſſion upon me; for Falſhood many times marches in the Front, and Truth follows after in the Rear. I always keep a Door open for a ſecond or third Information; to do otherwiſe, it may be pernicious, and give Advantage to the Artifice of Malice, and ill-diſpoſed Perſons haſten to give the Tincture to Credulity.

There is none ſo innocent as not to be ill-ſpoken of, none ſo wicked as to want an Advocate: Fame, like a River, beareth up things light, and drowns thoſe which are weighty and ſolid.

A Man muſt know many Things firſt, before he be able truly and judiciouſly to judge of another, or of his Actions.

It is a harder Thing to avoid Cenſure, than to gain Applauſe; for this may be done by one great or wiſe Action in an Age; but to avoid Cenſure, a Man muſt paſs his whole Life, without ſaying or doing one ill or fooliſh Thing.

Conſider how apt Men are to be miſtaken in the Judgment of others. It was a long time that *Democritus* was taken for a Madman, and before *Socrates* had any Eſteem in the World: How long was it before *Cato* could be underſtood? Nay, he was affronted and condemned, and People never knew the Value of him till they had loſt him.

Let no Man be confident of his own Merit; the beſt err: And let no Man rely too much

upon his own Judgment; for the wiſeſt are deceived.

Who is ſo happy as to pleaſe all, and be envied of none? Who is ſo good that none complain of? The *Athenians* were diſpleaſed with their *Simonides* becauſe he talked too loud: The *Thebans* accuſed *Panniculus* for ſpitting too much: The *Carthaginians* ſpake ill of *Hannibal* becauſe he went open breaſted, with his Stomach bare: Others laughed at *Julius Cæſar*, becauſe he was ill girt.

Before you cenſure others, ſee all be well at Home, otherwiſe you will prove ſuch a *Cenſor Morum*, as was *Manilius Plancus* in the *Roman* Story, *Qui nihil objicere poſſit Adoleſcentibus, quod non agnoſceret Senex*: Or you will be condemned as the Phyſician was by the *Tragedian*, for pretending to heal other Men's Diſtempers, and at the ſame time his own Sores running.

Cum tua pervideas oculis male Lippus inunctis,
Cur in amicorum vitia tam cernis acute?

I love not to arraign other Men's Faults, and leave my ſelf out of the Indictment; I am not curious to know what my Neighbour hath ſaid, done, or attempted; but only what I do my ſelf, that it may be juſt and honeſt.

When any thing diſpleaſes me; before I condemn it in others, I enquire if I be not guilty of it my ſelf; and by ſo doing, from whatever I hear or ſee, I draw ſome Advantages; and things are at a good paſs when one Man is the better for another Man's Faults.

One Man's Fault is another Man's Leſſon, which made the Muſician ſend his Scholars to a bad Player, to avoid his Faults.

Man is a Tree, the Fruit whereof is never ripe but in the latter Seaſon; his Nature cannot be diſcovered while it is green; we muſt ſee the

Flower and Fruit of it: *Is di loda la Sera*, ſaith the *Italian*, the Evening crowns the Morning, and the Life of Man muſt be cenſured by the End.

Be not cenſorious, for thou knoweſt not whom thou judgeſt: It is a more dextrous Error to ſpeak well of an evil Man, than ill of a good Man.

A Cenſurer is more than any other obnoxious to Cenſure; for taking upon him to judge of others, he is ſuppoſed leſs faulty than the reprehended; they are invited to a more ſtrict Conſideration of his Life and Actions, and no leſs, but rather much more to cenſure him than he another.

Never employ your ſelf to diſcern the Faults of others, but be careful to mend and prevent your own.

Imitate *Socrates*, whoſe Cenſure being required of an unlearned Book, anſwered, *That he thought thoſe Things which he underſtood not, as good and worthy of Commendation, as thoſe which he underſtood*: Thus ought all wiſe Men to do.

If I ſee a Vice in a Man, I reprove the Vice, without reproaching of the Perſon: I love not to ſtrike too hard upon others, becauſe I know I my ſelf do often deſerve Blows.

When I am told that any Man hath reproached me, or ſpoken ill of me, I am not over much concerned, but behave my ſelf according to the Maxims of Prudence and Charity; and conſider I have this but at ſecond hand, I can hardly believe it; or if he did ſay it, ſome Body hath abuſed him, I am confident he hath no ill meaning in it; nay, it may be he ſaid it on purpoſe that I ſhould hear of it again, and be the better for it.

Patience is a Remedy againſt all Slanders, and that old Courtier was in the right, who being asked how he kept himſelf ſo long in Favour, anſwered, *By receiving Injuries and ill Language, and crying your Humble Servant for them.*

He

He that values himſelf upon Conſcience, not Opinion, never heeds Reproaches. When I am ill ſpoken of, I take it thus, If I have not deſerv'd it, I am never the worſe; if I have, I'll mend.

If a Jewel be bright, no matter who ſays it is a Counterfeit: If my Conſcience tell me that I am innocent, what do I care who tells the World that I am guilty?

Malice may ſpit her Venom at me, but cannot hurt me: A Scandal is only a ſlight Stroke upon the Party injured, and returns with greater Force upon him that gave it, like Arrows that are ſhot into the Air, and fall back to the Earth again.

Never ſpeak ill of any Man; if of a good Man, it is Impiety; if of a bad Man, give him your Prayers.

Never carry a Sword in your Tongue to wound the Reputation of any Man.

The Anger of a talking noiſy Perſon is not much to be regarded; but have a care of provoking a cloſe and reſerv'd Enemy; for there may be Danger in it.

There were two young Men that in their Cups fell very foul upon *Dionyſius* the *Elder*, for his *Tyranny*. He invited them *both* to Supper; and perceiving that one of them prated freely and fooliſhly, but the other drank warily and ſparingly; he diſmiſſed the former as a drunken Fellow, whoſe Treaſon lay no deeper than his Wine, and put the other to Death, as a cloſe and a diſaffected Traitor.

Zeno being demanded how he behaved himſelf when he was reviled? He ſaid, *As an Ambaſſador diſmiſſed without Anſwer.*

Whoſoever is vexed at a Reproach, would be proud if he were commended.

A Conceit upon a ſquint Eye, a hunch Back, or any perſonal Defect, paſſes for a Reproach, and

and why may we not as well hear of it as ſee it?

Calumny to a virtuous Perſon, is no more than a Shower into the Sea.

When *Petilius* and *Quintus* accuſed *Scipio* of many Crimes before the People, *On that very Day* (ſaid he) *I conquered* Hannibal *and* Carthage: *I, for my part, am going with my Crown on, to ſacrifice in the Capitol, and let him that pleaſeth vote upon me.* Having thus ſaid, he went his Way, not regarding them or their Accuſations.

There is nothing ſo irkſome to me, as to hear one Man back-bite another: *Memnon* hearing of a mercenary Soldier outragiouſly exclaiming againſt *Alexander*, he lent him a Blow with his Launce, ſaying, *He had hired him to fight againſt* Alexander, *not to rail at him.*

If any one tells me ſuch a Man ſlandered me thus and thus, I never apologize for my ſelf, but anſwer him again only thus, *He knows not my other Faults; if he did, he would never have reckoned only thoſe you tell me of.*

There is no Protection againſt a depraving Tongue, it is ſharper than *Actius* his Razor: I had rather ſtand at the Mercy of a *Baſiliſco*, or *Serpentine*, than the Fury of an outragious Tongue.

'Tis kingly to do well and hear ill: If I can but act the one, I ſhall not much regard to bear the other.

Let your Diſcourſe of others be fair; ſpeak ill of no Body. To do it in his Abſence is the Property of a Coward that ſtabs a Man behind his Back; if to his Face, you add an Affront to the Scandal; he that praiſes, beſtows a Favour, but he that detracts, commits a Robbery, in taking from another what is juſtly his: Every Man thinks he deſerves better than indeed he doth; therefore you cannot oblige Mankind more, than to ſpeak well: Man is the greateſt Humoriſt and Flatterer of himſelf in the World. I have

I have obſerved, that no Men are ſo ready to ſully the Honour and Reputation of others, as thoſe who deſerve the worſt themſelves; yet I have ſo much Charity for them, to believe that many times they do it not ſo much out of a Principle of Malice, as thereby to gain Reputation of Virtue and Juſtice. Wherefore if any Perſon ſhall ſpeak ill of you, never diſquiet your ſelf; but endeavour to live ſo virtuouſly, as the World ſhall not believe that to be true which is reported of you; and you muſt underſtand, that many ſpeak ill, becauſe they never learned to ſpeak well.

Your own Innocency will be a Back of Steel unto you, and a clear Soul, like a Caſtle againſt all the Artillery of depraving Spirits, is impregnable; however it will be your Wiſdom to carry a Counterpeſt or Antidote about you againſt the Poiſon of virulent Tongues.

It was a notable Inſtance of Prudence and good Government in a Nobleman of our own: A Doctor of Phyſick gave him the Lye; and the Earl very temperately told him, That he would *take* any thing of him but Phyſick. This was a noble Gallantry of Spirit; for a Lye, like falſe and counterfeit Money, tho' a good Man may receive it, yet he ought not in Juſtice to pay it.

I am not much concerned what the Common People think of me: Nay, if they tell me I am a Fool: I can have the ſame Sentiments with that great Chancellor, who when Cardinal *Woolſey* told him he was the verieſt Fool in the Council; God be thanked, ſaid he, that my Maſter hath but one Fool here. I do deſire to honour my Life not by other Men's Opinions, but by my own Actions. *Si vis beatus eſſe, cogita hoc primum contemnere, & contemni; nondum es felix, ſi te turba non deriſerit.*

Make your ſelf agreeable to all; for there is

no Perſon ſo contemptible but it may be in his Power to be your beſt Friend or your worſt Enemy: No Enemy is contemptible enough to be deſpiſed, ſince the moſt Deſpicable command greater Strength, Wiſdom and Intereſt than their own, to aſſiſt in the Deſigns of Malice or Miſchief. The Eagle is not ſafe in the Arms of *Jupiter* the Day ſhe offends the little *Beetle*. Have a care of an Ox before you, of an Aſs behind you, and of the Prieſt on either Side of you. If you do Courteſies to a hundred Men, and diſoblige but one, that one ſhall be more active to your Ruin, than all the other ſhall be to ſerve you. Therefore if you will gain Reſpect, turn Uſurer, and make all Men enter into Obligations to you. The World is a Shop of Tools, of which the wiſe Man only is the Maſter.

SECT. X.

Of PASSION.

A Wiſe Man is a great Monarch, he hath an Empire within himſelf; Reaſon commands in chief, and poſſeſſes the Throne and Sceptre. All his Paſſions, like Obedient Subjects, do obey; though the Territories ſeem but ſmall and narrow, yet the Command and Royalty is great, and reaches farther than he that wears the Moon for his Creſt, or the other that wears the Sun for his Helmet.

Latius regnes avidum domando Spiritum, quam
Si Lybiam remotis Gadibus jungas,
Et uterque Pœnus ſerviat uni.

Paſſion and Reaſon are a kind of Civil War within us, and as the one or the other hath Dominion, we are either good or bad.

He

He that can ſubdue his Paſſions, ſhall obtain a more glorious Victory than if he had placed his Standards in the fartheſt Confines of *Aſia* and *Africa*; and his Triumph is more renowned, than if he had everthrown the *Medes* and *Perſians*.

Fabius had never conquered *Hannibal*, if he had not firſt overcome himſelf.

They which have conquered Nations, driven Armies before them, and ſubdued all open Enemies, have been conquered by their Paſſions, without any Reſiſtance.

Alexander, when he was Maſter of the World, was yet a Slave to his Paſſions; and was led in Triumph by them.

If you can but tune your Paſſions, and reduce them to Harmony by Reaſon, you will render your ſelf as pleaſant and eaſy as the Birds and Beaſts were in *Orpheus*'s Theatre, when they liſtened to his Harp.

As you are a Part of the Univerſe, I would not have you, by any diſorderly and irregular Paſſions, to diſturb the Harmony of it, and become a jarring String in ſo well-tuned an Inſtrument.

Heap up Gold, gather together Silver, and raiſe Pyramids of Honour; if you do not compoſe the Diſorders of your own Mind, ſtint your Deſires, and deliver your ſelf from Fears and Cares, you do but rack Wine for a Man in a Fever.

The Way to ſecure your Paſſions, is to ſubdue your Deſires; if they be ill, not to permit them to advance; if good, ſo to moderate them, as not to expect for the future a greater Favour than the Nature of the thing, and the Inconſtancy of Fortune will permit, always ballancing what you hope for, with what you fear; for a wiſe Man ought to live no more in Hope than in Fear, nor put it into the Power of Fortune, to take any thing from, or add any thing to his Felicity.

It

It is the greateſt Dominion to rule one's ſelf, and to govern our Paſſions, is the Triumph of Wiſdom.

I will never gratify my Enemies ſo far, as to ſhew my ſelf concerned in any Paſſion.

A Mind tranſported with Paſſion, rejects the beſt Reaſons, and retains the worſt Opinions: like a Bolter, which lets the Flour paſs, and keeps nothing but the Bran.

A wiſe Man makes all his Paſſions ſubſervient to his Reaſon.

Of all Paſſions there is none ſo extravagant and outragious as that of Anger; other Paſſions ſollicit and miſlead us, but this runs away with us by Force, hurries us as well to our own, as to another's Ruin; it falls many times upon the wrong Perſon, and diſcharges it ſelf upon the innocent inſtead of the guilty, and makes the moſt trivial Offences to be capital, and puniſheth an inconſiderate Word perhaps with Fetters, Infamy or Death: It allows a Man neither Time nor Means for Defence, but judges a Cauſe without hearing it, and admits of no Mediation: It ſpares neither Friend nor Foe, but tears all to Pieces, and caſts humane Nature into a perpetual State of War.

Look upon an angry Man in the Fit of his Rage, and you may ſee all *Africa* and its Prodigies in him; he is more ſavage than the Tigers there; blow him into a Flame, and you may ſee *Volcanos*, *Hurricanes* and *Buraſors* in him.

When you are in the higheſt Rage and Fit of Anger, preſently run to your *Looking-glaſs*, there you ſhall ſee your Blood boiling with Choler, your Eyes ſparkling with Fire, your Hair ſtanding an end, your Face diſtorted with menacing Features, inſomuch as the Spectacle of your own Deformity will render you frightful to your ſelf. In this Paroxyſm of Rage, the beſt Antidote (that I know)

I know) againſt the Malignity of his Diſtemper is, to apply Lenity to it, that will recompenſe all again, becalm the Mind, and keep it in ſuch a becoming Temper, that it is not moved in it ſelf, nor ſuffers any paſſionate Eruption or Sally of the Spirits and Blood into the other Members, that may cauſe any the leaſt Indecorum.

The Torrent of Paſſion is like troubled Waters in a great Tempeſt: Reaſon will be your beſt Pilot to bring you into a ſafe Port, but you muſt have a care you do not increaſe the Storm by any unwary Word or Action, or kindle a Fire while the Wind is in a Corner which may blow it on your Face.

It was *Pythagoras*'s Symbol, Cut not Fire with a Sword; adviſing not to exaſperate an angry Perſon, but to give way to him.

Have not to do with any Man in his Paſſion, for Men are not like Iron, to be wrought upon when they are hot.

Give place to the Torrent of Fury, and let it have its full Courſe; when it is the higheſt, it will turn again; and then you ſhall have the Tide as ſtrong with you, as before it was againſt you.

I fear unruly Paſſions more than the Arrows of an Enemy, and the Slavery of them, more than the Fetters of the Conqueror.

There is no ſurer Argument of a great Mind than not to be tranſported to Anger by any Accident whatſoever: The Clouds and Tempeſts are formed below, but all above is quiet and ſerene; which is the Emblem of a brave Man, that maſters all Provocations, and lives within himſelf.

Obviate the firſt Motion of Paſſion, if you cannot reſiſt the firſt, you will far leſs reſiſt the Second, and it ſtill grows worſe and worſe; for the ſame Difficulty which in the beginning might be ſurmounted, is greater in the End.

Paſſions

Paſſions are the elementary Humours of the Mind; ſo ſoon as they begin to be turgid and exceed, the Mind becomes ſick, and if the Diſtemper riſes to the Mouth, and breaks into Anger, it betrays the Tower of Reaſon to the Fury of an inſulting Paſſion: When once your Paſſions are known, all the Avenues and Sally-Ports of the Will are diſcovered, and by Conſequence may be commanded. And therefore I do adviſe you to try in the firſt Place to ſubdue your Paſſions, or at leaſt ſo artificially to diſguiſe them, that no Spy may be able to unmask your Thoughts; here to diſſemble, is a great Point of Prudence; for by this means you ſo cunningly hide all your Imperfections, that no Eye ſhall be able to diſcover them.

You muſt keep your Paſſions in your Power, as *Ulyſſes* did the Winds in his Bottle, and deal with them as we do with Mad-men, keep them in Chains for fear of Miſchief; for otherwiſe a wild Beaſt is not ſo ungovernable.

Some Perſons are above our Anger, others below it; to contend with our Inferiors is Indiſcretion, and with our Superiors an Indignity.

Anger may make dull Men witty, but it keeps them poor.

As *Diogenes* was diſputing of Anger; an inſolent young Fellow, to try if he could put him beſide his Philoſophy, ſpit on his Face. Young Man, ſaid *Diogenes*, this doth not make me angry yet; but I am in ſome doubt whether I ſhould be ſo or no.

Be circumſpect in every thing you ſpeak or do, as if your Enemies ſtood at your Elbow, and overlook'd every Action: This will beget in you vehement Deſires and earneſt Endeavours of the reſtraining your diſorderly Paſſions; this will fill your Mind with good Thoughts and Reſolutions to proceed in a virtuous Courſe of Life.

Paſſions

Paſſions are a great deal older than our Reaſon; they came into the World with us, but our Reaſon follows a long time after.

There is not a more effectual Remedy againſt Anger, than Time and Patience.

A Servant of *Plato* having committed a great Fault, *Speuſippus*, ſays he, do you beat that Fellow, for I am angry; ſo he forbore ſtriking him for the very Reaſon that would have made another Man to do it.

When I ſee my Friend in a great Rage againſt any Perſon, I pretend to be angry too; and I join with him not only in the Opinion of the Injury, but in the ſeeming Continuance of the Revenge; by this means I get Time, and by adviſing ſome greater Puniſhment, I put off the preſent, and ſo abate his Fury.

The firſt Step to the Moderation of Paſſion, is to perceive that you are falling into Paſſion; by that means you enter the Liſt with a full Power over your ſelf, and may conſider how far it is neceſſary to give Way to Reſentment; with this *Reflection* you may be angry, and put a Stop to it as you pleaſe.

If your Paſſions are duly conſidered, you ſhould need no other Cure than the Conſideration of them; let the firſt Fervour abate, and the Miſt which darkens the Mind will be either leſſened or diſpelled.

It is a Sign of a rich Stock of Senſe to know how to prevent and correct one's Humour; ſince it is a Diſeaſe of the Mind, wherein a wiſe Man ought to govern himſelf as in a Diſtemper of Body.

Take away the Cauſe of Paſſion, and you will never fally into Paſſion. When a Stranger brought *Cotis* ſome earthen Veſſels thin and brittle, but delicately ſhaped and admirably adorned with Sculptures, he requited the Stranger for them, and then brake them all in Pieces; Leſt, ſaid he, my

Paſſion

Paſſion ſhould provoke me to puniſh exceſſively thoſe that ſhould break them.

He that would exerciſe a Power profitable to himſelf, and grievous to no Body elſe, let him practiſe it upon his Paſſions.

Plato was about to ſtrike his Servant, and while his Hand was in the Air, he checked himſelf, but ſtill held it in that menacing Poſture: A Friend of his took notice of it, and asked him what he meant. I am now, ſays he, puniſhing of an angry Man: So that he had left the Servant to chaſtiſe himſelf, for he thought it was not fit that a Servant ſhould be in his Power that was not his own Maſter.

To be angry at Anger, is almoſt the only juſtifiable Exerciſe of this Paſſion; for it is an Affection ſo unquiet and turbulent, that if it once ſeize us, it unmans us by the Tranſports of Anger; Evils are not removed, but made worſe, and the very Anger does more Hurt than the Injury we complain of; other Paſſions riſe in us by Degrees, but this flaſhes like Gun-powder, blowing up all in a Moment: Anger may glance into the Breaſt of a wiſe Man, but it reſts in the Boſom of Fools. A good Man is never angry at any thing but at Sin; and he that is angry with this Sin, ſhall never ſin in his Anger.

If you be naturally diſpoſed to Anger, frequent the Company of the Patient; by this means, without any Labour, you will attain to a fit Temper; for Converſation is of great Moment: Manners, Humours, nay Opinions are thereby inſenſibly communicated.

Never ſink ſo below your ſelf, as to let any Paſſion get the better of you. When Paſſion enters in at the Fore-gate, Wiſdom goes out at the Poſtern.

He who commands himſelf, commands the World too; and the more Authority you have over others, the more Command you muſt have over your ſelf. I can-

I cannot but admire at the Temper of that *Perſian*, who in his Fury threatened the Tempeſt, and whipt the Sea.

I do not love to ſee a paſſionate Man ſcourge himſelf with his own Scorpions, and in the midſt of his innocent Contentments, fondly to give himſelf Alarms.

It is the Infelicity of many Men, to break out into the greateſt Paſſion upon the leaſt Occaſion; not unlike that Gentleman (though learned, yet none of the wiſeſt) when ſeeing the Man at Plough, fell into a violent Diſorder, and was much incenſed againſt him, becauſe he did not plough *ſecundum Artem*, in drawing his Furrows mathematically, and in *Linea Recta*, as he ſaid; a Friend of his ſtanding by, told him, that he had little reaſon to be diſpleaſed, if he conſidered the ſmall Difference between *Errare* and *Arare*.

I am not troubled, if I ſee a Butterfly in the Air, and cannot catch it.

Be thou like the *Caſpian* Sea, which is ſaid never to ebb nor flow.

It is more prudent to paſs by trivial Offences than to quarrel for them; by the laſt you are even with your Adverſary, but by the firſt above him.

SECT. XI.

Of INJURIES *and* REVENGE.

WHen I have an Injury done me, I never ſet the Beacon a Fire, nor am I troubled: I conſider who did it; if my Kinſman, he did it ignorantly; if my Friend, he did it againſt his Will; if my Enemy, it's no more than I expected; I ever put a fair Conſtruction upon any thing that happens to me.

Archelaus

Archelaus, when one ſprinkled Water upon him, and his Friends aggravated the Crime; *You are miſtaken*, ſaid he, *he did not ſprinkle it upon me, but ſome other Perſon he took me to be.*

I have often found by Experience, that I have fallen into no great Inconveniencies when I have taken Wrongs patiently.

And we ſhew our ſelves greater than our Adverſaries, when we let the World ſee that they cannot trouble us. When Children and Fools do the ſame things to us that we fret at in others of more advanced Years, we paſs them without a Frown; which ſhews, that it is not the Acts done us by our Enemies, but our own Reſentment that injures us.

I bear the Injuries of others with the ſame Patience that a Phyſician does thoſe of a Phrenetick Patient: I can patiently ſuſtain all outragious Inſults againſt me; my Deſire is to arrive at Heaven, and I ever bleſs the Hand which ſhortens my Journey.

If an Injury be done me, and if I do my Part, there's no Hurt done; it is in the Nature of an Enemy to do Miſchief; and it is my Duty to requite Evil with Good: I make uſe of it for the Exerciſe and Trial of my Virtue; I confront it with the Innocency of my Life, and the Security of a good Conſcience; I am not much moved, but keep my ſelf ſtill cheerful, and fixed in my Station.

A Man that walks in the Streets of a Populous City, muſt expect to meet with a Slip in one Place; a Stop in another, a Daſh of the Kennel in a third; juſt ſuch are the Adventures of Life, and with the ſame Conſideration are they to be undergone.

So long as there are bad Men in the World, there will be Villany in it; and he that is reſolv'd to fret himſelf for whatſoever he ſees amiſs, ſhall never have one quiet Hour while he lives.

I would have you practiſe to be a good Wreſtler; which will teach you to ſtand firm, whatever befalls you.

If you be injured, you do your Adverſary too much Honour to take notice of it, and think too meanly of your ſelf to revenge it; let me adviſe you to diſſemble an Injury, when you have not the Power to revenge it; and generouſly to forgive it, when you have the means to do it.

It is a noble Way of Revenge to forget Injuries; for Reſentment doth but encourage that Malice which Neglect would diſſipate. *Lewis* the Twelfth of *France*, being adviſed by ſome of his Council to puniſh ſuch as were Enemies to him when he was Duke of *Orleans*; anſwered like a Prince, *That it did not ſuit with the Glory of a King of* France, *to revenge the Injuries done to the Duke of* Orleans.

In Revenge we act the Executioner, but it belongs to a King to pardon: In the one we beſtow a Favour, but in the other we betray our Infirmity.

He that pardons proclaims in ſo doing, that he fears not his Enemies; but Revenge implies a Fear of what we deſire upon that Account to leſſen.

He that is naturally revengeful, keeps his Wounds open; which otherwiſe would cloſe of themſelves.

When I am more powerful than he that injured me, I never take Advantage of him, for that is as mean, as for an armed Man to force his Enemy to fight when he hath no Weapon; and if I have no Power to repel it, I never ſtorm, for Choler without Power, is like a Wind that makes a Noiſe but cannot hurt.

Pardon is a glorious Kind of Revenge; I think my ſelf ſufficiently revenged of my Enemy if I pardon him. *Cicero* did more commend *Cæſar* for

for pardoning *Metellus*, than for the great Victory obtained againſt his Enemies.

I prefer the Glory of pardoning before the Pleaſure of a victorious Revenge; for ſometimes former Revenge hath been the Cauſe of future Repentance; and the Pleaſure of doing Evil turns into the Diſpleaſure of having done it.

It is the Work of Prudence to prevent an Injury; and of a great Mind, when done, not to revenge it: He that hath Revenge in his Power, and does not uſe it, is the great Man: It is for low and vulgar Spirits to ſtorm and tranſport themſelves: Subdue your Affections: To endure Injuries with a brave Mind, is one half the Conqueſt.

I honour *Epictetus* more for his ἀνέχου καὶ ἀπέχου, *bear and forbear*, than if he had built a Pyramid.

He that doth an Injury to another, doth it to himſelf, and it is many times repaid with full Intereſt.

Once upon a time the Lion being very ſick, all the Beaſts of the Field came to viſit him, only the Fox did neglect to do his Duty; the Lion much admired the Unkindneſs of the Fox; the Wolf told the Lion, *That many times he ſpake to the Fox to wait upon him, but could not prevail*, and repreſented it with all Diſadvantages to the Fox, inſomuch that the Lion was much diſpleaſed; whereupon the Lion ſent a Summons to the Fox, who appeared; and being asked by the Lion, why he would not give him a Viſit, knowing he was ſo ill? the Fox told the Lion, *That he had been much troubled that his Majeſty had not been well, and had conſulted all the Phyſicians for ſome Cure for him, who unanimouſly did agree that there was nothing better, or would ſooner deliver him from his Diſtemper which was upon him, than to get a fat Wolf and flay him alive, and lay the Skin hot to his*

Body: The Lion thanked the Fox for his Care and Regard of him. In ſome ſhort time after, the Wolf came to wait upon the Lion, the Lion ordered him to be apprehended and flay'd, and his Skin laid hot to his Body, according to the Direction of the Fox; by that means the Lion was perfectly recovered, and the Fox quitted Scores with the Wolf for his ill Office done him to the Lion.

Do Injury to no Man, though never ſo mean, for once in ſeven Years he may have an Opportunity to do the greateſt Man much good or harm.

At a time a Mouſe troubled a Sleeping Lion, and diſturbed him, and happened to fall under his Paw; he deſired the Lion to ſpare him, he was but a Mouſe, and yet might live poſſibly to do him a Kindneſs: But howſoever he was not worth his Indignation; thereupon the Lion let the Mouſe go. Some time after the Lion was taken in a Net, the Mouſe hearing of it, in Gratitude came and eat aſunder the Net, and delivered the Lion, who for all his Greatneſs could not deliver himſelf.

I ſhall commend unto you St. *Barnard*'s Legacy, which if Story ſpeaketh Truth, was engraven upon his Tomb: *Tria vobis, fratres, obſervanda relinquo, quæ ut potui obſervavi. Primo, Nemini Scandalum feci; ſi quando incidit, ſedavi ut potui. Secundo, minus ſemper ſenſui meo quam alterius credidi. Tertio, Læſus de lædente nunquam vindictam petii. Ecce Charitatem, Humilitatem & Patientiam vobis relinquo. Brethren, three things I leave unto you to be obſerved, which as I was able I obſerved.* Firſt, *I never gave offence to any; if at any time it happened, I pacified it as well as I could.* Secondly, *I always gave leſs Credit to my own Sentiments than to thoſe of others.* Thirdly, *Being injured, I never revenged it; Behold, I leave unto you* Charity, Humility *and* Patience. When

When you have an Injury done you, conſider what it is that diſturbs you; it's not the Thing it ſelf, but Opinion; remove the Opinion, and you will not think your ſelf wronged: Nothing can hurt you, except you join with it to hurt your ſelf: The Mind is ſafe and unacceſſible, and out of the reach of Injuries: The thing we complain of is without us, and ſtands ſtill and quiet; it is from Opinion within us, from whence the Troubles and Tumults do proceed; we make our ſelves more Injuries than are offered us, and the Apprehenſion of wrong doth us more harm than the ſmarteſt part of the Wrong.

Catch not too ſoon at an Offence, nor give too eaſy way to Anger; the one ſhews a weak Judgment, the other a perverſe Nature.

Hath any Man wronged you? be bravely revenged; ſlight it, and the Work is begun; forgive it, and it is finiſhed: He is below himſelf that is not above an Injury.

The beſt Remedy of an Injury, conſiſts in the forgetting of it; but many times we forget the Remedy, and thoſe things are beſt remembred, which ought moſt to be forgotten: A Fool ſtruck *Cato*; when he was ſorry for it, *Cato* had forgot it, for ſaith *Seneca*, *Melius putavit non ignoſcere quam agnoſcere.*

Hath any wounded you with Injuries? meet them with Patience; haſty Words rankle the Wound, ſoft Language dreſſes it, Forgiveneſs cures it, and Oblivion takes away the Scar.

King *Antigonus* one Night hearing ſome of his Soldiers railing againſt him, when there was but a Hanging betwixt them; putting it gently aſide, *Soldiers*, ſays he, *ſtand a little farther off for fear the King ſhould hear you.*

When an ill Office is done me, I am not diſpleaſed, becauſe it ſhall not be in the Power of

my Enemy to make me angry, or put me into Paſſion: I pardon others, as though I did daily offend my ſelf; and ſo abſtain from offending as though I pardoned no Body.

All the Art that I uſe to vanquiſh my Enemies is, to do them all the Good I can.

If you be diſpleaſed with every Peccadillo, you will become habitually froward: Learn to be patient, by obſerving the Inconveniencies of Impatience in other Men.

If you have any Infelicity upon you, by your Impatience you ſuperadd another to it: He who ſubmits to his Paſſions, at the ſame time is a Slave to many Tyrants. I prefer the Freedom of my Mind and the Serenity of my Soul (not clouded with Paſſions) before the Empire of the World.

When I am injured, I never complain, for I have obſerved that Complaints do rather excite a Paſſion to offend us, than a Compaſſion to comfort us; they make way for thoſe that hear them to do the ſame to us, that thoſe have done of whom we complain; and the Knowledge of the Injury done by the firſt, ſerves the ſecond for an Excuſe; and complaining of paſt Injuries, gives Occaſion for future.

It will be the Teſt of Prudence in you without any Paſſion to endure the Injuries and Follies of other Men; if you cannot endure them in others, you make them your own: For firſt you loſe your Judgment, and then offend your ſelf; and ſo Paſſion will precipitate you into that Ill which you would avoid.

If any Man doth me an Injury, I am not diſturbed, but muſt pity him; for he is the firſt offended, and receives the greateſt Damage, becauſe in this he loſeth the uſe of Reaſon.

The ſevereſt Puniſhment of an Injury, is the Conſcience of having done it; and no Man ſuffers

fers more than he that is turned over to the Pain of a Repentance; it is better to compoſe Injuries than revenge them, for the Revenge of one Injury does expoſe us to more.

If you have at any time a Purpoſe to take Revenge, fall upon your greateſt Enemy firſt, and begin with your extravagant Rage and Fury.

If an Injury be done me, I am never troubled at it, for he that doth me an Injury doth it either for his Pleaſure or Profit; and why ſhould I be diſpleaſed if he loves himſelf better than me? If any doth me an Injury out of ill Nature, it is but like the Brier and Thorn, which do prick and ſcratch becauſe they can do no otherwiſe.

Every Day I meet with Bravoes, falſe and perfidious Perſons, but they can do me no Harm, becauſe it is not in their Power to diſquiet me, or to make me act any thing diſhonourable; neither am I angry or ill affected toward them, becauſe they are by Nature near unto me; for they are all my Kinſmen by Participation of the ſame Reaſon and divine Particle: If at any time I have an Injury done me by them, I convert it to my own Advantage, I know how to avoid them; and they diſcover to me my own Weakneſs, where I may be aſſaulted, therefore I ſtudy to fortify that Place: And if an Aſs doth kick me (as many times he doth) I never trouble my ſelf to bring an Action againſt him for it.

For all Injuries and Deſigns againſt me I am no more concerned than *Alexander* was, who received in one Hand the Drink which his Phyſician *Philip* brought him, and with the other ſhewed him the Letter by which he was advertiſed that *Darius* had promiſed him great Rewards to poiſon him. Injuries are never cancelled with new Favours, eſpecially when the new Favours are leſs in Value than the Wrongs

done: Favours are written in Glaſs, but Injuries are engraven in Marble.

Study the Buckler as well as the Sword, ſo you will be as good at Suffering as at Acting.

I ſpeak this to you, not that I would have you without Senſe; for *Chi la fa Pecora, il lupo la mangia:* He who maketh himſelf a Sheep, the Wolf will devour him.

It was a Maxim worthy of *Cæſar*'s Gallantry, *Nec inferre, nec perpeti.*

Gulfardo made hot Love to *Ambroſia, Gaſparvolo Sageſtraccio*, a Rich Merchant's Wife, and after ſeveral Dodges and Put-offs he came to the peremptory Point with her at laſt, Whether ſhe would touch or not; ſhe conſented in the Concluſion, that upon Condition he ſhould ſwear Secrecy, and make her a Preſent of two hundred Crowns, which ſhe had great Occaſion for. *Gulfardo* came to her Terms, and ſent to know when he might come and bring the Money with him; Her Anſwer was this, That her Husband was ſuddenly to take a long Journey, and he ſhould hear from her, ſo ſoon as he was gone, and then let him come and welcome, and bring the Crowns along with him. *Gulfardo*'s Love for the Woman did not hinder him from abominating ſo mercenary a Proſtitute; ſo that as he reſolved on the one Hand to make the beſt of his Mercat, he ſet his Wits to work on the other how to be even with her.

A Day or two before the Husband left the Town, *Gulfardo* went and borrowed two hundred Crowns of him; and the Husband had no ſooner turn'd his Back upon his Wife, but *Gulfardo* had preſently notice of it, with an Intimation that all things were now ready for him, but ſtill minding him not to forget the Money. *Gulfardo* upon this Hint, makes *Ambroſia* a Viſit, with a par-

a particular Friend in his Company: So ſoon as the formality of the firſt Greeting was over, Madam, ſays *Gulfardo*, I have brought two hundred Crowns here for your Husband, and I think I had e'en as good leave them in your Hands; why ſo you may, ſays *Ambroſia*, and my Husband ſhall give you a Receipt for them, but let me be ſure they be right firſt, ſo ſhe counted them over and laid them by.

The Friend's Part being now over, he was too much a Gentleman not to withdraw, and leave the two Lovers to themſelves. The Story ſays they were very kind, and this Game laſted till the Husband came back again.

Some two or three Days after his Return, while he and his Wife were ſtanding at the Door together, *Gulfardo* paſſing by with the ſame Friend again, as by Chance, took the Opportunity of ſaluting *Gaſparvolo*, and thanking him for the two hundred Crowns he lent him before he went out of Town. But as it fell out I had no Occaſion for them, and in three or four Days I delivered them back to your Lady for you; this Gentleman was there, Madam, when I delivered them. Oh Lord! Husband, ſays ſhe, it is very true, and if there be any Faith in Woman, it was quite out of my Head; Well, Sir, ſays *Gaſparvolo*, I will give you a Diſcharge, and ſhall be ready at any time to ſerve you in a greater Matter.

One *Ricciardo Minutolo* had an excellent Woman of his own, and yet fell deſperately in Love with the Wife of *Philipello Fighinolſia*, whoſe Name was *Catulla*, a Perſon tender of her Honour to the uttermoſt Scruple; but at the ſame time jealous to the Degree almoſt of Idle-headed When *Ricciardo* found her impregnable, and no good to be done upon her by the common Arts and Methods of Courtſhip and Addreſs, he be-

thought himſelf of changing his Battery, and falling to work upon her Jealouſy, and the Courſe he took was this.

He gave it out, that betwixt Neceſſity and Philoſophy he was now become Maſter of himſelf again, beſides that he had a freſh Woman in his Eye, where his Love wou'd probably turn to better Account; but he carry'd it fair all this while to *Catulla*, as in Diſcretion and good Manners he was bound to do, playing his Game ſo artificially, that every thing he ſaid or did, paſſed for earneſt.

It was now the chearful Time of the Year, when the Sparks and the Ladies went commonly a Merry-making to the Sea-ſide. *Ricciardo* hearing that *Catulla* was to be of the Party, reſolved to make one himſelf too; the whole Company bidding him welcome, and *Catulla* amongſt the reſt. He carry'd ſo much Haſte and Buſineſs in his Face, that the Ladies could hardly get him to ſtay among them, eſpecially falling upon the Subject of a new Miſtreſs he had got, which put every body to the gueſs, who and who it might be: He took up ſuch a Form of Gravity upon this Diſcourſe, as if he had not known which way to look: As the Company were walking and talking promiſcuouſly one with another, it fell to *Ricciardo*'s and *Catulla*'s Lot to be together, and in that Interim *Ricciardo*'s bolting out an unlucky Word of an Amour of *Philipello*'s, put *Catulla* to ſuch a ſtand as if ſhe had been Planet-ſtruck; and after a ſhort Pauſe, ſhe brake out into this Exclamation, Ah! *Ricciardo*, ſays ſhe, for the ſake of the Woman thou loveſt beſt in this World, expound this Riddle to me.

Madam, ſays he, I can refuſe nothing to the Power of that Adjuration; but you muſt give me your Oath then, neither directly nor indirectly to dif-

diſcover the whole or any part of what I ſhall tell you, to your Husband, till I ſhall make the Truth of it appear to your own Eyes: By all that is ſacred, *Ricciardo*, ſays ſhe, I ſwear it.

Why then Madam, ſays he, your Husband makes Love to my Wife, whether in Revenge of the Paſſion I had for his, or for what other Reaſon I know not; but there paſſes not a Day without a Letter or a Meſſage to her, and the Words I put in her Mouth ſhe ſends him back for an Anſwer; ſhe has held him ſo long in hand at this rate, that he had the Face yeſterday to preſs her to a final Reſolution, and propoſed a Secret Meeting with her at a *Bagnio* that he had provided for that Purpoſe. Madam, ſays he, the Time was, when I would not have run the Riſque of diſpleaſing you to have gain'd the whole World, but theſe fooliſh Tenderneſſes are now over, and this is not an Intrigue for me to take much Pleaſure in; ſo that partly to be even with him, and partly to do you Service, I made my Wife promiſe him a Meeting betwixt Twelve and One at the *Bagnio*, as he directed. You cannot imagine all this while that I'll proſtitute my Wife, but I only tell you this, to the end, that if you ſhall think fit to ſupply her Place, it may prevent a thouſand Inconveniencies; but, by the way, remember your Oath. Well, well, *Ricciardo* (ſays ſhe, in a tranſport of Jealouſy) come of it what will, I'll take your Wife's part upon me, and by the ſame Oath over again, I will be as good as my Word.

The Miſtreſs of the *Bagnio* was no better than a Bawd, and ſo much a Confident of *Ricciardo*'s, that ſhe took his Inſtructions about the Room, the Bed, the Bath, and every thing elſe according to his Appointment: *Catulla* went home towards the Evening in a moſt inſociable Humour,

and found her Husband (as ſhe fancied at leaſt) in a worſe. The Thoughts of the next Day's Adventure kept her waking all that Night, and in the Morning up ſhe gets betimes, and about Noon, away ſhe goes, with her Maid-ſervant to wait upon her to the Bathing-houſe. Pray, Miſtreſs, ſays *Catulla* to the Woman of the Houſe, is *Philipello* here? Madam, ſays ſhe, if you are the Woman he looks for, you will find him in that Chamber there, pray go in; ſo on ſhe went into a Chamber as dark as Pitch, and there was *Ricciardo* ready to receive her.

They had no ſooner interchanged the Paſſionate Ruptures of the firſt Greeting, but *Catulla* rung him ſuch a Peal upon the Miſeries of innocent Women, and the Falſeneſs and Ingratitude of Men, that his very Ears were dinn'd at the Noiſe of it; No, no, ſays ſhe. Thou Monſter of a Man, this is *Catulla*, and not the Wife of *Ricciardo*, that you expected here, and by all that's holy, I'll make thy Infamy as publick as the Sun.

Ricciardo did all that was poſſible by fair Words and Careſſes to lay the Storm, but to no purpoſe at all: No, no, ſays ſhe, thou perjured Wretch, I am not ſo to be coakſed and wheedled out of my Senſes. Tell me, thou abandoned Sot, is there not as much Youth and Beauty, as agreeable a Converſation, and as good Blood in the Veins of thy *Catulla* as in that Blouze thy Miſtreſs! *Ricciardo* would have been torn to Pieces before he would have uſed me thus; but I'll do your Errand to him upon my Faith, and give you up to the Revenge of the whole Family.

This outragious Fury went ſo far, that *Ricciardo* had no way left him to prevent a worſe Miſchief, but to diſcover himſelf. Upon the firſt Word toward it (for ſhe knew his Voice) ſhe gave ſuch a Leap from him, and with ſuch an Outcry, that if he had not immediately ſecured her in

in his Arms and ſtop'd her Mouth, no body knows what might have come on it; but having her now under a kind of Force to give him the Hearing, he laid before her the whole State and Reaſon of the Caſe. Madam, ſays he, I am the unfortunate *Ricciardo*, you are dearer to me than my Blood; and conſider, I beſeech you, that what is done cannot be undone, your own Honour and Peace (nay, and perhaps the very Life of your Husband, for it will come to a Quarrel) are all at Stake. This Advice was accompanied with Words and Actions ſo moving and generous, that the poor broken-hearted Lady could not but yield to the Reaſon of the Diſcourſe; tho' that Conviction was not ſufficient to ſupport her under the Weight of that Calamity, for ſhe went her way Home without ſpeaking one Word more; and falling ſoon after into a mortal Melancholy, ſhe died of it. Upon the Tidings of her Death, *Ricciardo*, being at that time a Widower, fell into ſuch a Horror for what he had done, that he renounced the World upon it, and ſpent the ſhort Remainder of his Days among the Woods and Deſarts in the Solitude of an *Hermite*.

SECT. XII.

Of VIRTUE.

I Shall commend unto your Practice that excellent Precept of *Pythagoras*, *Nil turpe committas, neque coram aliis, neque tecum; maxime omnium verere teipſum:* And believe it, a good Man will bluſh as much to commit a Sin in the Wilderneſs, as upon a Theatre. Thoſe Defeats which Vice give me, they are rather a Surprize than a Conqueſt, they overcome me not, but rather

ther by my own Inadvertency of them, I overcome my ſelf; the leſs the Occaſion of Sin, the greater is the Nature of it; and to juſtify a Fault, is a greater Sin than to fall into it: And let me tell you, Sin is maſculine, and begets the like in others; and many times like Venom, it infects the Blood, when the Viper is dead which gave the Wound.

It is the Triumph of a brave Soul, to have Sin in Power, and Virtue in Will; Virtue is the Sun of the Microcoſm, and a good Conſcience is its Hemiſphere: There is nothing which ſetteth up a Throne or Chair of State in the Soul of Man, but Virtue.

Virtue ſtands in need of nothing but it ſelf, it renders Man illuſtrious in this Life, and glorious after Death; it is not Gray-hairs that begets Reſpect, but a Life virtuouſly paſſed confers Glory. It is a ſtrange Fatuity in Man, that he never takes Thought how to *live virtuouſly*, but is very careful how to *live long*; when it lies in the Power of Man to *live well*, but it's out of his Power to *live long*. It is the *Bounty of Nature* that we *live*, but of *Virtue* that we *live well*; which is a *greater Felicity* than *Life it ſelf*.

An honeſt virtuous Man lives not to the World, but to his own Conſcience; he, as the Planets above, ſteers a Courſe contrary to that of the World.

It is no ſmall Pleaſure for a virtuous Perſon to ſay to himſelf, Could a Man enter and ſee into my Heart, yet ſhould he not find me guilty either of the Affliction or Ruin of any Body, nor culpable of Envy or Revenge, nor tainted with Innovation, Sedition or Schiſm, nor ſpotted with the falſifying my Word; I have always lived upon my own, all my Deſires have been terminated within my ſelf, *Non te quæſiveris extra*, hath been my Rule. There-

Therefore take care that the bright Luſtre of your Virtues may enlighten the whole Sphere wherein you move.

You may receive Honours from your Prince, but that is to be gallant in Livery; it is Virtue that is the only Nobility. I love Virtue in any Man, for it will ſecure me againſt any Wrong from him, and will aſſure me of his good Wiſhes, if he cannot lend me his Aſſiſtance.

God would not beſtow Heaven upon the *Romans*, becauſe they were Pagans; but beſtowed the Empire of the World upon them, becauſe they were Virtuous.

Alexander was not ſo truly glorious for Conquering the *Indians*, as for refuſing to force *Darius*'s fair Daughters; for in the one, he conquered but thoſe who were leſs than himſelf; but in the other, he conquered himſelf, who was their Conqueror.

A virtuous Perſon looks upon the whole World as his Country, and upon God to be as Witneſs and Judge of his Words and Deeds; he ſo governs his Life and Thoughts, as if the whole World were to ſee the one and to read the other.

He never opens the Door to the leaſt Evil, for fear others which lie in Ambuſh ſhould come after: He is much of the Nature of the Sun, which paſſeth through many Pollutions, yet remains pure as before: Rather than do an unjuſt Act, he will be Food for Cannon: Let Vice be robed in Cloth of Tiſſue, yet he diſcovers it.

He ſtands not more in Awe of other Men than of himſelf, nor commits more Offences, tho' no Man were to know them, than if all Men were to obſerve them.

Crimes, tho' they may be ſecret, can never be ſecure; nor doth it avail an Offender to be concealed from others while he can never be concealed from himſelf. If

If I do nothing but what is honeſt, let all the World know it; but if otherwiſe, what doth it ſignify to have no body know it, ſo long as I know it it my ſelf? Sin is its own Torment, and the Fear of Revenge purſues thoſe that eſcape the Stroke of it: Nature hath ſet up Racks and Gibbets in the Conſciences of vicious Perſons.

He that is guilty of any enormous Sin, lives in perpetual Terror, and whilſt he expects to be puniſhed, he puniſhes himſelf; and whoſoever deſerves it, expects it; what if he be not detected? he is ſtill in Apprehenſion that he may be ſo.

The Wages of Sin is Death; it is poor Wages that will not make a Man live; as Virtue is its own Regard, ſo Sin is its own Executioner.

The Soul of a wicked Man is like Paper ſcribled all over with the Characters of Vice; his Soul reſembles the City *Poneropolis*, ſo called by King *Philip* after he had Peopled it with a Crew of Rogues and Vagabonds: He that looks diligently into the State of a vicious Man, will ſee the Canker of his Heart through all the falſe and dazling Splendor of Greatneſs and Fortune: A virtuous Man can never be miſerable, or a wicked Man happy.

Men love the Evil in themſelves, yet no Man loves it in another; and tho' a Man may be a Friend to Sin, yet no body loves the Sinner.

Mankind is entred into a Sort of Confederacy againſt Virtue; it is dangerous to be honeſt, and only profitable to be vicious.

We live in the Ruſt of the Iron Age; Piety it ſelf is in Exile, Integrity gone, and the Branches of the moſt flouriſhing Virtues are all lopped; it's as rare in this Age to meet with a virtuous Man, as it was formerly to meet with a Poet in *Plato*'s Common-wealth.

It is Virtue that makes the Mind invincible, and places

places us out of the Reach of Fortune, though not out of the Malice of it: When *Zeno* was told that all his Goods were drowned; Why then, ſaid he, Fortune hath a Mind to make me a Philoſopher: Nothing can be above him that is above Fortune; no Infelicity can make a wiſe Man quit his Ground.

If I were led in Triumph, I could bear the ſame Mind, and be as virtuous and great as the Conqueror; place me amongſt Emperors, or amongſt Beggars, the one ſhall not make me proud, nor the other aſhamed; I can take as ſound a Sleep in a *Grot* as in a *Palace*, and think my ſelf as happy in a *Galley* as in the *Elyſian* Field.

Felicity is not in the *Veins* of the *Earth* where we dig for *Gold*, nor in the *bottom* of the *Sea* where we fiſh for *Pearl*, but in a *pure* and *virtuous Mind*.

Socrates being asked, if he accounted not the great King of *Perſia* happy? *I know not*, ſaith he, *how he is furniſhed with Virtue*: Conceive that true Happineſs conſiſts in Virtue, not in the frail Donatives of Fortune.

Virtue hath an illuſtrious Theatre to ſhew it ſelf in all Fortunes; a Man that is condemned, if he be innocent and doth not vex, he doth exerciſe the Virtue of Patience; if he be guilty, and doth acknowledge himſelf ſo, he doth co-operate with Juſtice.

Good and virtuous Men in this World ſuffer many Inconveniencies; but Virtue, like the Sun, goes on ſtill with her Work, let the Air be never ſo cloudy,

No Cloud whats'ever can obſcure her Light;
Virtue's a Glow-worm, and will ſhine by Night.

A Virtuous Perſon, in the thickeſt of his Misfortunes, is like a Quick-ſet-hedge, the more he

is cut and male-hack'd, the better he thrives and flouriſhes.

A wicked Man is afraid of his own Memory and in the Review of himſelf, he finds only Appetite, Avarice or Ambition.

Vice hath its certain Period, after which it becomes deſperate and incurable.

All the virtuous Actions which I can hereafter do, will no more expiate my former Tranſgreſſions, than the not contracting new Debts can be accounted Payment of the old.

Though Virtue gives a ragged Livery, yet ſhe gives a golden Cognizance.

Thoſe that leaſt practiſe Virtue in outward Appearance, cunningly make it the Mark whereto all the Actions level; there muſt be the Signature of Virtue on the worſt of Actions, otherwiſe they would not be paſſant, and receive Entertainment.

Virtuous Perſons are by all good Men openly reverenced, and even ſilently by bad; ſo much do the Beams of Virtue dazle even unwilling Eyes.

The Heart of a virtuous Perſon is a Paradiſe into which the Serpent never enters, but receives a ſudden Repulſe.

In Navigation we ought to be guided by the Pilot, in the Courſe of Life by the Virtuous.

Obſtrue quinque Feneſtras, ut luceat domus, ſays the *Arabian* Proverb; *A Wiſe and virtuous Man ſhuts his Windows, that he may ſee the better.*

The ſmalleſt Defect or Fault in an accompliſhed Perſon, obſcures the whole Orb of his Virtues.

He cannot tranſgreſs, but like the Eclipſe of the Sun, every one takes notice of him.

A virtuous Man is *Bonorum maximus*, and *Magnorum optimus.*

You

You muſt labour and climb the Hill, if you will arrive at Virtue, whoſe Seat is upon the Top of it; it is a great Encouragement to Well-doing, that when you are once in the Poſſeſſion of Virtue, it is your own for ever.

It is eaſy to continue good and virtuous, but to become ſo is hard; Nature doth not give Virtue, but it muſt be acquired, and it is a kind of Art to become good.

Quid juvat innumeros ſcire atque evolvere caſus;
Si fugienda facis, & facienda fugis?

If your Mind at any time ſeems to ſtagger, and be in ſuſpence what to do, fix on ſome grave and good Man, and ſuppoſe him always to be preſent with you, and do all things as if he looked on; then, becauſe of the Reverence you bear to him, you will fear to offend, or act any thing that is ill, for fear he would find fault with it.

If *Scipio* or *Lælius* were but in your Eye, you would not dare to tranſgreſs; why do you not then make your ſelf ſuch a Perſon in whoſe Preſence you dare not offend?

Every Night I call my ſelf to an Account, What Infirmity have I maſtered to day? By this Scrutiny I find my Vices abate of themſelves, and I my ſelf become better and more virtuous.

I ſhall ever reverence the Memory of *Chilo*, for his *Nequid nimis*, who in two Words hath taught us the *Summa totalis* of all Virtue.

I can be honeſt in the Dark, and virtuous without a Witneſs; I have ſuch an inbred Loyalty to Virtue, that I can ſerve her without a Livery.

Ariſtippus being asked wherein Philoſophers excelled other Men, anſwered, *Though all Laws were abolished, we ſhould be juſt and lead the ſame Lives*: And if Men would be Virtuous and Juſt, there need no Laws.

Vir-

Virtue will make you Noble, without the he of Heraldry, and will get you Veneration wit out an *Apotheoſis*: It will gain you Eſteem; a Eſteem to Virtue, is like a fine Air to Plants a Flowers, which makes them blow and pro per.

Let Integrity be the Ballaſt of your Soul, a Virtue the Lading; you may be deprived of H nours and Riches againſt your Will, but not your Virtues, except you conſent.

Demetrius Phalareus had 360 *Statues* erect by the *Athenians*, for his *governing* their *Commo wealth* ten Years *with great Virtue and Prudenc* But when he ſaw thoſe Statues which were ra ed by *Gratitude*, ſoon after deſtroyed by *Env* he ſaid, *They may pull down my Statues, but th cannot overthrow my Virtues, for which they we erected.*

Change not Virtue's immortal Crown, for whole Mine of Gold.

Gold is uncertain; but what you poſſeſs
Is ſtill your own, and never can be leſs.

Boccalini fancies a great Prince that had the F tune to meet Philoſophy naked, and would nee out of pure Modeſty and Compaſſion, throw Royal Mantle over her: But that illuſtrious L dy begged his Majeſty's Pardon with all duti Reſpect, giving him to underſtand that ſhe h no Shame to hide, nor any Deformity to cover.

SECT. XIII.

Of FRIENDS *and* FRIENDSHIP.

ONE Friend alone makes not a Paradi therefore I deſire few, but virtuous Frien

Out of your Acquaintance chooſe Familiars, d out of thoſe pick Friends.

But let me adviſe you, never make a Coward ur Friend, or a Drunkard your Privy-coun-llor; for the one upon the Approach of the leaſt anger will deſert you, and the other will diſco-r all your Secrets; both are dangerous to Hu-ane Society.

Quod in Corde ſobrii, id in Lingua ebrii.

Never make a Friend on the ſudden; for tho' e firſt Affection makes the deepeſt Impreſſion, t that Love is held moſt permanent which ves into the Soul by ſoft Degrees of mutual So-ety, and comes to be matured by Time: Friend-ip is too ſoon contracted, like Plants which oot up too faſt, are not of that Continuance as oſe which Nature takes more time for.

It requires time to conſider of a Friendſhip be-re it be contracted; but that Reſolution once ken, entitles him to my very Heart; I look on my Thoughts to be as ſafe in my Friend's reaſt as in my own.

A Friend is your very ſelf, and ſo treat him: o but think him faithful, and you make him ſo.

Do not make your ſelf over to too many; Mar-age, which is the ſtricteſt of Friendſhip, admits t one, and indeed inferior Friendſhip admits t of many more: The Tide of Love cannot ar very high when divided amongſt ſeveral hannels, it is great odds but that amongſt many e ſhall be deceived in ſome; then we muſt be t upon the Inconvenience of Repentance, which nothing is ſo uncomely and inconvenient as in riendſhip.

He that you mark out for your Friend, let him a virtuous Perſon; for an ill Man can nei-er long love, nor be long beloved, and the Friend-

Friendſhips of wicked Men are rather to be called Conſpiracies than Friendſhips.

Every Man is capable of being an Enemy, but not a Friend; few are in a Condition of doing Good, but all almoſt can do Miſchief.

Friendſhip is a ſacred Thing, and deſerves our tendereſt Acknowledgments.

The World is united in Love, and Men by Friendſhip; without which the Univerſe would be the moſt uncomfortable Deſart in Nature; nor is there any Content upon Earth comparable to the Union of Minds and Intereſts.

Harmony of Temper begets and preſerves Friendſhip; but diſagreeing Inclinations are like improper Notes in Muſick, that ſerve only to ſpoil the Conſort, and offend the Ear.

Where there is a Difference in Religion, there is rarely an Agreement in Affection; but if I meet with an honeſt juſt Man, let his Perſuaſion as to Religion be what it will, I can put him in my Boſom, without thinking of the Snake in the Fable.

A Friend is a great Comfort in Solitude, an excellent Aſſiſtant in Buſineſs, and the beſt Protection againſt Injuries: He is a Counſellor in Difficulties, a Confeſſor in Scruples, and a Sanctuary in Diſtreſs.

Amongſt all humane Enjoyments, nothing ſo rare, ſo valuable, and ſo neceſſary as a true Friend.

The *Roman* Loſſes by Water or Fire, *Auguſtus* could quickly ſupply and repair; but for the Loſs of his two Friends, he lamented them his whole Life after.

All things in the World are but Bawbles, except old Friends to converſe with, and old Books to read.

A true and faithful Friend is a living Treaſure, ineſtimable while we have him, and never enough to be lamented when he is gone; there is nothing

more

more ordinary than to talk of a Friend, nothing more difficult than to find one; and no where more wanted than where there ſeems to be the greateſt ſtore: The greater a Man is, the more need he hath of a Friend, and the more Difficulty there is both of finding and knowing him.

He hath made his firſt Approach to Comfort, that hath gained an Opportunity of communicating his Thoughts; but he that wanteth a Friend to open his Grief unto, eats his own Heart.

In the Kindneſs of my Friend, I ſweeten the adverſities of my Life; by his Cares, I leſſen my own, and repoſe under his Friendſhip; when I ſee any good befall him, I rejoice, and thereby increaſe my own Happineſs.

My Friend is a Counterpart of my ſelf.

Dum ſimilis ſimili ſociatur pax ſit utriſq;
Ni mihi ſis ut Ego, non eris alter Ego.

I love my Friend before my ſelf, and yet methinks I do not love him enough.

Therefore I cannot but hug the Reſolution of that Philoſopher, who when he was dying, ordered his Friend to be inventoried amongſt his Goods.

When one came to *Alexander* and deſired him that he might ſee his Treaſure, he bid one of his ſervants take him, and ſhew him not τὰ χρήματα, his Money, but, τὰς φίλους, his Friends; it ſeemeth, he put a greater Value upon them, than upon all the Wealth which he had.

I am much pleaſed with *Pythagoras*'s κοινὰ τὰ φίλων, and many times wiſh that Property were exterminated out of the Family of Love; for it robs me of the happy Enjoyment of my Friend, and brings nothing but Trouble and Diſſention among us.

Whatſoever I poſſeſs, my Friends may command; there is no Reliſh methinks in the poſſeſſing

ſing of any thing without a Partner; if the Trea-ſury of the *Samnites*, or the Territories of the Univerſe were offered me, only to keep them to my ſelf, I would refuſe them.

A Diſh of Coleworts or Lupines with my Friend, is a Feaſt to me; when I eat alone, my Table, methinks, is a Manger, and my ſelf in a Deſart.

I have great Satisfaction in me to ſee my Friend pleaſed, but it is much more to make him ſo.

When I conſult the Comfort and Happineſs of my Friend, I provide for my own: True Friends are the whole World to one another, and he that is a Friend to himſelf, is alſo a Friend to Mankind.

A Friend, like a Glaſs, will beſt diſcover to you your own Defects.

Phocion told *Antipater*, *You are deceived, Sir, if you would have me your Friend, and expect I ſhould play the Flatterer.*

If my Friend falls into any notorious Vice, yet I have a Regard for him; for though the Friend be gone, yet ſtill the Man remains; and though he hath forfeited my Friendſhip, yet ſtill I owe him my Charity.

I carry my ſelf with a great *Decorum*, and ſin-gular Regard to my Friend; but if I ſee him laſh out into Vanity, I apply Reprehenſions to him, as pungent and acute Medicines, with no other Intent than the Recovery of the Patient.

It is no more honourable to do a Friend a Kind-neſs, than it's unworthy to omit a good Office when he ſtands in need of it.

True Friendſhip is made up of Virtue, as a thing lovely; of familiar Converſation, as pleaſant; and Advantage, as neceſſary.

Do good to thy Friend that he may be more thy Friend, and unto thy Enemy, that he may become thy Friend.

My Care is to ſpeak well of my Enemies, but ſtill to ſecure my Friend.

Next my Friend, I love my Enemies, for from them I firſt hear of my Faults.

It's better to decide a Difference betwixt our Enemies than our Friends; for one of the Friends will certainly become an Enemy, one of the Enemies a Friend.

If you have a good Friend, never wiſh him Riches or Honour; for if he hath them, he will either leave your Friendſhip, or become your Enemy: This made the Emperor ſay, who had a Cardinal of the Court of *Rome* his great Friend, being advanced to be Pope, *That of a truſty Friend being a Cardinal, he would become a deadly Enemy being Pope*; and it fell out according to his Expectation.

If you cannot make a great Man your Friend, it's ſufficient to keep him from being your Enemy: To fix your ſelf in the Favour of a great Perſon, except he be virtuous, is like the Mouſe that built her Neſt in the Cat's Ear.

Never ſeek for a Friend in a Palace, or try him at a Feaſt.

There are few Friends of the Perſon, but many of the Fortune: A Friendſhip of Intereſts laſts no longer than the Intereſt continues; whereas true Love is of the Nature of the Diamond, it's laſting, and is hard to break.

Go ſlowly to the Feaſts of Friends; but make haſte to them in their Misfortunes.

'Tis Commerce, not Friendſhip, that hath reſpect to Advantages: Friends ſhould not be like the Scales of a Balance, the one riſing upon the other's ſinking; but rather like Numbers in Arithmetick, the leſſer and greater helping and improving each other.

Never purchaſe Friends by Gifts; for if you leave to give, they will leave to love.

Love is built upon the Union of Minds, not the Bribery of Gifts; and the more you give, the fewer Friends you will have.

But I can admit the Retribution of good Turns, not ſo much for the Benefit, as that my Friend may have the Pleaſure of doing a good Office.

An Enemy is better recovered by Kindneſs, than a Friend aſſured.

Have a Care in making any Man your Friend twice, except the Rupture was by your own Miſtake, and you have done Penance for it.

If the League of Friendſhip be once broken, then is the Cabinet of Secrets unlock'd, and they fly about like Birds let looſe from a Cage: And upon every Rupture between Friends, ſecret Enemies, that lie upon the Watch, blow the Fire; and when the War is once declared, old Friends become the worſt of Enemies.

When you have made choice of your Friend, expreſs all Civilities to him; yet in Prudence I would adviſe you to look upon your preſent Friend, as in Poſſibility, to be your future Enemy.

Ariſtotle's οἱ φίλοι ὦ φίλοι, *Amici non amici*, makes me think, that he is a happy Man, that hath a Friend at his need; but he is more happy, that hath no need of a Friend.

He is none of thy Friend that draws thee into any thing which may be prejudicial to thy Credit or Eſtate; neither art thou thy own Friend, if thou doſt hazard either of them for another's Concern.

Be ſlow to chooſe a Friend, and ſlower to change him; courteous to all, intimate with few; ſcorn no Man for his Meanneſs, nor humour any for their Wealth.

Vulgu

Vulgus amicitias utilitate probat.

Proſperity is no juſt Scale. Adverſity is the only Balance to weigh Friends.

Therefore I pay much Honour to *Plato*, that when *Chabrias* his Friend being impeached for his Life, all deſerted him but *Plato*: *Crobulus* the Sycophant met him accompanying *Chabrias* to the Tower, ſaid unto him, *Do you come to help others, know you not that the Poiſon of* Socrates *is reſerved for you?* *Plato* anſwered, *When I fought for my Country, I hazarded my Life, and I will now do as much in Duty to my Friend.*

True Friends are like Spirits and Sinews, the one moves with the other; and the Love between them ought to reſemble *Templum fidei*, which was conſtantly clear, nothing feigned, and without any Coverture.

Friendſhip multiplies Joys, and divides Griefs.

There are Perſons, like *Crotto*'s Mouſe, which while he was in Proſperity, it fed continually with him; but his Houſe being ſet on Fire, it fled immediately from him; whereupon he obſerving the Ungratefulneſs and Incertainty of Trencher Amity, framed this Diſtick.

Vixiſti mecum, fortunâ Matre, Novercâ
Me fugis: At poteras æqua & iniqua pati.

I never have forſaken my Friend, but when he hath firſt forſaken himſelf and Virtue (which was the true Lovers Knot that firſt united us) and if at any time I renounced his Familiarity, yet, in reſpect of my former Intimacy, I retained an Affection for him, and wiſh'd him well.

I do profeſs my ſelf a Citizen of the World, and have ſuch an Averſion to any thing that is unkind, that I look upon an Injury done to another, as done to my ſelf.

And many times, when I have heard that my Friend was dead, how I have drown'd my Eyes in Tears! And I could as paſſionately have wept over his Urn, as the *Grecian* Matron did for the Loſs of her Mother; but then I conſidered, it was more Kindneſs in me than Prudence; for I might as reaſonably have wept that my Friend was born no ſooner, as that he would live no longer.

All that we know of what is done above
By bleſſed Souls, is that they ſing and love.

There was a couple of young Sparks, for Age, Birth and Breeding much alike, and their Names *Spinelloccio*, *Tavena*, and *Zeppa di Mimo*: Theſe Blades living within a Door one of another, were almoſt perpetually together, and a Brace of very handſome young Women they had to their Wives. The Freedom of this Converſation was made uſe of for the countenancing of an Intrigue betwixt *Spinelloccio* and the Wife of *Zeppa*; which came unluckily to be diſcover'd by a Miſtake, as follows.

Spinelloccio comes to the Houſe of *Zeppa*, upon pretence of a neighbourly Viſit, and asks the Wife if her Husband was at home; ſhe tells him, no, taking for granted that he was gone out: So that the Coaſt being clear (at leaſt as they imagin'd) away went they together, and lock'd themſelves up in a private Chamber. After ſome ſhort Stay there, *Spinelloccio* goes his way. Now as the Devil wou'd have it, *Zeppa* was all this while in a Cloſet in that very Room; and within Diſtance of ſeeing and hearing whatever paſs'd betwixt them. *Spinelloccio* was no ſooner out of the Houſe but *Zeppa* bolts into the Chamber where he found his Wife ſetting her Head to rights again. Why what's here to do, Sweetheart, ſays he, Why 'tis even as you ſee, ſays the Woman. Yes, yes Goſſip, ſays the Husband again, I do ſee, and ſe

more perhaps to my own Sorrow than you are aware of. They fell to Words: But to be ſhort, the Caſe was ſo clear, that the Woman threw her ſelf at her Husband's Feet, and confeſs'd her Fault, begg'd Pardon, and withal told him the whole Hiſtory of the Amour. Well! Wife, ſays *Zeppa*, do but as I direct you, and all ſhall be paſſed over yet:

Order the Matter ſo, ſays he, that *Spinelloccio* may be with you about nine to morrow Morning, when I am abroad, and upon my coming home (which ſhall be ſoon after) contrive the locking him up in that Cheſt there, till I go out again. She paſs'd her Promiſe, and was as good as her Word.

Spinelloccio came at his Hour, and *Zeppa* not long after him: The Hint being taken, the Gallant crept into the Cheſt, the Wife locks it, and up comes the Husband, and ſets himſelf down upon it. Come, Wife, ſays he ſo loud that *Spinelloccio* might over-hear him, how long to Dinner? O, ſays the Wife, 'tis not I hope that time a Day yet, but we'll haſten it all we can. Ay, but what ſhall we do for ſome good Body to bear us Company; there's *Spinelloccio* dines abroad, he tells me; but now I think on't, prithee get his Lady to make one, for a Man and his Wife alone makes no Muſick.

The good Woman comes at the firſt Call, and *Zeppa* taking her by the Hand, and placing her by him upon the Cheſt, bids her heartily Welcome, and in the mean time gives his Wife a Wink to quit the Room. She was no ſooner out of the Chamber, but *Zeppa* bolts the Door after her, which put the Woman into a frightful Exclamation! The Lord bleſs me, Sir, ſays ſhe, what do you intend to do? Is this your way of expreſſing Friendſhip to my Husband? Have but a little

Patience, Madam, says *Zeppa*, and upon my Honour you shall have no Cause to complain.

Your Husband dealt but yesterday with my Wife, as I intend this Morning to deal with his; and with these Eyes of mine I saw the whole Scene; so that the same Liberty betwixt you and me, upon this Occasion, is but Justice in us both; upon him, for abusing as well your Bed as mine. The Woman had nothing to oppose to the Equity of the Thing, only she would make this in her Bargain, that the Crossness of this Adventure should cause no Rupture betwixt the two Families. *Zeppa* sign'd and seal'd to this Condition, and promised her a rich Jewel over and above. What pass'd afterwards, *Spinelloccio*, who was in the Chest, best knows. When they came now to the Performance of Covenants, *Zeppa* opens the Box, and makes a Present of *Spinelloccio* to his own Wife. Look you, Madam, says he, this is the Jewel I promised you. It's not my Business to tell how *Spinelloccio* and his Wife stood staring one at another upon this Surprize. Let it suffice that the Friendship was not only pieced up again, but so improv'd, that they were four Couples made out of two; for two Men had each of them two Wives, and the other two Women had each of them two Husbands.

SECT. XIV.

Of Frugality *and* Expences.

STudy not only to preserve your Estate, but justly to increase it: Money is the Heir of Fortune, and the Lord paramount of the World.

Riches are the Keys to Greatness, and make the Access to Honour more easy and open: A Man without Money, is like a Wall without a Cross,

Croſs, for every Man to draw upon: Let your Parts be never ſo great, without a golden Tincture, you will be no more regarded than a Cuckow in *June*.

Vita hominum Pelagus, Regina pecunia nauta eſt,
Navigat infœlix qui caret hujus ope.

Hence it was, that there being a Conteſt amongſt the moſt eminent Poets for the Laurel; not agreeing, it was referred to *Apollo*, who, upon ſerious Advice, gave it to an Alderman of *London*, becauſe to have moſt Wealth was a ſign of moſt Wit.

El ſenner dinero par un gran Cavallero.

Jews, Turks and Chriſtians ſeveral Tenets hold;
Yet all one God acknowledge, that is, Gold.

'Tis ſtoried, that a Nobleman of *Venice* made his Addreſs to *Coſmo de Medicis*, Duke of *Florence*, and ſignified to him, that he underſtood his Highneſs had the Philoſopher's Stone, and deſired to ſee it. *'Tis true*, ſaith the Duke, *but my* Elixir *is this, never to do that by another, which I can do my ſelf; not to do that to Morrow, which I can do to Day; not to neglect the leaſt things.* The *Venetian* thanked his Highneſs, and took his Leave of him; and by the Obſervation hereof, became the wiſeſt and richeſt Man in *Venice*. If you purpoſe to be rich and wiſe, take this *Elixir*.

I know a generous Man leaſt regards Money, but when he hath it not, he wanteth it moſt; and the moſt excellent Perſon without an Eſtate, is like a Ship well rigg'd, but cannot ſail for want of Wind; if your Eſtate be but ſmall, come ſeldom into Company; but when you do, let your Money go freely.

If your Means ſuit not with your Ends, purſue thoſe Ends which ſuit with your Means.

Have a Care you do not imitate his Fortune, who, labouring to buoy up a ſunk Ship of another's, bulged his own Veſſel.

Make other Mens Shipwrack Sea-marks to your ſelf.

Beliſario became blind, that others might receive ſight; and the Moon of *Spain* *De Luna.* fell into an Eclipſe, that it might give light to many.

Thoſe Men which have waſted their own Eſtates, will help you to conſume yours: Theſe, like the Fox in the Fable, who having loſt his Tail, perſuaded others to cut off theirs as troubleſome.

It was a ſmart Reprimand of Queen *Elizabeth*, who being invited by a Nobleman (that had ſpent great part of his Eſtate) to his Houſe, which was very magnificent, and over the Portal of the Door was written in Capital Letters, *Omnia Vanitas.* The Queen coming into the Court-yard, and near entring the Houſe, asked the Nobleman what that was which was written above; he told her; the Queen asked him what was the Reaſon that he made his *Omnia* ſo ſhort, and his *Vanitas* ſo long?

I have read there was a Goddeſs faſtned to an Oak in a Grove, who for a long time had many Worſhippers; but when the Tree was ready to fall, none would come within the Shadow of her Statue.

Love and Reſpect are rarely found in loſt Fortunes, and Adverſity ſeldom meets with the Returns of Friendſhip.

That which we call Kindneſs or Affection, is Intereſt; and we love one another only for our own Ends.

Charity,

Charity, though a Saint, is yet without an Altar in the World; you will meet with many Men, which have much of the *Heliotrope* in them, which opens in the Sun-ſhine of Proſperity, but towards the Night of Adverſity, or in ſtormy Seaſons, ſhuts and contracts its ſelf.

And believe me, none will be ſo ſevere Enemies to you in Adverſity, as thoſe that in Proſperity have been your Friends.

Never ſpend preſently, in Hopes of future Gain: Merchants, during the Adventure of their Goods, do not increaſe in Domeſtick Expences, but fearing the worſt, aſſure what is in hand.

Money in your Purſe will credit you, Wiſdom in your Head adorn you; but both in your Neceſſity will ſerve you.

Amaſſer en Saiſon, deſpenſer per Raiſon, font la un bonne Maiſon.

A ſeaſonable Gathering, and a reaſonable Spending, make a good Houſe-keeping.

The *Venetians* make an Arch of Saint *Mark*'s Church their Treaſury, and their Reaſon is,

Quantum quiſq; ſua Nummorum ſervat in Arca
Tantum habet & Fidei—

Balance your Expences by the juſt weight of your own Eſtate, and not by the Poiſe of another's ſpending.

It's good Advice of the Philoſopher, Meaſure the Stone by your Rule; and not your Rule by the Stone.

Prodigality is of the nature of the Viper, and eats out the Bowels of that Wealth which gave it Birth: Frugality and Induſtry are the two Hands of Fortune.

Certain young Men being reproved by *Zeno* for their Prodigality, excuſed themſelves, ſaying,

They had Plenty enough, out of which they did it: Will you excuſe a Cook, ſaith he, *that ſhould over-ſalt your Meat, becauſe he hath ſtore of Salt?*

Prodigals may be compared to Fig-trees growing upon a Precipice, whoſe Fruit Men taſte not, but Crows and Vultures devour.

Prodigality is ever attended by Injuſtice and Folly.

Keep a Mean, and a Mean will keep you; if you go beyond that which is neceſſary, you muſt have firſt a Shoe buckled with Gold, then a Velvet Shoe, then an Embroidered one; for the thing that once exceeds the Mean, runs eternally without Limitation.

A good Layer-up makes a good Layer-out, and a good Sparer makes a good Spender. No Alchimy to ſaving.

Diogenes asked a thrifty Man but a Half-penny, of a Prodigal a Pound; *The former*, he ſaid, *might give him often, but the latter would ſhortly have nothing to give.*

Getting is a Chance, but Keeping a Virtue.

He that is ſparing in every thing, is a Niggard; he that ſpares in nothing, is profuſe: I love to ſpare in things leaſt neceſſary, that I may be the more generous and liberal in what is moſt required in my Station.

He that is profuſe in ſome kind of Expence, muſt be ſaving again in ſome other; for he that is laviſh to all Purpoſes, will with much Difficulty be preſerved from Decay. Get a Habit of Frugality, for that will gain as well upon your Mind as upon your Eſtate.

A Man ought warily to begin Charges, which once begun will continue; but in Matters that return not, he may be more magnificent.

By Four things is an Eſtate kept; Firſt, by underſtanding it: Secondly, by not ſquandring it away

away before it comes in: Thirdly, by frequent reck'ning with ones Servants: Fourthly, by keeping a quarterly Audit.

If out of Kindneſs you have lent Money to any Perſon, let him not continue it over-long, for the Intereſt of an old Debt is uſually paid in ill Language.

At the firſt Entrance into your Eſtate keep a low Sail; you may riſe with Honour, but you cannot decline without Shame.

Plato ſeeing a young Man of a good Family, who had ſpent all his Eſtate, ſitting at the Door of an Inn, feeding upon Bread and Water, he told him, *If you had dined temperately, you need never to have ſupped ſo.*

Young Gentlemen think it good Policy to wear their Lands upon their Backs, to ſee that no Waſte be done by their Tenants.

Make not the Sail too big for the Veſſel, leſt you ſink it.

I would adviſe thoſe who have the World before them, to be good Husbands betimes; for it's too late to ſpare at the bottom, when all is drawn out to the Lees.

I have ſeen ſome Perſons, who have had great Eſtates left them, to break their Faſt in Plenty, dine in Poverty, and ſup in Infamy.

That which by ſparing is ſaved, may with Induſtry be improved; and what is ſo improved, may be again ſpared; Frugality alone is but ſimple getting, but joined with Induſtry is double.

The way to much is by a little; for the greateſt Sum which can be imagined, began in a Penny: It's worth the minding how much he had for his Horſe, who ſold him but for a Half-penny a Nail doubled.

Add many leſſer Numbers in Account,
Your Total will to a great Sum amount.

A little Eſtate is a great while in getting; but a great one is ſoon gotten; for when a Man hath raiſed his Fortune to a conſiderable Pitch, he grows rich apace.

SECT. XV.

Of RICHES.

I Was never born to be rich, and it is no great matter; for the more a Man hath, the more he wanteth.

Riches were deſirable above all things, if they brought Content, as well as Content brings them; if we covet them for neceſſay Uſes, he that needs the feweſt things is the richeſt Man, and comes neareſt to the Fulneſs of God himſelf, who wants nothing.

The common Gifts of Fortune are the Lot many times of the unworthieſt of Men; but a Man's own ſolid Worth is that which begets him Glory: Nobility and Riches are reputed to make Men happy; yet deſerve not much to be commended, being derived from others. Virtue and Integrity, as of themſelves they are lovely, ſo do they alſo give a ſingular Luſtre to the moſt excellent Perſon.

Craſſus accounted him a rich Man, who had an Eſtate to maintain an Army; but he that hath an Eſtate to maintain an Army, had need of an Army to maintain that Eſtate.

Get the Poſſeſſion of the whole Earth, and yet (as *Archidamus* told *Philip* of *Macedon*) if you meaſure your own Shadow, you ſhall not find it one jot longer than it was before.

When the Prophet *Zachary*, chap. 6. ſaw the Viſion of the four Empires, he asked of the Angel,

gel, *Qui ſunt iſti?* What are theſe! Who told him, *Iſti ſunt quatuor venti*; Theſe are the four Winds: To ſhew, that all the Riches and Glory of the World are but a Blaſt.

Chriſt himſelf gave us to underſtand what Eſteem we ought to have of Riches, when he gave *Judas* the Bag.

Providence hath placed all things that are for our Advantage near at hand; but Gold and Silver Nature hath hidden in the Bowels of the Earth, and they were mingled with Dirt till Avarice and Ambition parted them.

To be content is to be rich; and this is an Eſtate that any Man that will may make himſelf Maſter of. To be rich is not to increaſe your Eſtate, but to retrench your Deſires. You are not rich or poor by what you poſſeſs, but by what you deſire; for he is not rich that hath much, but he that hath enough; nor he poor that hath but little, but he that wants more. He to whom a little ſeemeth not enough, a great deal will ſeem but little.

The braveſt Minds might be content with a little; but they ſtand upon their Honour, and other Men make them pay for it.

If you have more than you uſe, you have more than you need, and only a Burthen to you: If you be ſollicitous to increaſe your Wealth, you loſe the true Uſe of it; there is nothing your own, but what your ſelf makes uſe of: And I muſt tell you, a rich Fool is but a wiſe Man's Treaſurer.

Conſider the Life of Man, how full of vexatious Thoughts it is; with thinking firſt, how to get Riches, and then how to keep them; afterward how to increaſe them, and then how to defend and preſerve them; add yet in the Concluſion, all vaniſhes and falls to pieces.

The

The rich Man, betwixt the Deſire of getting, and Fear of loſing, lies expoſed to all the Aſſaults of Fortune: The poor Man is rich even in his Poverty, his Deſires are ſquared to his Neceſſities; he fears nothing, becauſe he hath nothing to loſe that he cares for.

The Fear of loſing our Riches is a great Trouble, the Loſs of them a greater; and it's yet made greater by Opinion. Nay, in the caſe of no direct Loſs at all, the covetous Man loſes what he doth not get.

It was Avarice that made Theft ſo capital a Crime; it having with us a greater Puniſhment allotted to it than Adultery: Why Adultery ſhould not be puniſhed with Death, as well as Theft, I know no Reaſon but only this; whereas Man accounts of his Wife, but only Fleſh of his Fleſh, and Bone of his Bone; he values his Coin as the Soul of his Soul.

Virtue, which is the univerſal Medicine againſt all the Diſtempers of the Mind, contributes no more to the Cure of this Phrenſie of Covetouſneſs, than St. *Bellen*'s Key did to the Cure of mad Dogs, when the Prieſts burnt them on the Forehead with it.

In the whole *Pharmacopæa* there is no Receipt againſt this Diſeaſe.

The new World hath in a manner outdone the old; for it hath ſown Covetouſneſs in our Minds, and hath quite exſtinguiſhed Love and Kindneſs amongſt Men; for all are wretchedly in love with Gold.

A covetous Man ſeems to be profuſe by what he poſſeſſes, when he is the moſt ſordid Wretch, if you conſider what he uſes and enjoys.

Riches well gotten, are not altogether to be contemned; but he that grows rich at the coſt of his Honour, loſes more than he imagines.

Nature

Nature hath not confined our Happineſs to great Fortunes alone; I can laugh and ſpend my Time merrily, and yet am no Duke or Peer.

To deſire little makes Poverty equal with Riches; he who wants, is not rich; nor he who wants not, poor; Riches are to be meaſured by their Uſe: I cannot call large Poſſeſſions Riches, but ſo much as is neceſſary; and that which is neceſſary every Man may have, which is the Riches of Nature.

A little Wealth will ſuffice us to live well, and leſs to die happily.

It's better to have enough, than to have much: He that hath much, deſires more; which ſhews that he hath not yet enough; but he that hath enough, is at reſt.

Alexander, after all his Conqueſts, complained that he wanted more Worlds; he deſired ſomething more, even when he had gotten all; and that which was ſufficient for humane Nature, was not ſufficient for one Man.

Cleobulus's Μέτρον ἄριστον, a Mean is beſt, is to be preferr'd before an Imperial Crown, or the rich Mines of the *Indies*.

You may come to be rich by being poor in Deſires: I account no Man richer or greater than my ſelf, except he be more virtuous.

I value *Apuleius*'s Aſs no more for his Gold, than I do *Alexander*'s great Horſe for his Trappings.

What are Riches and Honour, but a ſuperficial Fucus, or Varniſh, to dazle the Eyes of Children or Fools? I deſire to live in this World, ſo as it may hang about me like a light Garment, and not be tied too cloſe to it.

A rich Man is no way happier than another Man, but that he hath more Opportunities miniſtred unto him of doing more Good than his Neighbour.

Riches

Riches and Greatneſs add nothing to me, but to illuſtrate my Humility.

Should a Courſer that is adorn'd with Trappings of Gold and Purple, and carries a General in Triumph to the Capitol, take a Pride in the Arches, the Shouts and Acclamations of the People? or rather complain of his Accoutrements, which are a Burthen rather than an Ornament to him; Gold, as it's glorious, ſo it's ponderous too. Alas, there are few that talk with you, but with your Fortune only; few that make Obeyſance to you, but to the Dignity you bear; therefore no Share remains to you, no more than to the Steed, but the Pains and Burthen.

Riches were invented for the Eaſe and Conveniency of Life; but as Man hath made them, they ſerve for the greateſt Trouble and Vexation: He that hath them in the greateſt abundance, hath the greateſt Cares, and ever the greateſt Loſſes.

Nothing is richer than a poor Man; this I find in my ſelf, who have not much; but while I enjoy a quiet and ſerene ſtate of Mind, I poſſeſs the Treaſures of the Univerſe.

All Men are Idolaters, ſome of Honour, others of Riches; I bleſs my Stars, I never bowed my Knee to any of thoſe Idols.

Money is uſeleſs to me, any farther than to ſupply my Wants: It was made to ſerve me; therefore I never act ſo below my ſelf, as to ſubject my ſelf to my Servant.

My Soul is too noble an Apartment to be filled with Traſh; 'tis a Monſtroſity in Nature to be in love with Droſs.

Themiſtocles finding himſelf tempted to look upon great Treaſure, bluſhed at his Error; and turning to his Servant, ſaid, *Take thou that Money, for thou art not* Themiſtocles.

Bias

Bias made himſelf rich by abandoning his Goods; and his *Omnia mea mecum porto*, hath raiſed him a glorious Pyramid of Honour to all Poſterity, and ſet him under a Canopy of Immortality.

Tacitus obſerves that *Veſpaſian* had equalled the greateſt of the *Roman Heroes*, if his Avarice had not leſſened his other Virtues.

Perſeus, out of Love to his Treaſures, loſt both his Kingdom and thoſe too, being led in Triumph, in the Company of his Coffers, by a *Roman* General, who gloried, and is yet famous for having died almoſt a Beggar.

It was a brave Speech that *Evander* uſed to *Æneas*.

Aude hoſpes, contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum. Finge Deo. ———

The rich Man lives happily, ſo long as he uſeth his Riches temperately; and the poor Man, who patiently endureth his Wants, is rich enough.

Methinks, when I ſee a poor Man drink out of his Hand, I could with *Diogenes* throw away my Diſh; and many times wiſh with *Crates*, *That the Stones were Bread, as well as the Water Drink, that we might have a certain Proviſion by Nature.*

What is beyond that which is purely neceſſary to me, is uſeleſs; If I have a Groat in my Purſe, I am a Debtor to Providence for its Kindneſs: If my Cloaths be ſufficient to defend me from Heat and Cold, or my Houſe from Wind and Rain, I expect no more; if I find any thing beyond, I can behave my ſelf with Indifferency; I value not the Treaſure of the *Samnites*, or the Delicacies of *Apicius*; neither would I (if it were in my Power) with *Dionyſius* the *Sicilian*, reward thoſe who could invent any new Pleaſure.

I am

I am not ambitious with *Scipio* to be *Magnus*, or with *Fabius* to be *Maximus*; nor do I affect great Riches or Honours, but look upon them as pretty little Toys and Nuts, which Fortune throws out to Men; juſt as we do to little Children, pleaſing my ſelf with taſting now and then one, which ſome Accident hath flung even to me too; whilſt that others are ſtruggling and contending who ſhall get the moſt.

Abundance is a Trouble, Want a Miſery, Honour a Burthen, Advancement dangerous, but Competency a Happineſs: I have as much as I deſire, if I have as much as I want; and I have as much as the moſt, if I have as much as I deſire; yet many times I admire my ſelf at a greater Rate than I deſerve; not thereby to detract from my Neighbour, but to heighten my Debt to my Maker.

He lives well, that lives in Peace; and he is ſafely great, that is great in his own Virtues. I do not admire Eſtates or Territories; for ſeeing Man is born Lord of all the World, I will not retrench my own Right, by glorying in ſo little a Part of it, as that which will happen to my Share.

I am not much delighted with the Regalios or Gaiety of the World; I can do by them, as Princes do by great Banquets, look on them, and touch them, and ſo away: There was no Magick in that beautiful Face of *Darius*'s Lady, which could have inchanted me; neither could the Eyes of *Cleopatra* have triumphed over the Powers of my Soul, as they did over *Cæſar* and *Anthony*; for this I am beholden to my Stars; *Saturn* was Aſcendant in my Nativity; I am but ſlow and dull, yet I can ſay at any time with a good Heart, that Verſe which *Cleanthes* hath made famous.

Ἄγετέ

Ἄγεδέ με Ζεῦ καὶ σὺ πεπρωμένη.

Quocunque voles, Jupiter, me ducito,
Tuque neceſſitas.

For a Wilderneſs to me is as pleaſant as the Land of Promiſe; my Mind can find an Hermitage every where, and in the moſt numerous Aſſemblies of Men, in the greateſt Cities, I very frequently find my ſelf in a Deſart.

When I hear the Nightingale ſing in a Wood (where I often retire) I do envy her Happineſs, becauſe ſhe is perched on the Pinacle of her higheſt Felicity; free from Care and Toil, and entertaining her ſelf in her Solitudes with her own Muſick and warbling Notes.

Content is the *Elixir* of my Life; the true Philoſopher's Stone, which infuſes a golden Tincture into all inferior Metals, and cures all the Diſeaſes of my Soul, by reducing it to a right Temper.

Of all Perſons, I look upon them to be happy, who have their Eſtates in their own Hands (I mean Labourers) for as they never gain much, ſo they are ſure never to want but little.

However, let me adviſe you to make uſe of your Eſtate while you live; for when you die, you ſhall leave it to the greateſt Enemies you have, who wiſhed your Death when you were living.

And when you are dead, you are no more concerned in that you ſhall leave behind you, than you were in that which was before you was born; therefore get well to live, and ſtudy to live well.

What Madneſs is it to enrich a Man's Heir and ſtarve himſelf, and to turn a Friend into an Enemy? for his Joy will be proportioned to what you leave him.

Who

Who ſhall receive the Intereſt of your Money? Thoſe that laugh at you for keeping your Coin for others to enjoy it.

Many times, with *Chaucer*,

I ſcratch my Head where it doth not itch,
To ſee Men live poor to die rich.

I have often obſerved ſome Men to enjoy leſs of all Kind in their Riches, than others do in their Poverty.

Ambitioſus honos, & opes, & fœda voluptas,
Hæc tria, pro Trino numine, mundus habet.

I am of *Thales*'s Opinion, that a Philoſopher may be rich if he will; but a Man muſt not learn Philoſophy to be rich, but muſt get Riches to learn Philoſophy; for to the poor, the Cabinet of Nature is never opened, yet he that hath it is the Child of Providence.

Honour and Riches are the two Wheels upon which the whole World is moved; theſe are the two Springs of our Diſcontent.

I deſire not great Riches, but ſuch as I may get Juſtly, uſe Soberly, diſtribute Chearfully, and leave Contentedly.

SECT. XVI.

Of AMBITION *and* GREAT PLACES.

AMbition is never ſo high, but it ſtill thinks to mount; and that Station which lately ſeemed the Top, is but a Step to her now; and what before was great in deſiring, ſeems little, being once in Power.

He that is a Tribune would be a Prætor, the Prætor a Conſul, never reflecting upon what he was, but only looking forward what he would be.

Ambition

Ambition explains *Ixion*'s Wheel, *Phaeton*'s Chariot, and *Icarus*'s Wings, feigned by the Poets: Through Ambition only the three Parts of the World could not fill the three Corners of *Cæſar*'s and *Pompey*'s Hearts.

Hæc Craſſos, hæc Pompeios evertit, & illum,
Ad ſua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites.

The whole World was not Elbow-room enough for the Ambition of *Alexander*.

Ambition puffs up with Vanity and Wind: He that is ambitious, will be tormented with Envy at any Man that gets before him; for in that caſe, he that is not firſt is laſt.

Some Men are ſo ambitious of Honour, that they had rather not be good, than not great.

Julius Cæſar, when he ſtood in Competition with *Q. Catulus* for the Pontificate, his Mother diſſuaded him from it; he told her, *That e'er Night he would be either the greateſt Man in* Rome, *or be baniſhed out of it.*

I do not deſire to advance to the Meridian of Honour, that's but to undertake a Voyage to the Globe of the Moon, from whence I can expect no other Benefit than the Danger of its Influences.

He who flies too near the Sun of Honour, Ambition will melt his Wings.

An ambitious Man will do any thing to riſe; and when he is up, muſt do all things that are worſe, or elſe I know his Fate.

Ambition rides without Reins; wherefore have a Care, leſt you catch a Fall.

God gives Wings to the Ant, that ſhe may deſtroy her ſelf the ſooner.

And many Men, like ſealed Doves, ſtudy to riſe higher and higher, they know not whither; little conſidering, that when they are mounted to the Solſtice of their Greatneſs, every Step they

ſet

ſet is pav'd with Fate; and their Fall, how gentle ſoever, will never ſuffer them to riſe again.

Let it be your Ambition to be wiſe, and your Wiſdom to be good: Reject Faction and Sedition, and you are like a Ship in the Harbour, ſafe.

A wiſe Man, like *Empedocles*'s Sphere, is round, and all like it ſelf.

What is Honour, which the ambitious Man ſeeks after? It's but a ſhort-liv'd *Ephemera*; it's like a Roſe, which in the Evening makes its Tomb of the Scarlet, of which in the Morning it made its Cradle: And where is that Dignity, which the next Moment may not be laid in the Duſt?

The Fortune of the greateſt Men run not upon the *Helix* that ſtill enlargeth, but on a Circle, when arriving to their Meridian, they decline in Obſcurity, and fall under the Horizon again.

The World is a Comedy; the beſt Actors are thoſe that repreſent their Parts moſt naturally; but the Wiſeſt do not always act Kings and great Lords, and are ſeldom the Heroes in the Play.

Advancements and Honours are not given according to Merit, but Pleaſure, and fortuitouſly: *Philip Comines* tells us, that at the Battle of *Mont'hery*, fought between *Lewis* XI. of *France*, and *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy*, ſome loſt their Offices for flying, which were beſtowed upon others that fled ten Leagues beyond them. *Luynes*, from a Gentleman in *Decimo Sexto*, was made a Duke, a Peer, and High-Conſtable of *France*.

Euripides, when his Father told him he was Knighted, made his reply, *Good Father, you have that which every Man may have for his Money.*

How many Players have I ſeen upon a Stage fit to be Noblemen, and how many Noblemen fit only to repreſent them? Why, this can Fortune do, ſhe makes ſome Companions of her Chariot,

Chariot, who for Deſert ſhould be Lackies to her Ladyſhip.

The wiſeſt Heads are not always the greateſt Favourites of Fortune; it's Satisfaction enough to them to deſerve, though not to enjoy the Favours of Fortune; and being enriched with higher Donatives, caſt a more careleſs Eye on the vulgar parts of Felicity.

Many times it's in States as in the Balance, *Gravia deſcendunt, Levia aſcendunt*; but like Apes, the higher they mount, the more they diſcover their Nakedneſs; and at beſt they are but the royal Stamp ſet upon baſe Metal; the King may give them Honour, but not make them honourable.

He who groweth great on a ſudden, ſeldom governeth himſelf in the Change: Extraordinary Favour to Men of weak or bad Deſerts, doth breed Inſolency in them, and Diſcontentment in others, two dangerous Humours in a State.

When you are mounted to the *Zenith* of Glory, the leaſt wrong Step caſts you to the *Nadir* of Miſery and Infelicity.

Conſider in what great Honour and Reputation liv'd *Parmenio* with *Alexander*, *Euſemides* with King *Ptolomy*, *Aratus Signonius* with *Philip* of *Macedon*? What an illuſtrious and renowned Captain was *Aetius* in Grace and Authority in the Days of the Emperor *Valentinian*? Conſider, I ſay, the Requital and Infelicities of theſe gallant Perſons for their noble Actions and Services; Men that had ſeen the Scenes of the greateſt Actions in the World, yet every one of them might have ſaid,

Tantorum mihi præmium laborum
Sunt ſapere & pœnitere.

And now for all my Labour what's the Prize,
But late Repentance, and to grow wiſe?

Men

Men in great Places must meet with some Strokes of Misfortune, from the ruder Ages they live in; as the highest Mountains are most subject to the Storms of Thunder, and the Battery of Hail; so those that are placed on high, are set up as Buts for Envy and Malice to shoot their Arrows at.

Those who are culminant, and in the Orb of Glory, must consider that Princes Favours are perillous, and that it's a difficult thing to stand long firm on the Ice; and if his Feet begin to slip, his own Weight will down with him; and when he is fallen, a whole Volley of Accusations are discharged upon him, and every Action of his examined and urged according to the Passion of the Complainants, and must be sure to hear of more Faults than his own.

Demosthenes, after a long Government in the Commonwealth, is reported to confess to his Friends, who came to visit him, that if, at the beginning, two Ways had been proposed before him, the one leading to the Tribunal of Authority, the other to his Grave; if he could have foreknown the Evils, the Terrors, the Calumnies, the Envies, the Contentions, the Dangers that Men in such Places must customarily meet with, he would much rather with Alacrity have posted on to his Sepulchre than to his Greatness.

Plenitudo potestatis est plenitudo tempestatis.

A Man in great Place had need of a generous Patience to bear the Calumnies and Malice of others: It will be Prudence in him to have some ambitious Person about him, which may serve as a Skreen to keep off the Indignities and Affronts which may be offered.

He that is advanced to Grandeur, must necessarily contract Envy (which is the Canker of Honour)

nour) for Advancement is like the growth of lofty Trees (which caſting a great Shadow, hinder the young Plants from increaſing) it makes Envy in the Grandees, and Deſpair among Equals.

Honour being deſired of many, upon Neceſſity he that aſpireth to it, muſt for his Advancement be envied by many, and for his Authority hated; tho' all Things be well managed, yet they perſuading themſelves that they might be better acted, and fearing they might be worſe, conſpire the Ruin of him that doth enjoy it.

The Greateſt in Truſt of Publick Affairs, are ever ſhot at by the aſpiring of thoſe who deem themſelves leſs in Employment than in Merit. Great ones may ſecure themſelves from Guilt, but not from Envy.

The Malicious are never without ſome ſecret Trains and Mines to turn Envy and Hatred upon the Aſcendent and Man of Honour.

He that is in great Place, had need have as many Eyes as *Argus* to watch, as many Hands as *Typhœus* to diſpoſe and order Things, and as many Arms as *Briareus* to defend himſelf againſt Calumny and Malice.

Greatneſs ſtands upon a Precipice, and if Proſperity carries a Man never ſo little beyond his poize, it over-bears him, and daſhes him to pieces.

It's much ſafer and quieter living upon the Level, than by laborious climbing up the craggy Rocks of Ambition, to aſpire to Sovereignty.

The riſing to Honour and great Place, is many times by winding Stairs, and it's rarely but there is a mixture of good and evil Arts: If you be juſt in your Place, you diſpleaſe the People; if unjuſt, God; and more Men are undone for their Virtues, than for their Vices.

How deſperate is our Fate,
What Hazard do we run?
We muſt be Wicked to be Great,
And to be Juſt, Undone.

Thoſe that are carried away with the Whirlwind of Ambition, when they are raiſed to great Places, their Motto is *Surſum*, and the firſt Thing they practiſe, beſides their Pride, is to forget all their Friends. This made an *Italian* Gentleman to write to a great Friend of his, upon his Advancement to be Cardinal, *That he was very glad of his Advancement for the Cardinal's own ſake, but was ſorry that he had loſt ſo good a Friend.*

The ambitious Man, to mount to Honour, cringes to all People, but ſo ſoon as he is mounted, it's uſual with him to take his Revenge by huffing every Body; his Employment requires that he ſhould be free to all Men, but his Pride and ill Humour make him acceptable to no Man.

Ambitious Men are of all Men moſt miſerable, for they are wholly taken up with expectation of future Things; and they being uncertain, are perpetually afflicted with Anguiſh of Mind and Fears; and at laſt perceiving they are fallen from their Expectation, which their Hopes held out to them, they become moſt grievouſly perplexed.

Cares and Infelicities are Attendants in ordinary to Greatneſs; high Regions are never without Storms: Honours, like great Ships, are ever laden with Troubles and Cares.

If thoſe that are mad after Honour and great Place, could but look into the Hearts of thoſe that now enjoy them, how would it ſtartle them to ſee thoſe hideous Cares and Crimes that wait upon ambitious Greatneſs?

It's true, they have now and then their Delights, but not without heavy and anxious Thoughts,

Thoughts, even in their Enjoyments; their Felicities are full of Diſquiet, and not ſincere; and they had need of one Pleaſure to ſupport another.

Every Misfortune of Men in great Place, commonly procures them as much Diſhonour as if they had been perfidious in their Practice, and their Unhappineſs is deemed for Crimes.

The moſt illuſtrious State, how Glorious ſoever it's in Shew, hath at the bottom of it only Anxiety and Care: Princes, Palaces, and Temples of Honour, are but empty Names.

He that is in publick Place is by Duty a publick Servant; otherwiſe it may be ſaid to him what the old Woman ſaid to *Adrian* the Emperor; *Renounce then thy Place, as thou doſt thy Duty.*

Men in great Places are Strangers to themſelves, and while they are in the puzzle of Buſineſs, have no Time to tend their own Welfare; for, *In magnâ Fortunâ, eſt minima Libertas.*

A Life without Reſt is painful, like a long Way wherein there is no Inn.

The Front of the Palace of Honour is Splendid and Magnificent, but the back Parts are not ſo: The Entry into Dignities is crowned like a Victory, but the *Exit* many Times Tragical; and he that enters by the Gate of Favour, commonly comes out by the Door of Diſgrace.

It's ſtrange for Men to ſeek Power and loſe Liberty, or ſeek Power over others, and to loſe Power over a Man's ſelf; the riſing into a high Place is laborious, and by Pains they come to greater Pains, and by Indignities to Dignities.

What is Grandeur but *Specioſa Moleſtia*? They who look upon a Diadem, and the Luſtre of the Jewels ſet in it, may apprehend ſomewhat to dazzle their Eyes; but could they underſtand how many Cares are lodged and concentred within the Pale and Circle of the Crown, I may ſay, in

the Words of a great King, *They would ſcarce take it up for the wearing, though it lay in their way.*

It was no doubt a ſad Experience which wrung thoſe Words from *Cæſar*'s Mouth, *When you would expreſs a Maſs of Cares and Croſſes*, Cogita Cæſarem, *think upon* Cæſar.

And tho' you ſee them ſend out great Navies, command Legions, and compaſſed with faithful Guards, yet you muſt not think they all live quiet, or do partake of real Pleaſure, for all theſe are but ridiculous Pageantry and real Dreams: Fears and Cares are not Things that are afraid of the Noiſe of Arms, nor ſtand in awe of the Brightneſs of Gold, or Splendor of Purple, but boldly intrude themſelves into the Hearts of Princes and Potentates; and like the Vulture, which the Poets talk of, gnaw and prey upon their Hearts.

What are all Titles of Honour? They are nothing but a more glorious Sound: Equipages of Honour, though they may ſeem ſplendid and illuſtrious, yet our Underſtanding tells us they are only out-ſide.

When we ſhall put off this Robe of Mortality, and walk among the Stars, and ſhall from the Theatre of Heaven look down upon Earth, how ſhall we be ſurprized to behold the Palaces of Princes, the Pageantry of the Court, the Pageantry mires of Ambition, and the Fantaſtico's of Honour?

I am a Man of no Title, yet I am Great, and make a good Figure in my own Microcoſm, for I am Maſter of my ſelf.

It's Wiſdom in him that hath been exalted in the Sphere of Honour, and hath acted Things of Grandeur, to ſecure the Glory of them, to withdraw in time; a continued Proſperity is always to be ſuſpected.

It's the Policy of a cunning Gameſter, to give

over while he wins; when Proſperity is a Game, nothing is ſo certain as ill Luck.

It's better to ſit down with Honour, than to attend the Changes of an unconſtant Fortune.

Charles the Fifth, that eldeſt Son of Glory, triumphed over the World by his Fortune, and at laſt by a glorious Retreat, triumphed over Fortune, by moderating his Ambition.

Fortune's like Pyrates that wait for Veſſels till they are full fraught, the Counter-plot muſt be to take ſome Port betimes.

I much honour the Bravery of that *Roman*, who ſaid, he had obtained all Dignities before he deſired them, and had left them all before they were deſired of others.

I deſire no Honour nor Preferment, for that would declare that I preſer more what others can beſtow, than what I poſſeſs my ſelf; nothing can make me greater, being virtuous: I am high enough, if I ſtand upright; I am not born under *Sol* to love Honour, but under *Jupiter* to love Buſineſs; Humility ſhuns Honour, and is the Way to it.

I am not ambitious to have a rich *Mauſoleum* when I am dead, a ſtately Sepulchre, or a beautiful Urn for the Repoſe of my Body, or that my Name ſhould be engraven in Braſs or Marble; if Providence ſhall bleſs me, that I may have a little Stone to cover me, I deſire this Word for my Epitaph may be engraven upon it,

EVASI.

I have eſcaped all Honours.

There was a delicate ſmooth Brook betwixt a Wood and a Meadow, that ſerv'd both Birds and Beaſts for a common Rendezvous, as well for Conveniency as for Pleaſure. Among other Con-

verſations there was a mighty kindneſs ſtruck up betwixt an *Ermin* and a *Hern*, and in great Admiration they were at the Plumes of the one, and the Furr of the other. As they were one Day diſcourſing upon this Subject, there happen'd to paſs by them a Cavalier, bravely mounted and accoutred in a Velvet Cap, ſet up with a Tuft of *Hern* Tops, and a Coat of the ſame Stuff, lined with *Ermin*. Pray will you mind that Blade ſays the *Hern*, how he vapours in our Livery! Ay, ay, ſays the *Ermin*, that Coat of his has coſt our Family dear; ſo it has, ſays the other, and it makes my very Heart ake to think how many of our Peoples Lives have been ſacrificed to that Wretch's Vanity and Pride; but they that have no Friends at Court, either with the Eagle or the Lion, muſt ſit down with the Loſs, and have no Remedy but Patience. But keep up a good Heart however, for all this, ſays t'other; for there is one that is more above them than they are above us, and one that will avenge our Cauſe, when we leaſt think on't.

SECT. XVII.

Of the ART *to be* HAPPY.

TO be happy is a bleſſed State; and that every Man may have if he pleaſes.

If you will be happy, correct your Imagination by Reaſon, reject Opinion, and live according to Nature.

Tranquillity of Mind, and Indolency of Body, are the compleat Felicities of Life.

Happineſs conſiſts not in Sovereignty, or Power, or in great Riches; but in a right compoſure of your Affections, and in directing all your Actions according to right Reaſon. There

There are two principal Diſeaſes of the Mind, Deſire and Fear: Temperance is my Buckler againſt Deſire; Fortitude againſt Fear: The one ſupports the Mind, when it deſires; the other exalts it, when it fears.

It's Reaſon which reſcues us from the Violence of Deſires and Fears, and teacheth us temperately to ſuſtain the Injuries of Fortune, and ſhews us all the Ways which lead to Quiet and Tranquillity.

So order your ſelf, that you cut off all vain Deſires, and contract your ſelf within the Boundaries of Nature, which are Neceſſaries; they are ſo few and ſmall, as hardly any Unkindneſs of Fortune can rob you of them; they that covet Things uſeleſs and ſuperfluous, enjoy not even thoſe that are neceſſary; every Place yields enough for Neceſſaries, and no Kingdom is ſufficient for Superfluities; it's the Mind that makes us happy in a Deſart.

It's the Infelicity of many Men to covet the greateſt Things, but not to enjoy the leaſt; Deſire of that we neither have or need, takes from us the true Uſe and Fruition of that we have already.

I always ſet before me that *Delphick* Oracle, *Nil nimium cupio.*

Whatſoever I deſire, I always have; becauſe I deſire nothing but what I can have.

Where our Deſires are unreaſonable, we muſt expect Diſappointments.

To be moderate in your Deſires, is an Inſtance of Prudence; and not like *Sannio* in the Comedy, *Spem pretio emere.*

I am never troubled for what I have not, but rejoyce for what I have.

He is richeſt who is contented, for Content is the Riches of Nature.

I can be as content, and think my ſelf as happy in a Galley, as in Paradiſe; nothing is ſo pleaſant to me, as a ſerene and ſecure State of Mind, not diſtracted with any Paſſions.

A contented Mind is more worth than all the Spice and Treaſure of both the *Indies*; and he that is Maſter of himſelf in an innocent and homely Retreat, enjoys all the Wealth and Curioſities of the Univerſe.

An inward Peace of Mind does more than attone for the want of outward Felicity.

I envy the Happineſs of none, becauſe I am contented with my own.

I covet nothing; I had rather beg of my ſelf not to deſire any Thing, than of Fortune to beſtow it: If I might have the whole World for asking, I would not deſire it.

What are Riches? Riches are but Cyphers, it's the Mind that makes the Sum: What am I the better for a great Eſtate, if I am not contented with it? The Deſires of having, will quickly take away all the Delights and Comforts in poſſeſſing: *Alexander* upon his Imperial Throne, with a reſtleſs and an ambitious Mind, is in a worſe Condition than *Diogenes* in his Tub.

He that doth not think his own Eſtate, how little and ſmall ſoever, to be ſufficiently ample, though he ſhould become Lord of the whole World, will ever be miſerable; for Miſery is the Companion of Want; and the ſame vain Opinion which firſt perſuaded him, that his own Eſtate was not ſufficient, will continue to perſuade him that one World is not ſufficient, but that he wants more and more to Infinity.

If in the Lottery of the World, it be my Fortune to draw a Prize, I am not proud of my good Luck; if I draw nothing but Blanks, I am not troubled at my ill Fortune.

If

If all the Glories and Excellencies in the Univerſe were contracted into a Point, they would not be worth the Thoughts of a brave Soul.

Let my Cloaths be never ſo fine and rich (which is the Pride of others) they add nothing to my Content, but much to my Grief; when I conſider they were firſt made to cover my Shame and my Nakedneſs.

I can wear a Thred-bare Cloak, with as much Satisfaction as if it were freſh, and made of the fineſt Wooll: I never heard that an Imperial Crown cured the Head-ach, or a Golden Slipper the Gout.

A Fever is as troubleſome upon a Couch of State, as upon a Flock-Bed.

I feel no want of Scarlet, Diamonds, Pearls, Jewels or rich Embroidery, ſo long as I have but coarſe and eaſy Garments to keep away the Cold.

He that bounds his Deſires is happier than all the Mines in *Peru* can make him. I can be as content in *Raguſa*, as in the *Seraglio*. I value not a *Sicilian* Table to eat at, or *Dionyſius*'s Chamber of State to ſleep in; let me have a Diſh of Coleworts to my Dinner, and a Truſs of Straw at Night to ſleep on, and I ſhall not envy the Grand Seignior.

As a wiſe Man ought not to deſire any Thing that is ſuperfluous, but confine himſelf to Neceſſaries; ſo a brave Man muſt not ſuffer the Tranquillity of his Mind to be diſturbed by any Calamity or Adverſity whatſoever.

The World may make a Man Unfortunate, but not Miſerable; that is from himſelf.

No Man can be happy that doth not ſtand firm againſt all Contingencies; and ſay to himſelf in all Extremities, *I ſhould have been content, if it might have been ſo, or ſo; but ſince it's otherwiſe determined, God will provide better.*

He that will live happily, muſt neither truſt to good Fortune, nor ſubmit to bad; he muſt be prepared againſt all Aſſaults.

A wiſe Man will be happy in all Conditions; for he ſubjects all Things to himſelf, becauſe he ſubmits himſelf to Reaſon, and governs himſelf by Wiſdom, not Paſſion.

He that is not content in any State, will be content in no State; for the Fault is not in the Thing, but in the Mind.

A brave Man hath Fortune under his Feet: To be troubled as little as may be, is an uſeful Science, and the Sum of all the Happineſs of our Life.

I only enjoy that which is preſent; I have no regard to the future, for that may not be: Hopes or Fears never perplex me; I reſt ſatisfied with what I have, and by that Means want nothing.

I never torment my ſelf afreſh with the Memory of what is paſt, or afflict my ſelf with the Apprehenſion of Evils to come; for the one doth not now concern me, nor is the other yet come; and there may be Remedies provided for the Miſchiefs to happen, for they give us warning by ſome Signs of their Approach.

It's Folly to fear where there is a Remedy: He that troubles himſelf ſooner than he needs, grieves alſo more than is neceſſary; for the ſame Weakneſs that makes him anticipate his Miſery, makes him enlarge it too: The Wiſe fortify themſelves by Reaſon, and Fools by Deſpair.

It's a ridiculous Thing to be miſerable beforehand, for fear of Miſery to come; for a Man loſes the preſent, which he might enjoy in Expectation of the future: Nay, the Fear of loſing any thing, is as bad as the Loſs it ſelf: Miſeries are endleſs, if we ſtand in fear of all Poſſibilities.

When

When I am ſurprized with the Fear of any Misfortune, I a little qualify my Fears with Hopes; this ſerves to palliate my Misfortune, tho' not to cure it.

Never antedate your own Misfortunes; it's Time enough to bear Misfortunes when they come; the Ills which you fear you may ſuffer, you ſuffer in the very Fear of them; and there is not any thing that you fear, which is ſo certain to come, as it's certain that many Things which you do fear, will not come to paſs.

Why ſhould you torment your ſelf at preſent, with what, perhaps, may happen out forty Years hence? This Humour is a kind of a voluntary Diſeaſe, and an induſtrious Contrivance of your own Unhappineſs, to complain of an Affliction that you do not feel.

'Tis time enough to lament when the Miſchief is come, and in the Interim to promiſe your ſelf the beſt; for how do you know but ſomething may delay or divert it?

The Moor *Abal*, Brother and Heir to the King of *Granada*, being taken Priſoner in *Solobenia*, to beguile his Miſery, uſed ſometime to play at Checks (a true Repreſentation of the Game of Fortune) he was no ſooner ſet down, but in comes a Courier to tell him he muſt prepare himſelf to die (inexorable Death comes always poſt) the Moor deſired him to reſpite for two Hours; the Commiſſary thought it too long, but yet granted him leave to play out his Game; he play'd and won both his Life and the Kingdom; for before the Game was ended, another Poſt arrived with News of the King's Death, whereby the City of *Granada* preſented him with their Keys.

No Man hath reaſon to complain when we are all in the ſame Condition; he that eſcaped might have ſuffered, whatſoever may be any Man's Lot, never complain if it be your own.

I am prepared againſt all Misfortunes and Infelicities, expecting whatſoever may be, will be.

Muſt I be poor? I ſhall have Company: Muſt I be baniſhed? I'll think my ſelf born there; and the Way to Heaven is alike in all Places.

Have I any Injuries done me? they are but ſo many Robes of Honour, which I can chearfully wear; and out of the greateſt Infelicities, I can raiſe Trophies, and a Triumphal Arch: I have this Comfort in my Misfortunes, that whereſoever I go, I have the ſame Nature, the ſame Providence, and I carry my Virtues along with me.

If I have loſt any thing, it was adventitious; and the leſs Money, the leſs Trouble; the leſs Favour, the leſs Envy: Is your Treaſure ſtolen? it's not loſt, but reſtored; he is an ill Debtor that counts Repayment Loſs. What is it that I labour, ſweat, and ſollicit for? When it's very little that I want, and it will not be long that I ſhall need any thing.

Whatſoever happens to me, I am never ſurprized at it; for I have ever in my Thoughts, that whatſoever may be, will be; and that which may fall out at any Time, may fall out this very Day.

All Infelicities and Sufferings are eaſy to me, becauſe I make them familiar to me in my Contemplation: What wonder is it to loſe any thing at any time, when we muſt one day loſe all?

When I ſee any Infelicity to fall upon another; I conclude, that tho' the Miſchief fell upon another, it was levelled at me: When there are ſo many Thouſands of Dangers hovering about us, what wonder is it, if one comes to hit me at laſt?

Calamity and Affliction can never ſhake or diſturb a brave Soul.

I can patiently undergo the *Tympaniſm* of the *Greeks*, or the *Petaliſm* of the *Athenians*; and can triumph more for the Honour of my Suffering, than

than I am concern'd for the Pain I ſuffer; for this I am beholden to thoſe gallant Heroes, *Metellus*, who ſuffered Exile reſolutely, *Rutilius* chearfully, *Cato* Death conſtantly.

Phalaris's Bull, and a Bed of Roſes are all one to me; I muſt confeſs while I am in the Bull, by reaſon of my Body, I may drop a Tear, and ſend forth a Groan; but my Mind is impaſſible above all Grief or Pain.

It's the Excellency of a great Mind to triumph over all Misfortunes and Infelicities.

He that gallantly encounters Misfortunes and the Infelicities of the World, is as valiant as *Hector*, and may ſtand in competition with *Cæſar* for his Virtues and Bravery.

All the Diſtempers of this Life, if they be long, they have their Intervals, and give us ſome Eaſe; if ſhort and violent, either they diſpatch us, or conſume themſelves; ſo that either their Reſpite makes them tolerable, or the Extremity makes them eaſy.

Misfortunes and Troubles ſhould no more diſturb or break a couragious Heart, than thoſe Rods hurt the Noble *Perſians* Skins, which whipped their Cloaks inſtead of their Bodies: A generous Spirit muſt reſiſt all Encounters conſtantly, as the Rocks do the Waves of a great and tempeſtuous Ocean.

Misfortunes are a kind of Diſcipline of Humanity.

There are Tempeſts and Hurricanes in the Life of Man; it's Prudence to put into a ſafe Harbour, to let them blow over.

If you fall into any great Misfortune, diſengage your ſelf as well as you can; creep through thoſe Buſhes which have feweſt Briars.

They who leaſt ſhrink at the Storms of Fortune, are alway moſt virtuous and victorious in the End.

When

When I have any Infelicity fallen upon me, to abate my Diſcontent (if I have any) I have two Remedies; Diverſion of my Thoughts from the Infelicity, and an Application of them to thoſe Things which I know to be grateful and pleaſant to my Mind.

I always bear my Mind above the Clouds; Tempeſts cannot reach me; I am not ſhaken with Winds, nor battered with Thunder.

The Diſcontent which we receive from any Infelicity, is not founded in Nature, but meerly in Opinion, and ſo become great or ſmall according as it's apprehended; and they have the greateſt Share of it, that believe they have it; if the Opinion were right and ſound, we ſhould never be moved at any ſuch Infelicity; for that all thoſe Things are extraneous to us, and touch us not indeed, but only by the Mediation of an Opinion we have framed to our ſelves.

How is it? I have a Ship at Sea laden with a rich Cargo, and this Ship is caſt away by a great Tempeſt, and I know it not; I am not a whit leſs chearful and merry, than if it were not caſt away; is it not then Opinion only which diſcontents me? For if Nature did it, at the ſame Minute wherein the Ship was caſt away, my Mind would be ſtruck with the Senſe of the Loſs of my Ship; and the like would be perceived in the Loſs of any other Thing.

It's the Part of a wiſe Man to foreſee Misfortunes, and to prevent them before they come; of a valiant Man to order them well when they come.

SECT.

SECT. XVIII.

Of a Regimen of HEALTH, *and of* TEMPERANCE *and* SOBRIETY.

PLATO, when he returned to *Athens* from his Travels, was asked by the Philoſophers there, *If he had ſeen any notable Thing in* Trinacria, *which is now called* Sicily? Anſwered, *Vidi Monſtrum in Naturâ, Hominem bis ſaturatum in Die*; and this he ſaid, becauſe he ſaw *Dionyſius* the Tyrant, who firſt invented to eat at Noon, and afterwards to ſup at Night. In antient Times they did uſe to ſup, and not to dine: All Nations in the World did eat at Night, only the *Hebrews* did feed at Noon.

We heap Suppers upon Dinners, and Dinners upon Suppers without Intermiſſion; it coſts us more to be miſerable, than would make us perfectly happy.

Vita noſtra eſt inſtar Comœdiæ, our Life is like a Comedy; the Break-faſt is the Prologue, a Dinner the Interlude, a Supper the Epilogue.

We do not eat to ſatisfy Hunger, but Luxury and Ambition; we are dead while we are alive, and our Houſes are ſo much our Tombs, that a Man might write our Epitaph upon our very Doors; *We are poiſoned in the very Pleaſures of Luxury, and betrayed to a thouſand Diſeaſes by the indulging of our Palate.*

Every Man is his own *Atropos*, and by his Intemperance lends a Hand to cut the Thread of his Life: Exceſs may be good Phyſick, but it's bad Diet; give me the Man that takes his Meat as a ſick Man doth his Phyſick, meerly for Health ſake; *Tiberius*'s Aphoriſm is good, *That every Man is his own beſt Phyſician, and his Life ſets a* Probatum eſt *to it.* Obſerve *Cato*'s Rule, *Eat to live,*

live, not live to eat. We paſs the Bounds of Nature, and ſally out into Superfluities; in ſo much that it's now a-days only for Beggars to content themſelves with what is ſufficient.

Pulſe and Leguminous Food was a great Part of the Diet of our Fore-fathers before the Flood; and the *Romans* which were called *Pultiſagi*, fed much on Pulſe for ſix hundred Years.

Many other Nations, as the *Japanneſes*, *Chineſes*, the *Africans* in ſundry Regions, and the *Turks*, live chiefly on Rice and Fruits, yet they live very long and healthfully.

It's a pleaſant Hunger to eat Herbs, and a dainty Thirſt to drink Water. When *Darius* had a Cup of cold Water given him, he received it thankfully, and profeſt it was the beſt Draught that ever he drank in his Life; but peradventure *Darius* was never thirſty before.

I value not the *Perſian* Luxury, the Delicacies of *Apicius*, the *Calydonian* Wine, nor the Fiſh of *Hyrcania*; the coarſeſt Meat and Drink afford me no leſs Pleaſure than the greateſt Delicacies: Barley Bread and Water are highly pleaſant, if taken only when we hunger and thirſt.

Artaxerxes, the Brother of *Cyrus*, being overthrown in Battel, was conſtrained to ſit down with dried Figs and Barley-Bread, which upon Proof, he found ſo good, as he ſeriouſly lamented his Misfortune, in having been ſo long Time a Stranger to that great Pleaſure and Delight which Nature and ſimple Food yields, when it meets with true Hunger.

Temperance augments Things that are pleaſant, and maketh the Pleaſure it ſelf greater; and ordinary Fare is made equal in Sweetneſs to the greateſt Dainties.

For my own part, when I eat coarſe Bread, and drink Water, or ſometimes augment my

Commons

Commons with a little Cheeſe (when I have a mind to feaſt extraordinarily) I take great Delight in it, and bid defiance to thoſe Pleaſures which accompany the uſual Magnificence of Feaſts: And if I have no more than Maze, Lentils, decocted Barley, and clean Water, I think my Table ſo richly furniſhed, as that I dare diſpute Felicity even with *Jove* himſelf.

I muſt confeſs, as to my Diet, I am not very curious; if I lived in *France* I could eat their Diſhes of Frogs, Toad-ſtools, and Snails: When I am amongſt the *Jews*, I can eat Locuſts and Graſhoppers, and think them to be pleaſant Viands: And to ſpeak freely to you, if I were amongſt the *Canibals*, I could, without any Diſguſt, eat Man's Fleſh, for all Things are in every Thing; there is Bread in Fleſh, and Fleſh in Bread.

Happy is that Man that eats for Hunger, and drinks for Thirſt; that lives according to Nature; and by Reaſon, not by Example; and provides for Uſe and Neceſſity, and not for Oſtentation and Superfluities.

If Mankind would only attend humane Nature, without gaping after Superfluities, a Cook would be found as needleſs, as a Soldier in Time of Peace: We may have Neceſſaries upon very eaſy Terms; whereas we put our ſelves to great Pains for Exceſs.

When *Adas* Queen of *Caria* ſent *Alexander* Sauces and Sweet-meats, delicately prepared by the beſt Cooks and Artiſts, he ſaid, *I have better Confections of my own*, viz. *my Night-travelling for my Dinner, and my Spare-Dinner for my Supper.*

The *Thracians*, when *Ageſilaus* marched thro' their Country, preſented him with Corn, Geeſe, Sweet-meats, Cheeſe-cakes, and all ſorts of Delicacies both of Meat and Drink; he accepted the Corn,

Corn, and commanded them to carry back the reſt as uſeleſs and unprofitable to him; but they importunately preſſing him to take all, he ordered them to be given to the Εἱλῶτες, the Slaves; and when ſome asked the Reaſon; he replied, *They that profeſſed Bravery, ought not to meddle with ſuch Delicacies; and whatſoever takes with Slaves, cannot be agreeable to the Free.*

The more ſimple the Diet is, the better is the Chyle; for Variety of Meats and Drink, doth beget various and divers Spirits, which have a Conflict amongſt themſelves.

By a moderate Diet, the Strength of the Body is ſupported, the Spirits are more vigorous and active, Humours attenuated, Crudities and Obſtructions prevented, many Infirmities check'd and kept under; the Senſes preſerved in their Integrity, the Stomach clean, the Appetite and Digeſtion good.

If you have as many Diſeaſes in your Body, as a Bill of Mortality contains, this one Receipt of Temperance will cure them all.

The *Caridians*, by reaſon of their ſingular Temperance and Sobriety, are free from an infinite Number of Indiſpoſitions whereunto other Nations are ſubject; nay, they are ſo vigorous in the Extremities of Age, that when an hundred Years old, they commonly beget Children, and have no gray Hairs.

The preſent *Egyptians*, who are obſerved (by *Alpinus*) to be the fatteſt Men, and to have Breaſts like Women, owe much, as he conceives, unto the Water of *Nile*, and their Diet of Rice, Peaſe, Lentils, and white Cicers: And we read in *Daniel*, how Pulſe and Water made the four Children fairer in Countenance, and fatter in Fleſh, than they which fared on the Royal Proviſion.

The

The *Perſians*, in their Time the moſt vigorous and the beſt diſciplined People on Earth, eat a little *Naſturtium*, *Creſſes*, or *Wild Mint*, with their Bread, and that was all the Victuals that this brave Nation uſed, when they made Conqueſt of the World.

The *Thracian* Women, that they might bring forth ſtrong and healthful Children, eat nothing but Milk and Nettles.

The *Cynick* in *Athenæus* makes iterated Courſes of Lentils, and prefers that Diet before the Luxury of *Seleucus*.

But the Oeconomy and Order of living, and the Scenes of humane Life are ſince much changed; if we live temperately, it's for Ambition, and upon Deſign, not to ſerve the Intentions of Nature.

It's ſtoried of Pope *Sixtus*, that before he arrived to that Honour, he eat and drank nothing but Bread and Water, ſaying,

Panis & Aqua
Eſt Vita Beata.

But having once ſeated himſelf in the Porphyry Chair, he refuſed to ſtoop to ſuch a coarſe Fare when it was offered him, giving his Reaſon from the Counterpoſition of the Words;

Aqua & Panis
Eſt Vita Canis.

Now a-days, inſtead of Water (which was the greateſt Part of the Drink in the *Ante-Diluvian* World, and very congenial to the Temper of Man) we drink *Brandy*, *Uſquebaugh*, *Aqua Vitæ*, which are pernicious Drinks, if commonly uſed; they deſtroy the *Calidum innatum*, prey upon the roſcid Juice, change the natural Tone of the Stomach, the Texture of the Body, and the Craſis of

of the Parts; hence come *Atrophies*, the Imbecillity of our Nerves, and Trepidation of our Members, which is affected by the diſorderly Motions of the animal Spirits, being impulſed and agitated preternaturally by the Spirits of ſtrong Liquors. Wine is an excellent Liquor, if moderately uſed; it's a great Refreſher of decayed Nature, it fortifies the Stomach, ſtrengthens the natural Heat, helps Digeſtion, carries the Food to all the Parts, chears the Heart, and wonderfully refreſheth the Spirits.

The Ancients called it *Lac Senum*, the Milk of old Men; but by modern Practice it's found, that if they ſuck too much of it, it will make them Children.

Nothing can be of worſe Conſequence to any, than the conſtant and immoderate Uſe of it.

Sapientia in Sicco reſidit, non in Paludibus & Lacunis; Wiſdom's Reſidence is in a dry Region, not in Bogs and Fens.

Heraclitus left it for a Maxim, *Lux ſicca animæ ſapientiſſima*; A dry Light makes the wiſeſt Mind, but it becomes *madida & macerata*, being ſteep'd in the Spirit of Wine.

Strength and Beauty are the Goods of the Body, Temperance and Prudence the Crown of Old Age.

Il Vino non ha timone; *Wine*, ſays the *Italian*, *hath no Stern:* Diſcretion is not then any longer their Pilot, nor the Light of Reaſon the Pole, by which they ſhould direct their Actions to a ſafe Harbour.

The Vine beareth three Grapes, the Firſt of Pleaſure, the Second of Drunkenneſs, the Third of Repentance.

The *Jewiſh Rabbies* obſerve, that *Noah* when he firſt planted Vines, took the Blood of an Owl, of an Ape, and of a Lion, and watered the Roots of

of his Vines with them; hence it is, that Men when they are drunk with Wine, ſome play the Owl, and ſit up all Night, Bite and Scratch; others, like the Ape and Lion, are antick and furious.

If it ſhall be your unhappineſs at any time to be overtaken with Wine, obſerve the Directions of the School of *Saturn.*

Si nocturna tibi noceat potatio Vini,
Hoc tu mane bibas iterum, & fuerit Medicina:

If over Night thou tak'ſt a Doſe,
And findſt thy ſelf amiſs;
Thou muſt next Morn another take,
No Remedy like this.

Sobriety is that which will ſecure you againſt all Diſtempers, and make Life pleaſant to you; for the Harveſt of Diſeaſes doth ariſe from the Seeds of Intemperance.

By Sobriety there is a good and perfect Concoction made; the Meat you eat, when it's well elaborated and tranſmuted in ſuch manner as is proper for each Digeſtion, then a good Habit of Body is eſtabliſhed; the Maſs of Blood hath it's pure Tincture, all the Liquors of the Body have their peculiar Properties ſuitable to the Intention of Nature; but if the Craſis of the Parts be perverted by Intemperance, then the Alimentary Juices do degenerate from their Purity, the Maſs of Blood and the Nervous Liquor are depraved, and the whole Habit of the Body diſorder'd.

Abſtinence plucks up the Cauſe of all Diſeaſes by the Roots, in the inward Veins it takes away the *Butomia*, which is cauſed by the ill Diſpoſition of the Stomach, and that melancholick Humour, which is ſeated in the Tunicles thereof, and reduces the natural Temper to a juſt Mediocrity.

By

By Temperance Men ſhut up their Days like a Lamp, only by a pure Conſumption of the Radical Moiſture, without Grief or Pain.

If the World conſiſts of Order, if our Life depends on the Harmony of Humours, it's no wonder that Order ſhould preſerve, and Diſorder deſtroy.

A ſpare and ſimple Diet contribute to the Prolongation of Life.

Mangiera Piu Chy manco Mangia; he that will eat much, let him eat little, becauſe by eating little he prolongs his Life, and ſo eats much.

The Emperor *Auguſtus* died at the Age of ſixty ſix, in all which Time he never purged or let Blood, neither did he uſe Phyſick; but every Year he entered the Bath, every Month he did vomit, every Week he did forbear to eat one Day, and every Day he did walk one Hour.

If you will have a conſtant vigorous Health, a perpetual Spring of Youth, uſe Temperance.

The Sect of the *Eſſenes* among the *Jews*, by reaſon of their ſimple and abſtemious Diet, did uſually extend their Lives to an hundred Years.

The *Stoicks* and *Cynicks* are very long Livers in *Laertius*.

There was a Prieſt was made a Dean, and by reaſon of his ſpare Diet, lived to 186 Years of Age, and when he died had this Epitaph,

Hic jacet Edentulus, Canus atque Decanus,
Rurſus denteſcit, nigreſcit & hic requieſcit.

One *Brawn*, an *Iriſhman*, but a *Corniſh* Beggar, who lived to a great Age, by reaſon of his ſimple Courſe of Life, had the Honour of this Inſcription upon his Grave-ſtone.

Here

Here Brawn *the common Beggar lies,*
Who counted by his Tale,
Some Six-ſcore Winters and above,
Such Virtue there's in Ale.

Ale was his Meat, his Drink and Cloth,
Ale did his Death reprieve;
And could he ſtill have drank his Ale,
He had been ſtill alive.

Xequepeer, a Moor, who lived in the City of *Bengala*, *Anno Dom.* 1586, by reaſon of his Auſterity and Abſtinence, lived 300 Years, if we may believe *Ferdinand Lopez*, the King of *Portugal*'s Hiſtoriographer.

I do think that Man, if he lived according to Nature, and duly obſerved the Regimen of Health, might live to a long Duration; for Man is naturally Immortal, that is to ſay, he hath a *Poſſe non mori*, as appears both before the Fall, and ſhall be evident after the Reſurrection; yea, after his Fall he could live near a thouſand Years; tho' by degrees the Length of Life was abbreviated, yet that Abbreviation of Life was accidental, and conſequently may be repaired in whole or in part; and upon ſearch we ſhall find the accidental Cauſe of this Abbreviation, was not from the Heavens, or any other than the Defect of a true Regimen of Health.

And *Adam* after his Fall, if he had eaten of the Tree of Life, had lived for ever; and this doth appear, *Gen.* iii. *Let us drive man out of Paradiſe, leſt he put forth his hand, and take alſo of the tree of life, and eat and live for ever.*

Artepheus having found out the Virtues of Stones, Herbs, &c. both for the Knowledge of Nature, and eſpecially for the Prolongation of Life, did glory that he had lived One thouſand twenty five Years.

If

If the *humidum radicale, & calidum innatum* be kept in their right State and due Temper (as they may be) I ſee not (for any thing that is in Nature) but Man may extend his Life to a great Age.

I have lived in the Reign of five Kings; yet I can by no other Calculation, than that of my Sins, be found to be old; by reaſon of the Regularity of my Life, I have a perpetual Spring in me; I never met with an Autumn, or knew any thing of the fall of the Leaf; but Vigour and Strength, like the Sun in it's Glory, viſit all my Quarters: After a ſmall Pittance, I find a ſound and quiet Sleep all Night long; and at peep of the Day I get up as freſh as the Morning it ſelf.

The Ground of all our Diſeaſes, and the ſhortening of Life, is from the exceſſive eating of Fleſh and other Meats.

How many warlike Nations, and ſtrong Cities, that have ſtood invincible to Attacks and Sieges, hath Luxury overcome? Conſider the *Romans*, when they came to their *Jecur Anſerinum*, their *Porcus Trojanus*, *Sumen*, *Uvedulæ*, *Ficedulæ*, and their generous Wines, *Cecuba* and *Falerna*, they became effeminate, and by them were more overcome, than formerly by their greateſt Enemies.

There are many Impreſſions and Alterations made upon our Bodies by the Food which nouriſh them, and change the Conſtitution into its Complexion.

Thoſe who eat of the Fleſh of a Cat (being provoked into a Fury by beating of her) make thoſe rabid that eat of it, and, like Cats with their Claws, will lacerate one another.

Chickens fed on ſour Grapes, are harder of Fleſh, and more difficult of Concoction, than are moſt Water-Fowls.

Why

Why are the *Tartarians* ſo barbarous in their Manners, but becauſe they eat and drink the Fleſh and Blood of Horſes?

Eating of Creatures which have no Blood, waſts ours; thoſe Plants which are barren or fruitful (as *Porta* obſerveth) do render thoſe that uſe them barren or fruitful.

If ſo, how careful ought we to be what Meats and Food we eat?

But if you would eat Fleſh, I would adviſe you not to dreſs it by the Fire as Cooks do, for that ſunders the beſt from the worſt, which we chooſe; but, like Philoſophers, a quite contrary way, taking the beſt which is now loſt, and leaving that which we now take, which is the worſt; a Way, I ſay, to ſtrip off all groſſneſs and foulneſs of Bodies, the Seeds of all Diſeaſes.

For the Virtue of Things taken from them by Separation, is better than joined with their Bodies.

If Nature could be nouriſhed ſome other way than by eating, all Danger of Diſeaſes would be prevented.

There was a Perſon of much Honour, who told me, *That his Grand-father, by reaſon of his great Age, had had his digeſtive Faculty ſo enervated, that whatever he eat turned into Crudities and Obſtructions: He being a Perſon of great Knowledge, tried many Experiments to repair it, but without any effect; at the laſt, he applied a piece of raw Fleſh to his Stomach, faſtened it to it; and ſo once in twelve Hours applied freſh; in ſome time he found Nature abundantly ſatisfied therewith, and had a Rejuveneſcency and Renovation of all Parts, and lived many Years after in good ſtrength and Vigour, without eating or drinking any thing.*

How this may comport with Reaſon, is worth the Enquiry: We have obſerved for Drink, that

all the time we ſit in the Water we ſhall never thirſt; for Nature, by the Pores, doth ſuck and draw in aqueous Particles to ſatisfy Thirſt; and why may it not draw from the Fleſh a *ſuccus nutritius*, which will ſupport and preſerve Nature?

And upon this reaſon the Phyſicians preſcribe nouriſhing Clyſters to their Patients, and Baths of Milk in Hectick Fevers, when the Body is extremely low.

Paracelſus tells us, *That a Man, of his Knowledge, by applying of freſh Sods to his Stomach, without Hunger lived half a Year together.*

Nature is able to draw through the Pores in all parts of the Body, ſuch Food as ſhe deſireth; otherwiſe how comes it to paſs, that many Perſons have lived a long time without eating any Meat?

Paracelſus, *Licetus*, and *Cardan* (Men which made great Figures in their Days) aſſure us, that they knew ſome holy Men that lived twenty Years together without eating any Meat; *Hermolaus Berbarus*, and *Joubertus*, have delivered to us, that one in *Rome* lived forty Years only by the Inſpiration of Air: Hence it was ſaid by the *Coſmopolite*, that there is in the Air a hidden Food of Life.

Ficinus, *Crollius*, and *Rundeletius* tell us, that in the *Eaſt Indies*, near the River *Ganges*, there is a Nation called *Aſtomares*, that have no Mouths; they live only by the Air and Smells which they take in at their Noſtrils, from Roots, Flowers, and wild Apples which they carry with them in long Journies.

The Air is full of Balſamick roſcid Atoms, and is ever ſprinkled with a fine foreign Fatneſs, which may perhaps be ſufficient Food to nouriſh the fine part of our Frame, whereon the Temper of Man and his Life ſtandeth.

It

It's impregnated with a ſaline Spirit: In this Salt are included the ſeminal Virtues of all things; it's a pure Extract drawn by the Sun-beams, from all Bodies it darteth his Rays upon, and it's ſublimated to ſuch a Height of Perfection, that it's homogenial to all things; and, in effect, is the Spirit of Life, not only to Plants, but to Animals alſo. *Licetus* and *Quercetan* think they are nouriſhed by the Air.

Olympidorus the Platoniſt aſſures us, that he knew a Perſon who lived many Years, and in his whole Life neither fed nor ſlept, but ſtood only in the Sun to refreſh himſelf.

If other Creatures, whoſe Life hangeth upon the ſame hold, do faſt a long time, there is no reaſon but the ſame common Nature will ſuffer it in Man.

There is a Bird in the *Moluccas*, *Monucodiaca* by Name, as *Aldrovandus* informeth us, which by reaſon it hath ſo large Wings in ſo ſmall a Body (her Wings are as large almoſt as the Wings of an Eagle, when her Body is no bigger than a Swallow) is born up by the force of the Wind, and hovereth and hangeth in the Air continually, taking no other Food (as alas, how can ſhe) than is found there.

The Chamæleon will live a whole Year without eating any thing, but by taking in the Air by gaping and ſhutting his Chaps: And *Ælian* aſſures us, that the Goats of *Gimanta* do not drink in ſix Months; but turning towards the Sea, they receive the Vapours with open Mouth, and ſo they quench their Thirſt.

This Diſcourſe of Temperance will be look'd upon as an extravagant Fancy, and I my ſelf have the ſame Opinion of it; but yet it is agreed by many learned Phyſicians, that Men and Women have lived many Years together without eating

ing any Food; but that Death did not follow the taking away of the Appetite, to me is wonderful. *Langius* thinks the Cauſe to be the Relaxation of the Nerves in the Orifice of the Stomach, but this cannot ſatisfy a rational Enquiry. *Sennertus* conceives that ſuch Bodies are almoſt immortal, and little or nothing exhal'd from them; becauſe they conſiſt of a tenacious Humour well compacted and growing faſt together, and will not yield to the Action of Heat that feeds on the Nouriſhment, and their Heat is moſt mild and gentle, and requires not much Nouriſhment; but, I pray, conſult the *Adepti*, thoſe Sons of Art, and let me underſtand their Judgment.

SECT. XIX.

Of Suits *of* Law.

IF you deſign to your ſelf Happineſs, and an Improvement of your Eſtate, let me adviſe you to avoid Suits in Law; if you engage in any, you put your ſelf into a Houſe of Correction, where you muſt labour ſtoutly to pay your Fees.

If the Caſe ſhall go for you, there are thoſe who will tell you, that Victory is a fair Game, but you muſt give them leave to divide the Stakes.

If it ſhall be your Misfortune to engage in any, have a care of a rich Fool; for there is nothing more dangerous, as to Miſchief, than a rich obſtinate Fool, in the Hands of a cunning Knave; and have a watchful Eye over him that hath but two or three Cauſes (if he be a buſy Fellow) for he will give you Trouble enough; an inconſiderable Mouſe may give Diſturbance to a noble Lion.

There

There were two Lawyers very paſſionately pleading their Clients Cauſe, to their great Satisfaction; when the Cauſe was done, the Lawyers came out of the Court, and hugged each other; the Clients much admired their Behaviour; one of them asked the Lawyer, *How they could be Friends ſo ſoon? Tuſh Man*, ſaith the Lawyer, *we were never Foes, for we Lawyers are like a pair of Sheers, if you open them, and pull them down, they ſeem to cut one another; but they only cut that which cometh between them.*

You remember the Fable of the Vulture ſitting upon a Tree to ſee the Lion and Bear fight, and to make Prey of him which fell firſt; have you a care you do not make the Moral.

It was good Advice of Chriſt, *If any Man will ſue thee at the Law, and take away thy Coat, let him have thy Cloak alſo*; the Reaſon is evident, leſt the Lawyer ſhould come between and ſtrip you naked, even of your Shirt.

To go to Law, is like a Lottery, or playing at Dice, where, if the Game be obſtinately purſued, the Box-keeper is commonly the greateſt Winner: I ſpeak not this to reflect upon that honourable Profeſſion to which I ſhall ever pay the greateſt Tribute of my Service.

I know there are many excellent Perſons appertaining to the Law, if it be your Fortune to meet with them.

In the State of *Venice*, ſome Years ſince, all their Advocates were Noblemen, appointed by the Grand Council, to the Number of twenty four, and had all of them Allowance from the State, being forbidden to take Preſents or Money, that the Nobleneſs of the Profeſſion might not be ſullied, and that in all Proceſs it might be their Intereſt to give a Diſpatch.

But you will be ſure, at every Market in the Country, to find ſome Fairies, Elves and little Spirits with Hawking-bags or Snapſacks by their Sides, wherein they have their Familiars, ſome with green Coats, others with yellow Veſts, which they ſend forth to the Diſquiet of good Men; as *Æolus* did the Winds, which he had gotten into his Bottle, to the diſturbance of the World.

Theſe are like the Sun in *Aries*, which move, but not remove the Humours.

Et pluet ſuper eos Laqueos.

And it ſhall rain Snares upon them; which a Rabby interpreted to be the multitude of Advocates, Proctors and Solicitors, which were Snares to catch the People.

Certainly theſe Elves are much of the nature of an Ant, very good for themſelves, but exceeding pernicious in the Garden of a Commonwealth.

If ever you ſhould fly to theſe for Succour, as the Sheep do to the Buſhes in a Storm, you will be ſure to leave a good part of your Coat behind you.

Theſe, like a Quartan Ague, will never leave you, as long as any Humour be left in you; and if you ſhall have need to make uſe of them, they will ſtir no more without a Fee, than a Hawk without a Lure.

I have often admired at the Genius of a Nobleman of *France*, who was much delighted in troubling Men with Suits; *Lewis* the *French* King hearing of it, offer'd to eaſe him of his Suits, by putting an end to them; he thanked his Majeſty, but earneſtly beſought him to leave thirty or forty behind, whereby he might merrily paſs away the Time.

Humours

Humours are Men's Religion, Power their Laws;
Their Wit Confuſion, and their Will their Cauſe.

My Advice to you is, that you ſeriouſly employ your ſelf in the Study of the Laws of this Nation (being the moſt excellent for their Juſtice and Wiſdom) if not to practiſe the Law, yet to gain ſo much Knowledge therein, as to defend your Self and Eſtate from the Robbing Good-Fellows of it.

If you be not ſo diſpoſed, you muſt lay up one third part of your Eſtate to preſerve the other two, or elſe you will be aſſuredly undone.

Upon a Controverſy betwixt the two Hands, the Left commenced an Action againſt the Right, for uſurping a Privilege above the other: The Court was for the Plaintiff upon the Point of Equity, but the other having been in Poſſeſſion Time out of Mind, inſiſted upon Preſcription, which was not to be controll'd. But now, ſays the Bench, to ſhew the World the Reverence we have for Mercy and Juſtice, we ſhall recommend to Poſterity to ſee this Iniquity redreſs'd; and from that Day to this it has been the Practice of Judges, Advocates, Attornies, and their Clerks, and ſo of Phyſicians, Court and State Officers, and others that have the fingering of Money, to take on both ſides, and uſe both Hands alike.

SECT. XX.

Of GAMING.

NExt Suits in Law (which are but *jactus aleæ*) avoid Gaming; it hath no Satisfaction in it, beſides a ſordid coveting of that which is another's; or a Prodigality of that which is your own:

It's a Madneſs beyond the Cure of *Hellebore*, to caſt a Die whether your Eſtate ſhall be your own or not; if you have not a care (I can, without an Augur, tell what will be your Fate) this, like a Quickſand, will ſwallow you up in a Moment; and Goods which are ſo gotten, are like Pyramids of Snow, which melt away, and are diſſolved with the ſame ill Husbandry that did beget them; and, believe me, you will find it more chargeable to you than the ſeven deadly Sins.

Remember that one Crown in your Purſe will do you more Honour than ten ſpent.

Plato ſeeing a young Man play at Dice, he reproved him; he anſwered, *What, ſo ſmall a Matter?* *Cuſtom*, replies *Plato*, *is no ſmall Thing.*

SECT. XXI.

Of MARRIAGE.

THere is one Step more to make your Life comfortable, and to advance your Fortune, and that is, well to diſpoſe of your ſelf in Marriage; certainly a Buſineſs which requireth grave Conſideration.

Ride not Poſt for your Match, if you do, you may, in the Period of your Journey, take Sorrow for your Inn, and make Repentance your Hoſt.

If you marry, eſpouſe a virtuous Perſon; a celebrated Beauty, like a Fair, will draw Chapmen from all Parts.

Make choice of your Wife by the Ears, not the Eyes.

He that in the choice of a Wife, doth believe the report of his Sight, is like him who telling out her Portion in his Thoughts, takes the Woman upon Content, not examining her Condition, or whether ſhe be fit for him.

I

I would not adviſe you to marry a Woman for her Beauty; for Beauty is like Summer Fruits which are apt to corrupt, and not laſting.

Never marry ſo much for a great Living, as a good Life; yet a fair Wife without a Portion, is like a brave Houſe without Furniture; you may pleaſe your ſelf with the Proſpect, but there's nothing within to keep you warm.

Si vis nubere nube pari; thoſe Weddings are the happieſt, where the Parties are firſt matched before they marry. If a Man marries a Woman much ſuperior to himſelf, he is not ſo truly Huſband to his Wife, as he is unawares made Slave to her Portion.

Be ſure you love her Perſon better than her Eſtate; for he who marrieth where he doth not love, will be ſure to love where he doth not marry; and Love without Ends, hath no End.

Love is the Child of Folly; it's the ſtrongeſt of the Paſſions, and often found in the weakeſt Minds.

Young Men are amorous, middle Age affectionate, old Men doting.

There is a great difference between a Portion and a Fortune with your Wife; if ſhe be not virtuous, let her Portion be never ſo great, ſhe is no Fortune to you.

A Noble *Roman* being asked why he had put away his Wife, ſhe being beautiful and rich, put forth his Foot and ſhewed his Buskins; *Is not this*, ſaid he, *a handſome and compleat Shoe? yet no Man but my ſelf knows where it pinches me.*

It's not the Luſtre of Gold, the ſparkling of Diamonds and Emeralds, nor the Splendor of the purple Tincture that adorns or embelliſhes a Woman, but Gravity, Diſcretion, Humility and Modeſty.

A young *Lacedæmonian* Laſs being ask'd by an Acquaintance of hers, *Whether ſhe had yet embraced her Husband*? made Anſwer, *No, but he had embraced her.*

As there is little or no uſe to be made of a Mirror, though in a Frame of Gold, enchaſed with all the ſparkling Variety of the richeſt Gems, unleſs it renders back the true ſimilitude of the Image it receives; ſo there is nothing of Profit in a great Portion, unleſs the Conditions, Temper and Humour of the Wife be conformable to the Diſpoſition and Inclination of the Husband, and that he ſees the Virtues of his own Mind exactly repreſented in hers.

Chooſe ſuch a Wife as may ſimpathize with you in your Misfortunes, for Marriage is juſt like a Sea Voyage; he that enters into this Ship, muſt look to meet with Storms and Tempeſts.

I knew a Gentlewoman, a very fantaſtical and conceited Perſon, and one who was not over kind to her Husband; ſhe had a Daughter of the ſame Tone and Temper with her ſelf, to whom her Father had left a very conſiderable Portion; I commended a very worthy and ſober Perſon to the Mother, to be a Husband for the Daughter, but ſhe did not like the Gentleman; ſome Time after there came a vain under-headed Fellow, a Suitor to the Daughter; the Mother entertained him with all Kindneſs. One Day the Mother came to give me a Viſit, and with great Pleaſure told me, ſuch a Perſon was a Suitor to her Daughter, a brave Gentleman, of excellent Parts, and one that is the Cream of the Country, and asked me how I liked him; *Truly, Madam*, I ſaid, *if he be the Cream of the Country, as you ſay he is, he is the fitter for your Daughter to make a Fool of*; The Gentlewoman reply'd, *And ſo ſhe ſhall, if it pleaſe God it be a Match*; and ſhe was as good as her Word.

When

When I read that ingenious Epigram of *Auſonius* of the Echo, it doth methinks graphically repreſent a talkative prating Woman;

Vane quid affectas faciem mihi pingere pictor?
Si mihi vis ſimilem pingere, pinge ſonum.

Phidias made the Statue of *Venus* at *Elis*, with one Foot upon the Shell of a Tortoiſe, to ſignify two great Duties of a virtuous Woman, which are to keep home, and be ſilent.

The *Egyptian* Women antiently did never wear Shoes, to the end they ſhould accuſtom themſelves to ſtay at Home.

Thales being asked by his Mother why he did not marry, ſaid, *It was too ſoon*; ſome Time after being ſolicited again by her to marry, ſaid, *It was too late.*

When I think of the Cares, the Buſineſs, and the Drudgery of a married Life, I wiſh my ſelf a *Monk* ſometimes, and under a Vow of Chaſtity; and that Nature had provided for the Propagation of Mankind without the help of Women.

The Troubles of Children are many and great, the Comforts few and ſmall: It's better to adopt Children than beget them; he that adopts a Son, hath the liberty to make Choice out of many that are good and virtuous, and which will pleaſe him; he that begets one, runs the Hazard whether he will prove ſuch or no.

Plato ſeeing a Youth over-bold with his Father, *Young Man*, ſaith he, *will you undervalue him who is the Cauſe you overvalue your ſelf?*

Every Man is more obliged to his Parents than to all the World beſides; to other Perſons he may owe much, but to his Parents he owes himſelf; therefore, if Ingratitude to others be hateful, that which is ſhewn to Parents muſt certainly be the moſt horrid and deteſtable.

And let undutiful Children be assured, that if they be preserved from the Gallows, they are reserved to be tortured by their own Posterity.

If you be able to live of your self, and out of Debt, and design to marry, have a care you make not too great a Jointure out of your Lands, especially if you have Children by a former Wife; if you do, it will be more fatal and calamitous to your Family than any Debt.

Provide for your Relict a competent Estate, but not so as to impoverish your Children, for that's to destroy a quick Hedge to make a dead one.

If you have Children, it's better to leave them a competent Estate with a Profession, than great Riches without it; for in the one there is a Place for Industry, but the other, like a Lure, brings all Birds of Prey to devour them.

He that breeds his Children well, though he leaves them little, gives them much.

Have a regard to a good Bishop to satisfy your Conscience; for an honest Lawyer to settle your Estate; and marry into a good Family, to keep up your Interest.

Where Man and Wife are Unisons in Affection, there is the best Musick; there was such an Harmony in Affection between *Ulysses* and *Penelope*, that rather than forsake his dear *Penelope*, he refused Immortality at *Calipso*'s Hands.

Rubius Celer commanded to be engraven on his Monument, that he lived with *Caja Ennia*, his Wife, Forty three Years, eight Months, and that *sine querelâ*, without any Difference, Complaint or Jar.

The Antients placed the Statue of *Venus* by that of *Mercury*, to signify that the Pleasures of Matrimony chiefly consist in the Sweetness of Conversation.

They

They who ſacrificed to *Juno* as the Goddeſs of Wedlock, never conſecrated the Gall with the other Parts of the Sacrifice, but having drawn it forth, they caſt it behind the Altar; thereby implying, that all paſſionate Anger and Bitterneſs of Reproach, ſhould be terminated from the Threſholds of Nuptial Cohabitation.

King *Philip* of *Macedon* pulled and hawled a Woman to him by Violence againſt her Will: *Let me go*, ſaid ſhe, *for when the Candles are out, all Women are alike:* A virtuous Woman, when the Candle is taken away, and her Body not to be ſeen, her Chaſtity, her Modeſty, and her peculiar Affection to her Husband, ought then to ſhine with the greateſt Luſtre.

If you will be happy, never have above one Woman in your Bed, one Friend in your Boſom, and one Faith in your Heart.

Methinks the Zeal of that Prieſt did treſpaſs upon his Diſcretion, when in a Wedding-Sermon he much commended Marriage, but compared the Woman to a Grave; *For as every Grave* (ſaith he) *hath a* Hic jacet, *ſo when you come to marry,* Hic jacet *the Wiſdom of* Solomon; Hic jacet *the Valour of* David; Hic jacet *the Strength of* Sampſon: *Here they are all buried.*

The Poets have unhappily repreſented all the Furies under the Notion of Women, and expreſly ordered, that *Erinnys* ſhould be *Fœminei Generis.*

A Gentlewoman ſeeing an old Friend of hers, asked him if he was married; he ſaid, *No*; *You look very well*, ſaid the Gentlewoman, *I am apt to think you make uſe of Vipers: No, Madam, the reaſon I look ſo well, is becauſe I have nothing to do with Vipers.*

The ill Temper of many Women made *Diogenes* ſay, that when he ſaw a Woman had hanged her ſelf upon a Tree, *That it was the beſt bearing Tree that ever he ſaw in his Life.*

I can have no Kindneſs for theſe moroſe Cynicks, who ſully the Glory of the richeſt Jewels in the Cabinet of Nature.

But I could build a Tabernacle, and burn Incenſe to the Memory of that excellent *Menander* for his Γαμετὸν ἀρετῆς γενναία γυνή; a generous and brave Woman is the Exchequer and Treaſury of Virtue.

I muſt confeſs, I ever had a noble Affection for that excellent Sex, as great Inſtruments of Good, and the Prettineſſes of Society; and ever thought, that of all Follies in Man, there is none more excuſable than that of Love; but I find by my ſelf, that Paſſion will grow old, and wear out in time.

The Adventures of *Pedro* and *Angelina* are romantick and diverting enough; they were both *Romans*, and exactly well ſuited for Years and agreeable Humour, only the young Man had the better Blood in his Veins; but what the Lady wanted in Extraction and Quality was amply ſupply'd in the good Graces of an excellent Perſon and an untainted Virtue. *Pedro* had the greateſt Veneration in the World for the Charms of *Angelina*, and, as he had ordered the Matter, there was no Love loſt betwixt them. When they had advanced the Intrigue in a dark Way, as far as little Arts, Letters and Meſſages wou'd carry it, *Pedro* went to work frankly and above Board, and propounded the Match to his Father; who was not only averſe to it himſelf, as a Diſgrace to his Family, but he likewiſe caution'd *Angelina*'s Relations to give no heed to his Son's Pretenſions. *Pedro* finding by this time that there was no good to be done upon the Square, went to his Miſtreſs with the Story; and the young People, upon ſecond Thoughts, came to a Reſolution of trying their Fortune another way, that is to

to ſay, by running away together to a Place called *Alagna*, where *Pedro* had ſome particular Friends, and ſo take Sanctuary there.

They ſet out early one Morning upon their Journey, and about four Leagues from *Rome* came out twelve Horſemen upon them from a Caſtle, having miſtaken the Road. *Angelina* took the firſt Alarm, and ſtruck over the Fields full ſpeed into a Wood, *Pedro* Spurring after her to look to his Charge. When he had paſſed ſeveral bye Turnings, and reckon'd upon't that the Danger was over, he found himſelf coup'd up in the middle of his Enemies, where he was ſeized, diſmounted, ſtript, examined and condemned by the Thieves immediately to be hang'd up. But as they were juſt upon the Point of doing Execution, they heard an Out-cry of *Kill, Kill the Rogues, ſpare not a Man of them*, &c. And what ſhould this be but a Band of five and twenty new Thieves, robbing the former. While they were ſhifting every Man for himſelf upon the Purſuit, *Pedro* being left alone made bold with his own Horſe and Cloaths again, and when he was dreſt and mounted, away he went in queſt of *Angelina*, riding up and down backward and forward, and calling after her like a mad Man; being in Truth the moſt afflicted and inconſolable Perſon in Nature. One while he was afraid of the Wolves; another while of the Thieves; and whatever it was poſſible for her to ſuffer, he felt in himſelf. When he had ſpent the whole Day toiling and faſting in a fruitleſs hopeleſs ſearch, he betook himſelf at Night to a Tree for fear of the wild Beaſts; in ſhort, he ties his Horſe to the Body of it, and up he gets.

Angelina was wandring all this while from Place to Place, ſhe knew not where nor whither, and perfectly at her Wits ends for fear of *Pedro*. Toward

ward Night ſhe happen'd upon a Tract that brought her to the ſorry Habitation of a poor aged Couple, where ſhe enquired how far it was to *Alagna*, or what other Place near Hand where ſhe might lie that Night. The old Man told her, that *Alagna* was about a League off, and no other Lodging near enough for her to reach by Day-light; ſo that with the Leave of the Maſter and Dame of the Houſe, ſhe took up in that pitiful Cabin, with what Food and Quarter the Place afforded. But, Lady, ſays the old Man, theſe Woods are mightily infeſted with Troops of Robbers, and in caſe of any Thieves breaking in upon us, we are not able to protect you. As for that, ſays *Angelina*, I muſt ſtand the Hazard of it.

Toward Day comes a Gang of Ruffians up to the Place, and upon the firſt Noiſe of them away runs *Angelina* by a Back-door, and hides her ſelf in a Hay-mow. The Thieves preſs'd into the Paſſage, and ſeeing a Horſe ſaddled and bridled there, ask'd to whom he belong'd. The old Man told them he came running in there laſt Night, juſt as they found him, and that they knew nothing of his Maſter. Upon this they ſearch'd the Place, took what they had a mind to, and carry'd away the Horſe. One of them ſtriking his Launce into the Hay as he paſs'd, upon a Suſpicion of ſome Body hid there, came ſo near the Mark that it grazed upon her Left Pap.

When it was now fair Day, and the Coaſt clear, out comes *Angelina* from her Retreat. The poor Man and his Wife being overjoy'd to ſee her ſafe, they gave her an Account of what had happened, and the Thieves taking away her Horſe; but yet, if ſhe wou'd venture upon a Walk of ſome two Miles and a half on Foot, they would carry her to the Caſtle ſhe enquired for. *Angelina* moſt thankfully embraced the Offer, and by Seven or Eight that Morning

Morning they got thither. The Owner of the Caſtle was a Man of eminent Quality, and his Lady an excellent Woman, who, by great Providence, was at that time there. And *Angelina*, as it fell out, ſo well known to her, that it gave her a longing Curioſity for the Hiſtory of her Adventure, and as great a Tenderneſs both for her ſelf and *Pedro*, when ſhe had heard it.

Now to return to *Pedro* upon the Tree: He ſat long enough there to ſee, by the Benefit of the Moon-light, a matter of twenty Wolves tearing his Horſe to pieces, and himſelf abandoned to all the Diſtreſſes of Body and Mind, that ever came together to make any Man perfectly miſerable: But about Break of Day, as he was caſting within himſelf what Courſe to ſteer, he diſcovered a Fire at a diſtance, quitted his Tree, and went up to it: And there he found a jolly Company of Shepherds making merry about it.

They made him as welcome as his Heart cou'd wiſh, and when he was well warm'd and refreſh'd, they conducted him to the ſame Caſtle where *Angelina* was got before him.

The firſt Thing he did after his Arrival, was to take care for the finding out of his Miſtreſs; and no ſooner had he ſpoke the Word, but the Lady of the Caſtle delivered her in the ſame Inſtant into his Arms, to the unſpeakable Surprize and Comfort of them both: Neither did the Miſtreſs of the Houſe do them this good Office without a gentle Check for their Diſobedience to their Parents. But yet upon balancing Things, as their wonderful Deliverance, and the miraculous Concurrence of Circumſtances to bring them together, the Lady took upon her ſelf the Charge and Solemnity of their Nuptials, and to join with her Husband alſo in reconciling them to their Parents. All this was done effectually, and ſo they returned

returned with Honour to *Rome* together, where they liv'd many a happy Day after.

There goes a Story of a grave ſober Man, that had contracted Matrimony, and on the Wedding Night his Bride gave him the ſlip, and leapt away from him out of the Bed. The Bridegroom let her alone a while, and when ſhe had ſtay'd her ſelf cold, and weary, in Expectation to be call'd back again, I hold you a Wager, ſays ſhe, you ſhall not find me out now; that may very well be, ſays the Man, but I hold you two to one, I'll never put it to the Venture whether I can find you out or no.

There was a Prince, that upon a Character given him of a celebrated Beauty, invited himſelf to Dinner to her. She was a Woman highly eſteemed for her Prudence, over and above the Graces of her Perſon; and no leſs for her Illuſtrious Quality and Virtue. So that laying all Things together, as her Husband's not being at Home; the King's doing her the Honour of a Viſit at that Time; his going ſo far out of the Way for't, and her ſelf wholly unknown to him, ſhe cou'd not but beat her Brains to conſider what might be the Meaning of all this; and when ſhe had duly weighed all the Niceties of the Caſe, with a Regard to her Reputation, Duty and Reſpect, ſhe return'd an Acknowledgment ſuitable to the Dignity of the Occaſion, giving him likewiſe to underſtand in a moſt humble manner, how ſenſible ſhe was of his Majeſty's Grace and Favour.

The King came according to his Appointment the next Morning, and found every Thing prepared for his Reception to the higheſt degree of Magnificence: But the Lady her ſelf ſtill more glorious and ſurpriſing. While they were at Dinner, the King and the Lady of the Houſe at one Table, and their Train at another; his Majeſty

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was highly delighted with the Variety and Order of the Services, and, in ſhort, with the Conduct of the whole Entertainment; which was carry'd on with ſo free a Heart, and ſo great a good Will, as to ſpare no Trouble or Expence that might ſerve for an Ornament to the Treat: Now this was in a Place where there was ſo wonderful choice and plenty of Fiſh and Fowl, and of all other Table Curioſities and Proviſions, that the King cou'd not but take Notice with ſome Admiration, that the whole Meal was nothing but Hen upon Hen, ſeveral ways dreſs'd and diſguis'd. This abundant Variety notwithſtanding, the King fancy'd to himſelf ſome ſecret Meaning in it, and ſo put it pleaſantly enough to the Lady. Madam, ſays he, does not this Country breed Cocks as well as Hens? Yes, Sir, ſays the Lady, but our Hens do not keep Company with ſtrange Cocks when their own are away. The King took this Anſwer by the right Handle, and apply'd the Emblem of it to his own Caſe, being no leſs ſatisfied with the Addreſs and Prudence of the Lady, than he was with her Beauty.

SECT. XXII.

Of the MAN *of* HONOUR.

WHen you come upon the Stage of Action, as it's your Duty, ſo it will be your Glory to deal juſtly with all Perſons.

Clear and round Dealing is the Honour of Man's Nature; hate nothing but what is diſhoneſt; fear nothing but what is ignoble; and love nothing but what is juſt and honourable.

To ſtoop to any ſordid low Action, is to imitate the Kite, which flyeth high in the Air, yet vouch-

vouchſafes to condeſcend to Carrion upon th Ground.

Do Injury to none, for by ſo doing, you d but teach others to injure you.

Innocency will be your beſt Guard, and you Integrity will be a Coat of Mail unto you.

A good Conſcience breeds great Reſolution and an innocent Soul is impregnable.

It's leſs difficult, and more ſafe, to keep th Way of Honeſty and Juſtice, than to turn awa from it; yet commonly our Paſſions lead us int bye Paths.

And be aſſured, he that in any one Affair re linquiſheth Honeſty, baniſheth all Shame in ſuc ceeding Actions; and certainly no Vice coveret a Man with ſo much Shame, as to be found falſ and unjuſt, and be aſſured the Vengeance of God rewards all unjuſt Actions with ſlow, but ſure Payment and full Intereſt.

Whatſoever I act, I endeavour to do it, as i it were my laſt Act; and therefore I do it with Care and Integrity: I think on no longer Life than that which is now preſent; I forget all that is paſt, and for the future (with an humble Submiſſion) I refer my ſelf to Providence; what others ſhall ſay or think of me, or ſhall act againſt me, I do not ſo much as trouble my Thoughts with it. I fear nothing, I deſire nothing, I admire nothing; yet I do even reverence my ſelf, when I have done a juſt and virtuous Action; but to enrich my ſelf by any ſordid Means, I dare not; for in ſo doing, I diſtruſt Providence, and become an Atheiſt.

I have in my own Nature ſuch an Abhorrence of any thing that is vicious, that if neither God knew when I do Ill, nor Man would puniſh it, I would not yet commit it.

I many Times wiſh that Nature had placed a Chriſtal Caſement in my Breaſt, that every one with whom I have to do, might ſee the Sincerity and Candor that is in the Cabinet of my Heart.

Keep touch in ſmall Matters, not to deceive in greater, but the better to diſpoſe your ſelf to perform Things of Weight and Moment: A Promiſe is a juſt Debt, which you muſt take care to pay, for Honour and Honeſty are the Security.

Think an Hour before you ſpeak, and a Day before you promiſe: Haſty Promiſes are commonly followed with ſpeedy Repentance.

Generoſity and Virtue made the old *Romans* build a Temple to Fidelity.

Breaking your Faith may gain you Riches, but never gets you Glory.

He that breaks his Promiſe, forfeits his Faith (which was the Security) and ſo is become an Infidel unto him to whom he promiſed.

It was well ſaid by *Monſieur d'Gorgius*, a *French* Captain, who having burnt many of the Churches of the *Spaniards* in *Florida*, and being asked why he did ſo, told them, *That they which had no Faith, needed no Churches.*

To deceive one who is not obliged to believe you, is ill; but to cheat one whom your fair Pretences have induced to believe you, is much worſe; for this is to murder one that you have perſwaded to lay aſide his Arms.

Upon a Time there was a Cat fallen into a Fat of Wort, and was almoſt drowned; the Cat cried out for help; the Rats hearing the Cry, came and ſaw her Misfortune; the Cat deſired them in all love to help her out, and ſuch a Day ſhe would give them a great Reward, which they did: The Day being come, the Rats made their Application to the Cat for their Reward; the Cat ſaid ſhe made no ſuch Promiſe; they proved the Promiſe exactly; *Well*, ſaid the Cat, *I do not remember any*

ſuch

ſuch Promiſe; but if I did make any ſuch Promiſe I was then in Drink: And was highly diſpleaſed with the Rats, and inſtead of rewarding them ſhe fell upon them, and killed ſeveral of them. I ſhall leave the moral Application to you.

A Man's Word, and the Effect of it, ought to be as inſeparable as Fire and Heat; this the Ancients decyphered to us, when they painted a Tongue bound faſt to the Heart.

It's known now a-days what it is to keep one's Word; if any do, they paſs for old faſhioned People.

Great Men make Promiſes, and mean Men keep them.

Pollicitis dives quilibet eſſe poteſt.

Each Man's a Crœſus, *Promiſes hath ſtore,*
But in Performance, who's not Irus, *poor.*

Eucratidas the Son of *Anexandridas*, when one asked him why the *Ephori*'s of *Sparta* ſat every Day to determine Cauſes about Contracts? replied, *That we might learn to keep our Word even with our Enemies.*

Look upon Faith and Honeſty as the moſt ſacred Good of Mankind, not to be forced by Neceſſity, or corrupted by Reward.

It's the Glory of a brave Man to be ſuch, that if Fidelity was loſt in the World, it might be found in his Breaſt.

Have ſo much of a generous Soul in you, as not to deſert that which is juſt, but to own it.

Where are thoſe noble Reſolutions of our Forefathers? Where is the *Roman* Gallantry, which obliged *M. Regulus* to return to be a Martyr for Virtue, rather than ſtain the *Roman* Faith?

Faith is the Foundation of Juſtice, and Juſtice the Stay of a State.

A juſt

A juſt Man ſhould account nothing more precious than his Word, nothing more venerable than his Faith, nothing more ſacred than his Promiſe.

King *Francis* the Firſt ſaid, *That if Faith were baniſhed out of the World, it ſhould be found in his Word.*

The greateſt and beſt of Kings have ever been exact in the Performance of their Promiſes.

When there was a Reward promiſed by *Auguſtus* the Emperor, to any that ſhould bring in *Croton*, a notorious Robber and Banditee, or his Head, *Croton* preſented himſelf; *Auguſtus* commanded that Sum to be given him, which he had promiſed to be given to the Perſon that ſhould bring in *Croton*, or his Head.

The *Florentine* tells us, that a Prince of his time never talked but of Peace and Faith; and if he had kept either of them, he had loſt his Reputation and Credit.

But certainly nothing doth add more Splendor to a Prince, than to keep his Faith, and to act by the juſt Principles of Wiſdom; for all things multiply to humour a Prince that hath gotten Reputation for his Faith and Wiſdom.

It goes a great Way towards the making of a Man faithful, to let him underſtand that you think him ſo; and he that does but as much as ſuſpect that I will deceive him, gives me a kind of Right to cozen him.

There is nothing eaſier than to deceive a good Man; he that never lies, eaſily believes, and he that never deceives, confides much; to be deceived is not always a Sign of Weakneſs, for Goodneſs ſometimes is the Cauſe of it: Have a care not to be ſo good a Man, that others may take occaſion from it of being bad; Let the Cunning of the Serpent go along with the Innocency of the Dove.

A brave

A brave well-bred Horſe, but lame of a Leg paſt all Recovery, had the hard Fortune to fall into the Hands of a coarſe ill-natur'd Groom. As he was now upon the way to the Place of Execution, he had the hap, in his Paſſage, to meet with a *Spaniſh* Horſe that had been an old Acquaintance of his in the Army: The *Spaniard* obſerving that his Friend was a little out of Humour, took an Occaſion to ask him how 'twas with him. Well, ſays t'other, You know as much as I can tell you, how true a Servant I was to my Maſter; ſo I ſhall now acquaint you, that a matter of two Months ago, I had the ill Luck to break my Leg upon a Leap in the purſuit of a Stag, where I was ſo tir'd out, that I had not Strength enough to go through with it. I ſhall tell you farther, that I am now going to receive my Reward for all the good Offices I have done that Maſter of mine. This Groom here has begg'd my Skin, and is now carrying me to the Lay-ſtall to clear his Hands of my Carcaſs.

Well, ſays the *Spaniard*, how happy am I in the Service of ſo much a better Maſter! for I am as impotent as you; but my Patron is ſo generous as to take care ſtill, not only of my Body, but of my Reputation too. He feeds me, commends me, carries me abroad with him, and rewards me in my Age for the Services of my Youth. The barbarous Groom had no Patience to hear one Word more, but hurry'd away the miſerable Jade with Blows and Outrages, beat out his Brains, and turn'd his Skin over his Ears.

A Peacock, that wanted for no good Opinion of his own Parts, had a great mind to ſhew himſelf to the World, if he could but meet with a Fellow-traveller to his liking: He might have had the Eagle along with him, but it would not

do

do well he thought for a Subject to walk Cheek by Joll with a Prince. There was a Nightingale and a Gold-finch that he fancied would have been pretty Company, but he found their Size too little for him: The Parrots were too much upon the Twittle Twattle; the Eſtrich too heavy and unwieldy; the Goſhawk too ſour and moroſe; and the Vulture, a Bird that was never made for Converſation. The Peacock was now advanced upon the Ramble as far as the Borders of *Ægypt*, and ſo unſatisfied with his Adventure, that he was juſt upon the Point of turning back again; but in this very nick of Time, it was his Fortune to caſt his Eye upon a large Bird by the ſide of a River, the Bird ſomewhat reſembling a Stork, only the Plume black; the Name of it *Ibis*, and the Motion ſo Majeſtical, that the Peacock was wonderfully taken with it, as the *Ibis* no leſs with the Beauty and good Graces of the Peacock. Upon this Interview they exchanged two Hours of the kindeſt Diſcourſe that could be imagin'd; inſomuch, that there was a League ſtruck up betwixt them, as the Peacock underſtood it, of an everlaſting Friendſhip. Upon the cloſe of this Communication, the *Ibis* all on a ſudden plunged his long Neck into the Water, and with his own Beak gave himſelf a Cliſter; the Peacock took Wing immediately and flew, in deteſtation of ſo naſty a piece of Villainy, eſpecially under ſo plauſible an Appearance.

SECT. XXIII.

Of the MAN *of* BUSINESS.

IN Buſineſs be active and induſtrious; for many Men of large Abilities, relying wholly upon their Wit, and neglecting the uſe of ordinary Means, ſuffer others leſs able, but more active and induſtrious, to go beyond them.

Diligence alone is a fair Fortune, and Induſtry a good Eſtate: Idleneſs doth waſte a Man as inſenſibly as Induſtry doth improve him; you may be a younger Brother for your Fortune, but your Induſtry will make you an Heir.

Chi ha arte, ha parte, chi non corre non ha il pallio.

Æſop's Fiſher could catch no Fiſh by his playing upon the Flute; but was neceſſitated to preſerve his Being, to caſt his Nets and Tackling into the River.

And you may obſerve, that in Heaven the moving Planets are of much greater Conſideration than thoſe that are fixed, and do not ſtir at all.

I cannot commend the Honour of the *Neapolitan* Gentry, who ſtand ſo on the Punctilio's of their Honour, that they prefer Robbery before Induſtry.

Action is Noble; and not only the Celeſtial Bodies are in continual Motion, but he that is moſt high is *puriſſimus actus*; for beſides the Contemplation of his own Goodneſs, he is ever at work in Acts of Providence and Government of his Creatures.

There is nothing in the Univerſe ſtands ſtill; though the Earth moves not ſpherically (as *Copernicus* fancied) yet there is a continual *Motus*

in that too, in her Productions; the idle Man is only a *Mare mortuum.*

I would not have you like the Lillies of the Field, *quæ neque laborant, neque nent.*

I am much pleaſed with his Device, who placed for his Impreſe a pair of Compaſſes with this Motto, *Conſtantiâ & Labore*, the one Foot being fixed, the other in Motion.

Before you act, it's Prudence ſoberly to conſider, for after Action you cannot recede without Diſhonour: Take the Advice of ſome prudent Friend, for he who will be his own Counſellor, ſhall be ſure to have a Fool for his Client.

And that you may act with Glory, I wiſh you four great Virtues which make a Man. 1. A clear Innocence. 2. A comprehenſive Knowledge. 3. A well weighed Experience. 4. The Product of all thoſe, a ſteady Reſolution.

Reſolutions are the Moulds wherein Actions are caſt; if they be taken with over-much Haſte, or too much Affection, they ſeldom ſucceed.

When you have fully reſolved what Courſe to take in any Action, you muſt not after repent, or fear any Difficulty, for ſuch Things will leſſen the Gallantry of your Mind: And altho' ſome Difficulties do happen to ariſe, yet you muſt believe that every other Courſe would have been accompanied with the ſame or greater Impediments, yet many times it's more Prudence to follow the Direction of a preſent good Fortune, than the firſt Reſolutions.

A ſanguine Complexion with its Reſolutions, do well in purſuit of Succeſs; Flegm and its Patience, do better in a retreat from Miſcariages.

In the Conduct of Affairs you may ſhew a brave Spirit in going in; but your Wiſdom will moſt appear in ſecuring your Retreat, and how to come

off; for there is ſuch Uncertainty in all human Affairs, that that Courſe to me ſeemeth beſt, which hath moſt Paſſages out of it.

Therefore it was well obſerved by one, that the *Turks* being to make an Expedition in *Perſia*, and becauſe of the ſtreight Jaws of the Mountains of *Armenia*, the Baſha's conſulted which way they ſhould get in; one that heard the Debate, ſaid, *Here is much ado how we ſhall get in, but I hear no Body take care how we ſhall get out.*

However, let me adviſe you to make the publick Good, as well as your own private Advantage, the Object of all your Undertakings; for by providing for your own particular, you may wrong the Publick; but by effecting good for the Publick, you muſt do good for your ſelf.

If Succeſs of Buſineſs doth not at firſt anſwer your Expectation, let no Fumes of Melancholy poſſeſs you; uſe other Expedients and Addreſſes; for he that conſtantly makes Head againſt the Aſſaults of Fortune, ſhall be ſure to be victorious and attain his Ends. You muſt not give up the Game, becauſe the Cards prove croſs.

Every thing hath two Handles; if one prove hot, and not to be touched, you may take the other that is more temperate.

Howſoever, in doing Buſineſs, apply your Thoughts and Mind ſeriouſly to it; but be not too eager, nor paſſionately engage in it, nor promiſe your ſelf Succeſs; by this Means you will have your Underſtanding clear, and not be diſturbed if you miſcarry, which you muſt make account will often happen to you.

When a Buſineſs may turn to Diſadvantage, it will be your Wiſdom to temporize and delay and get what Time you can by deferring; becauſe Time may occaſion ſome Accident which may remove the Danger.

But if it be for your Advantage, Delays are dangerous, and you muſt act with Secrecy and Celerity, which are the two Wheels upon which all great Actions move.

The nobleſt Deſigns are like a Mine; if diſcovered, they are loſt.

And to ſpend that Time at gaze upon Buſineſs, which might ſerve for a ſpeedy Diſpatch of it, would be to imitate that Muſician who ſpent ſo much Time in the Tuning his Inſtrument, that he had none left to exerciſe his Muſick.

If the Matter you undertake be doubtful, when you have done your beſt, you cannot yet warrant the Succeſs. Remember the *Italian* makes it part of the Character of an *Engliſh* Man, when he is to undertake any thing preſently, he ſaith, *I'll warrant you*; but when he miſſeth of his Undertaking, he ſaith, *Who would have thought it?*

However, uſe Circumſpection in all your Actions; for he who intendeth what he doth, is moſt likely to do what he intends; it's the only ruin of Fools, they never conſider; half doing in any thing is worſe than no doing; and a middle Courſe, in Caſes of Extremity, of all is the worſt.

As there is no Buſineſs ſo ſecure but hath ſome Flaws in it; ſo there is ſcarcely any ſo deſperate, but hath ſome Opportunity of Recovery.

It was excellent Advice of *Tiberius Cæſar*, *Non omittere caput rerum, neq; te in caſum dare:* Follow ſafe Courſes by Reaſon, rather than happy by Chance.

Yet ſome Things muſt be ventured, and many Things which exceed the Prudence of Man, are often by Fortune diſpoſed to the beſt.

Certain it is, that he who will commit nothing to Fortune, nor undertake any Enterprize, whoſe Event appeareth not infallible, may eſcape many

Dangers by his wary Conduct; but will fail of as many Succeſſes by his unactive Fearfulneſs.

All that a wiſe Man therefore can do, is to attempt with Prudence, purſue with Hope, and ſupport intervening Accidents with Patience.

It will be great Prudence in you, rightly to take hold on Opportunities; for Opportunity admits of no after-game; and to thoſe which have loſt their firſt Hopes, any thing that is future ſeems beſt.

In management of Affairs ſtand not upon Niceties and Punctilio's of Honour, but by fair Compliance gain your Ends: Heat and Precipitation are ever fatal to all Buſineſs; a ſober Patience, and a wiſe Condeſcenſion, do many times effect that which Raſhneſs and Choler will undo.

If you are to negotiate a Matter with any Perſons, obſerve their Temper, and (as far as Prudence and Diſcretion will give leave) comply with their Humour; ſuffer them to ſpeak their Pleaſure freely, rather than interrupt them; provoke them to ſpeak; for they will, out of Ignorance, or Inexperience, let fall ſomething which may be for your Advantage.

Give fair Words, and make large Promiſes, for they are the moſt powerful Engines to work your Ends.

Converſe with all Men as Chriſtians; but if you have to do with any Stranger, look upon him as one that may be unjuſt (it's ſevere, but it will be your own Safety) if he proves otherwiſe, he doth but fail your Expectation; for believe me (and I have found it to my Coſt) nothing will undo you more than to rely too much upon the Honeſty of other Men.

And, if poſſible, order your Affairs ſo, that he with whom you are to deal, perform firſt; when that

that is done, if you be deceived, you may thank your ſelf.

If at any Time you ſhall be overmuch preſſed to do any thing haſtily, be careful; Fraud and Deceit are always in haſte; Diffidence is the right Eye of Prudence, *Cavendo tutus.*

Remember *Epicharmus* his *Memento diffidere.*

There is no better Antidote againſt Deceit than Caution.

Where there is too great a Facility of believing, there is alſo a Willingneſs to be deceived: And though Belief carries with it a Colour of Innocency, yet Diſtruſt ſtill carries Strength and Safety; the greateſt Advantage of Deceit is other Mens in Imperfections; and Men are rarely deceived by others, except they have firſt deceived themſelves by truſting: To keep People in hope, is Prudence, but to truſt them is Indiſcretion; yet I would have you ſo to behave your ſelf to him with whom you have to do, as not to ſeem to diſtruſt, for that paſſes from Incivility to an Offence, and makes him to be your Enemy.

In all great Actions take many (if you think fitting) to your Aſſiſtance, but few to your Truſt: And if you truſt any, be ſure you truſt your ſelf moſt.

If you be to go abroad, if the Weather be fair and ſerene, carry your Cloak with you; but if it rains, you may leave it behind, if you pleaſe.

Never ſuffer any rub to lie in the Way, which may hinder the true running of your Bowl.

When you have a preſent Good in proſpect, which may turn to Advantage, decline it not by the Importunity of others; if you do, you will make work for Repentance. Let the Buſineſs of the World be your Circumference, but your ſelf the Centre.

If you meet with a Perſon that is more complacent or officious unto you than uſual, have a care; for he hath ſome Deſign upon you, and he either hath, or doth intend to deceive you.

A fairer Look than ordinary towards the *Spaniard* puts him into a preſent Suſpicion of his own Safety: The *Italian* thinks himſelf upon the Point to be bought and ſold, when he is better uſed than he was wont to be, without manifeſt Cauſe.

Never put your ſelf into the Power of any Perſon how he will deal with you: If you come to depend upon the Charity of others, you are undone; therefore always ſtand upon your Guard.

When you engage in any great Concern, let it be with your Equals, not with them that are much ſuperior to you; if you do, they will have the Honour and Profit, and you the Toil, and muſt be content with what they will give you.

At a Time a Lion invited a Cow, a Goat, and a Sheep to hunt with him; promiſing them, that what Game was taken, ſhould be equally divided between them; they went out, ran down a Hart, and quartered it; each of the Companions ſtood eagerly expecting to receive his ſhare, which put the Lion into rage; *I*, ſaid he with a terrible Voice, *take the firſt Part as your King, the ſecond I claim as being ſtrongeſt, the third is my due as a ſmall Reward of all my Pains and Trouble; and he that ſhall preſume to refuſe me the fourth Share, I here declare him my Enemy.* His Companions hearing this, without daring to murmur, went hungry away.

It will be Wiſdom in you, to take Advantage of the Over-ſight of other Men; for the Follies of one Man is the Fortune of another; and no Man

Man proſpers ſo ſuddenly, as by the Errors of others; you may make your Fortune as you pleaſe, if you rightly manage Opportunities: Fortune is nothing but an attentive Obſervation of the Revolution of Affairs, and the Occaſions reſulting from them.

Keep an exact Diary of all your Actions, and of the moſt memorable Paſſages you hear or meet with.

And if in the Conduct of your Affairs, you have been deceived by others, or have committed any Error your ſelf, it will be Diſcretion in you to obſerve and note the ſame, and the Defailance, with the Means or Expedients to repair it; this will make you more prudent and wary for the future.

For let me tell you, no Man is truly wiſe, but he who hath been deceived; and your own Errors will teach you more Prudence than the grave Precepts or Examples of others.

At a time there was a great Conteſt between Folly and Prudence, which ſhould have the Precedence; the Difference grew ſo high, that they agreed to refer it to *Jupiter*; who hearing what could be ſaid on both Sides, at laſt gave his Judgment, *That Folly ſhould go before, and Prudence follow after.*

Let all your Obſervations and Remarks be committed to Writing every Night before you ſleep, and ſo in a ſhort time you will have a Dictionary of Prudence and Experience of your own making.

For wiſe Men now begin not to be content to inhabit the World only, but to underſtand it too.

SECT. XXIV.

Of COUNCIL *and* COUNSELLORS.

IT is eaſier to give Counſel, than to take it; wiſe Men think they do not need it, and Fools will not take it.

It's no diminution of Grandeur, no Character of Inſufficiency to take Counſel; the Dignity of the greateſt Perſon is rather advanced than diminiſhed, when they ſit in the Chair of Council.

The Counſels of a wiſe Man are the Voice of an Oracle, which foreſees Things to come, and guides the Deſigns of Poſterity.

It's Wiſdom for great Perſons to adviſe with others what they ſhould do; but it's not neceſſary to declare to them what they will do; let them take the Advice of a wiſe Man, but let the Determination come from themſelves.

Thoſe Perſons are not fit to adviſe others, that have not firſt given good Counſels to themſelves.

The Truſt of giving Counſel, is the greateſt Truſt; therefore Counſellors are obliged to all Faithfulneſs and Integrity, and they ought rather to be skilled in their Maſter's Buſineſs, than in his Humour and Inclination.

Auguſtus lamented for *Varus* his Death, *Becauſe*, ſaid he, *I have none in my Country to tell me Truth.*

What wants a Sovereign? (ſays a flattering Courtier) Truth, ſaid a ſerious King.

Heliogabalus required the Advice of a Counſellor, who gave him that Advice which did not pleaſe him: *How dareſt thou be ſo plain?* ſaid *Heliogabalus*; *Becauſe I dare die*, ſaid the Counſellor;

ellor; *I can but die if I am faithful, and I must die though I flatter.*

He that gives a Prince Counſel to feed his Humour and Deſires, ſets Intereſt, which cannot err by Paſſion, which may.

A wiſe Counſellor muſt take Notice of the *Minima*'s of Affairs, and as they are apparelled with their Circumſtances, this will be the beſt *Cynoſura* to direct his Counſels; for *Optima cujuſque rei Natura in portionibus ejus minimis obſervatur*; and many times great Matters do hang upon ſmall Wiers.

Never ſet your Heart upon adviſing a Prince in a doubtful Enterprize which concerns his State; if it proſper, the Glory muſt be his; if it fail, the Diſhonour will be yours.

It hath paſſed antiently for a Maxim of Wiſdom, *Conſilia Senum, Haſtæ Juvenum*; old Men for Counſel, and young Men for Execution: But I think Men in the Meridian of their Years, are fitter for Counſel or Action than old Men; for Men of Age object too much, conſult too long, adventure too little, and repent too ſoon.

The Republick of *Venice* ſuffers not any Eccleſiaſticks to ſit in their Council, becauſe of their dependance on the Pope; but before any Suffrage paſs in Council, the common Cry is, *Fuora I Petri, Out Presbyters.*

The true Expoſition of a Counſellor, is rather to be well ſtudied in his Maſter's Buſineſs than his Nature; for then he is like to adviſe him, not flatter him.

Solon being ſent for by *Crœſus*, who adviſed and counſelled him wiſely, but was diſmiſſed with Diſreſpect: *Æſop* was much grieved to ſee him ſo unthankfully diſmiſſed, ſaid to him, *We muſt either tell Kings nothing at all, or what is beſt for them.*

Every one is more ready with pleaſant Conceits to delight a Prince, than with profitable Counſel to ſerve him: Smooth and pleaſing Speeches and ſmall Endeavours, always find Favour; but to adviſe a Prince that which is juſt and convenient, is a Point of ſome Pains, and many Times a thankleſs Office.

Thoſe who adviſe Princes, ought to ſpeak as if they put them in mind of ſomewhat they had forgot, not as teaching them what they know not.

It's great Prudence in Matters of debate, to ſpeak laſt, and be Maſters of others Strength, before you diſcover your own.

If a Prince had ſeveral Kingdoms under him, it's Wiſdom to admit every Kingdom into his Council; by that Means the ſeveral Nations will reſt the better ſatisfied, and each Nation will rival and contend to excel the other in Smartneſs of Wit, and Depth of Deſign.

When a Prince hath any great Enterprize in deſign, it's ſafeſt at firſt to propound the ſame to his Counſellors ſeparately, and in private, ordering them to ſet down their Opinions in Writing, with their Reaſons, and not to communicate the ſame to others: In private they will be more free and bold; whereas ſome great Perſon or Favourite in Council, having once declared his Conceits, carries the reſt after him, without any Contradiction; ſo as the beſt Opinions are either concealed, or not ſo well debated: If the Prince meet with any Obſtruction in his Enterprize, let him order thoſe who have delivered their Opinions, to debate and defend the ſame in publick (which in Honour they ought to do) freely, without Paſſion or Reſpect to any others; by this means Matters will be well debated and diſcuſſed.

Thoſe

Thoſe are the beſt Counſels, and chiefly to be embraced, that have the greateſt Facility and Security in them, and ſuch as are well grounded, and upon mature Deliberation reſolved upon, and as little ſubject as may be to the Power of Fortune: All deſperate Counſels are dangerous, and are commonly attended by Deſpair and Infelicity.

Nothing is more fatal to great Undertakings, than raſh and precipitate Counſels. Haſte and Raſhneſs are like Storms and Tempeſts which wrack Buſineſs; but Expedition, like a fair Wind, bringeth it into the Haven.

The Chariot of Wiſdom is drawn by Remora's, and it's Council-Table is made of a Tortoiſeſhell.

King *Demetrius* being asked by *Proclus*, one of the Captains, why he would not give Battel to *Ptolemy*, ſeeing his Strength and Number of Men was much Superior? anſwered, *That a Thing once done, can never be undone; and before a Man attempts a difficult Enterprize, it's neceſſary long Time to conſider and debate.*

Sertorius was highly commended by *Plutarch*, becauſe he was ſlow in Council, grave in his Undertakings, and quick in his Executions.

Great Deſigns muſt be filed and followed; *In Nocte Conſilium*; the Pillow is a ſilent Sybil, from whence you may receive Oracles of Wiſdom.

To ſleep upon a Thing that is to be done, is better than to be awaked by a Thing already done.

Ageſilaus, that wiſe Captain of the *Lacedæmonians*, being much preſſed to give his Anſwer to the *Theban* Ambaſſadors, ſaid, *An neſcitis quod ad utilia deliberandum mora eſt tutiſſima*? Sudden Reſolutions are always dangerous, and no leſs Peril enſueth of ſlow and doubtful Delays.

Cuncta-

Cunctatio ſervilis, ſtatim exequi Regium eſt.

Thoſe are preſumed to be the beſt Counſels which come from them that adviſe againſt their own Intereſt.

The *Athenians* having been Victors in the *Peloponneſian* War, and conquered almoſt all *Greece*, had a Purpoſe to have conquered *Sicily*, which Deſign was diſputed in the Senate of the *Athenians*: *Nicias*, who was one of the Chief in *Athens*, diſſuaded it; and his Reaſon was, becauſe he perſuaded them to that which was not for his Advantage; for while *Athens* was in Peace, he knew there were many which would go before him, but in time of War, he was ſure none could come near him.

A ſober and wiſe Counſellor ought to look thro' the preſent to the futute, and well to conſider the Conſequence of Things, and what Evils may happen out: The State of *Venice*, when they conſult of a Buſineſs to Day, they conſider what may fall out forty Years after.

He muſt not be *Phrygian*-like, who aſſembled their Council after the Miſchief was happened, to conſult how they might have prevented it.

Boldneſs in Council is ill, becauſe it's blind, it ſees not Dangers and Inconveniencies; but good in Execution: For in Council it's good to ſee Dangers; in Execution not to ſee them except they be very great.

In Matters of Counſel, the good and prudent Part, is to take Things as they are (ſince the paſt cannot be recalled) to propoſe Remedies for the preſent Evils, and Proviſions againſt future Events.

A prudent Counſellor conſults with both Times, of the antient Time what is beſt, of the preſent what is fitteſt.

Pericles

Pericles was wont to ſay, that Time was the wiſeſt Counſellor.

It may be the Felicity of a private Man, now and then to meet with a ſober Perſon to adviſe him (and it's his Prudence to acquieſce in his Counſel) but not of great Men, for they love them that flatter and feed their Humour moſt, not thoſe that ſerve their Intereſt beſt.

When *Xerxes* marched with a prodigious Army againſt *Greece*, he asked his Counſellors, what they thought of his Affairs? One told him, they would never come to Battel; another, that he would only find empty Cities and Countries, for they would not ſo much as ſtand the Fame of his coming; only *Damaratus* adviſed him not to depend too much on his great Numbers, for he would find them rather a Burthen to him than an Advantage, and that three hundred Men in the Streights of the Mountains would be ſufficient to give a Check to his great Army; and that ſuch an Accident would undoubtedly turn his vaſt Numbers to his Confuſion: It fell out afterwards as he foretold. A miſerable Prince, that amongſt ſo many thouſand Subjects, had but one Servant to tell him truth!

That excellent King *Alphonſus* was wont to ſay, *That his dead Counſellors*, meaning his Books, *were to him far better than the living; for they, without Flattery, Fear, or Baſhfulneſs, preſented to him Truth without Diſguiſe.*

Howſoever it's not ſafe for any Prince to change his ſecret Council, eſpecially thoſe made privy to any of his laſt Reſults; for ſuch reſemble Keys that are loſt or diſplaced, no farther Security remains, but to change the Lock.

Counſellors of Princes ought to give ſuch Counſel as may comport with the Dignity and Honour of their Maſter, and not that which ſuits

ſuits with the Model of their own Mind and Fortune.

Parmenio hearing what great Offers *Darius* made to *Alexander*, which he rejected, *Parmenio* ſaid, *Surely were I as* Alexander, *I would accept of theſe Offers:* Said *Alexander*, *So would I, were I as* Parmenio.

After any Matter is propounded and well debated in Council, many Times nothing can be more pernicious than not to come to a ſpeedy Reſolution.

The *Lavinians* being ſought to by the *Latins* for Aid againſt the *Romans*, put off the Reſolution of it ſo long, that when they were juſt marching out of the Town to give Succours to them, News came that the *Latins* were defeated; whereupon the *Prætor Melonius* ſaid, *We ſhall pay dear to the* Romans *for this little Way we have gone; for if at firſt they had reſolved either to help or not to help the* Latins; *not helping, they had not given Offence to the* Romans; *but helping them, had their Aid come in time, with the Addition of their Forces, they might have gained them the Victory.*

As nothing is more becoming a ſober Counſellor than to adviſe his Prince juſtly; ſo nothing tends more to the Glory of the greateſt Prince, than to take good Counſel and purſue it.

The firſt Part of Wiſdom conſiſts in Ability to give good Counſel; the next is to take it.

Hence it was that the *Egyptians* adopted *Dicdorus* to be their King; for he was ſo cunning in giving and taking Counſel, and in changing it with dexterity, when Opportunity ſerved, that it's ſaid, *He could turn himſelf into any Figure or Shape.*

Hannibal the *Carthaginian* being in Exile, adviſed King *Antiochus*, upon an advantageous Occaſion offer'd, to give the *Romans*, his Enemies,

Battel.

Battel. *Antiochus*, when he had ſacrificed, told him, *The Entrails forbad it. Hannibal* ſharply rebuked him thus, *Sir, You are for the doing what the Fleſh of a Beaſt, not what the Reaſon of a wiſe Man adviſeth.*

It's not ſo fatal to the Commonwealth, to have an evil Prince, and a good Council, as it is to have a good Prince miſled by evil Counſellors.

Nothing doth ſuit ſo ill with the Wiſdom of a Prince, as to hearken (as ſome Princes do) to Counſels given by one of his own Temper.

Let a wiſe Counſellor adviſe nothing but what is practicable; every Project that thwarts Prudence, is a kind of Folly and Quacking, which in Matters of Politicks, is the Ruin of States; tho' at firſt it may ſeem plauſible, it's but a neat Deluſion, and will afterwards loſe it's Vogue, when the Vanity thereof ſhall be known in Practice.

When one propounded in the Senate of *Sparta*, to free *Greece*, *Well contrived indeed*, ſaid *Agis* (the Son of *Archydamus*) *but hard to be brought about*; he ſaid, *Friend, thy Words want an Army and Treaſure.*

Such Counſels as are over-ſubtile and nice, are not much to be regarded, becauſe they are ſeldom brought to a good Iſſue: Hence it is that the *Venetians*, altho' they are not ſo ingenious a People as the *Florentines*, yet are they for the moſt part more happy in their Conſultations than they are; and the *Lacedemonians* were in this Particular more fortunate than the *Athenians.*

Counſels too finely ſpun, are eaſily broken; and a deep Contrivance agrees not with the Impatience of the Vulgar, to whom ſpeedy Undertakings ſeem always moſt heroick: And ſlow, yet ſure Practices, are interpreted by them as the Motions of falſe or baſe Spirits.

SECT.

SECT. XXV.

Of PRUDENCE *in Time of Danger.*

HE that in a wicked Age will endeavour to do that which ought to be done, or to ſtudy to be truly virtuous and juſt (which I wiſh you ever to be) will thereby hazard his Fortune and his Safety; and, believe me, more Men are undone for their Virtues, than for their Vices; and a good Man is more in Danger than a bad.

A *Plebean* moved in the Senate of *Athens* to have *Ariſtides* baniſhed; being asked what Diſpleaſure *Ariſtides* had done him? he replied, *none, neither do I know him, but it grieves me to hear every Body call him a juſt Man.*

Theodorus the Patriarch, was ſcoffed at by the *Grecian* Court, as an Antick, for uſing Goodneſs when it was out of Faſhion; and adjudged imprudent for being virtuous by himſelf.

In elder Story it paſſed for an Oracle of Prudence, *That Honeſty was the beſt Policy*; but in modern Practice you will find, *That Policy is the beſt Honeſty*: To deal juſtly, looks like a Piece of Knight Errantry, and a good Man is but *Apuleius* inverted.

Virtue and Integrity, when Men were good and innocent, were great Securities; but in a depraved State, they are but as Traps to enſnare thoſe who do profeſs them.

But if it ſhall be your Infelicity to live in bad Times (as I wiſh you the beſt) I hope you may be the better for them by an *Antiperiſtaſis*.

If the Times be perilous, you muſt, as a diſcreet Pilot, play with the Waves which may endanger you; and by giving way thereunto, avoid the Hazard: So the Tempeſt may ſhake, but not rend your Sails.

To

To paſs a dangerous Wood ſafely, it's ſometimes lawful to put on ſuch Skins as the Beaſts have, which haunt thoſe Woods.

He that acts a Beggar to prevent a Thief, is never the poorer.

Be not ſingular, but obſerve the Humour and Genius of the Times; for he that with the Camelion, cannot change Colour with the Air he lives in, muſt with the Camelion, be content to live only on the Air.

Be not of any Faction; a wiſe Man is always free.

In all Factions carry your ſelf with Moderation, and ſo you may make uſe of them all.

And herein *Pomponius Atticus* was ſo happy, that all Factions loved him, and ſtudied to do him Kindneſs, and in the midſt of them lived in Peace and Proſperity.

Factions in State never hold long their Ground; for if they be not ſuppreſſed by the Power of the State, they will be ruined by ſome Diſtempers riſing in their own Party.

But in popular Commotions, if you ſtand neutral, you will be ſure to run the Fortune of the Bat, to be picked by the Birds, and to be bitten by the Mice.

I am of that boon Courage, that I had rather be devoured by a Lion, than done to Death by Flies.

Neither can I ſuit my ſelf with thoſe Perſons who act for their Advantage; like the Bird, whereof *Leo Africus* makes mention, which when the King of the Birds demanded Tribute, would always rank himſelf amongſt the Fiſh; and when the King of the Fiſhes required his Service, would be always with the Birds.

If any ſingular Infelicity ſhall happen to fall upon you, the only Way is, not to ſit ſtill, but

to

to reſolve upon Action; for ſo long as nothing is done, the ſame Accidents which cauſed your Misfortune, do ſtill remain; but if you act ſomething, you may deliver your ſelf: However, you expreſs a brave Spirit that you durſt attempt it.

But that which is out of your Power, let it be out of your Care; you may, if you think fit, give your ſelf much Trouble, but leave God to govern the World as himſelf pleaſeth.

If you will live comfortably, let God alone with his Providence, and Men with their Rights.

A Lion that had been abroad upon an Adventure, and brought off a ſavoury Purchaſe along with him, ſpy'd a Sheep at a diſtance, quite out of Breath, and ſcouring away as hard as he could drive. The Lion cry'd out to him three or four Times to ſtop a little, but the poor Creature kept running on ſtill without ſo much as looking behind him; this gave the Lion a ſuſpicion, that there might be a Wolf in the Caſe, and ſo there was it ſeems, for prying narrowly through the Buſhes, he ſaw one preſſing eagerly after the Sheep upon the very Heel. The Lion croſs'd the Way upon the Wolf, and ask'd him careleſly enough, whither in ſuch haſte? I am looking out, ſays the Wolf, for my Supper. If that be all, ſays the Lion, you ſhall take a Bit with me to Night: The Wolf would gladly have been excus'd; but betwixt good Manners and good Diſcretion the Matter was compounded, and the Sheep ſav'd.

SECT.

SECT. XXVI.

Of the GROTTO, *or* RETIRED LIFE.

WHEN I retire into my little Grotto, in the midſt of a fine Wood, near a Criſtal Stream, there I find Happineſs and Content beyond an Imperial Crown: Here I obſerve the Lady *Flora* to cloath our Grand-dame Earth with a new Livery, diaper'd with pleaſant Flowers, and checquered with delightful Objects; there the pretty Songſters in the Spring, with their various Muſick, ſeem to welcome me as I paſs along; the Earth putteth forth her Prim-roſes and pretty Daiſes to behold me; the Air blows with gentle *Zephyrs* to refreſh me; here I find ſuch Pleaſure, with a *Guſto relevante*, that I could bid adieu to *Alcinous*, *Adonis*, and *Lucullus*'s Gardens, and would not envy the *Theſſalians* for their *Tempe*: If I were *Epicurus* (the Maſter of Pleaſures) I ſhould wiſh to be all Noſe to ſmell, or elſe all Eyes to delight my Sight.

Here is no ſlaviſh Attendance, no canvaſing for Places, no making of Parties, no Envy of any Man's Favour or Fortune, no Diſappointments in my Pretenſions to any thing, but a calm Enjoyment of the Bounties of Providence in company with a good Conſcience; here I can enjoy my ſelf in the greateſt Tranquillity and Repoſe, without Fear, Envy, or deſiring any thing.

If I lie under the Protection of Heaven, a poor Cottage for Retreat is more worth than the moſt magnificent Palace: Here I can enjoy the Riches of Content in the midſt of an honeſt Poverty; here undiſturbed Sleeps, and undiſſembled Joys do dwell; here I ſpend my Days without Cares, and

and my Nights without Groans; my Innocency is my Security and Protection.

Here are no Beds of State, no Garments of Pearl or Embroidery, no Materials for Luxury and Exceſs; the Heavens are my Canopy, and the Glories of them my Spectacle; the Motion of the Orbs, the Courſes of the Stars, and the wonderful Order of Providence are my Contemplation.

My Grotto is ſafe, though narrow; no Porter at the Door, nor any Buſineſs for Fortune, for ſhe hath nothing to do where ſhe hath nothing to look after.

Here I am delivered from the Tumults of the World, free from the Drudgery of Buſineſs, which make us troubleſome to others, and unquiet to our ſelves; for the End of one Appetite or Deſign, is the Beginning of another.

I value *Epicurus*'s λάθε βιώσας, *Live cloſely*, beyond a Diadem; and muſt ſay with *Crates*, that Men know not how much a Wallet, a Meaſure of *Lupines*, and Security of Mind is worth.

This is the Way to Heaven which Nature hath chalked out, and it's both ſecure and pleaſant; there needs no Train of Servants, no Pomp or Equipage to make good our Paſſage, no Money or Letters of Credit for Expences upon the Voyage; but the Graces of an honeſt Mind will ſecure us upon the Way, and make us happy at our Journey's End.

Similis, Captain of the Guard to *Adrian* the Emperor, having paſſed a moſt toilſome Life, retired himſelf, and lived privately in the Country for ſeven Years, acknowledging that he had lived only ſeven Years; and cauſed on his Monument to be engraven,

Hic

Hic jacet Similis, *cujus Ætas multorum Annorum fuit, ipſe Septem duntaxat Annos vixit.*

You perhaps have more Friends at Court than I have, a larger Train, a fairer Eſtate, and more illuſtrious Title; but what do I care to be outdone by Men in ſome Caſes, ſo long as Fortune is overcome by me in all.

Zeno hearing *Theophraſtus* commended above any of the Philoſophers for his Number of Scholars, *It's true*, ſaid *Zeno*, *his Choir is larger than mine, but mine hath the ſweeter Voices*; ſo others may have more Lordſhips, ample Poſſeſſions, and larger Territories; but I have the ſweeteſt Life, becauſe more retired.

Nothing comes amiſs to me, but all Things ſucceed to my very Wiſh: There is here no wrangling with Fortune, no being out of Humour for Accidents; whatſoever befals me, it's God's Pleaſure, and it's my Duty to bear it: In this State I feel no Want; I am abundantly pleaſed with what I have, and what I have not, I do not regard; ſo that every thing is great becauſe it's ſufficient.

O the Bleſſings of Privacy and Freedom! the Wiſh of the greateſt, but the Privilege only of mean ones: It was *Auguſtus*'s Prayer, *That he might live to retire, and deliver himſelf from publick Buſineſs.*

He that lives cloſe, lives quiet; he fears no body of whom no body is afraid; he that ſtands below upon the firm Ground, needs not fear falling.

What is all the Glory and Grandeur of the World, or the great Territories in it, to that Happineſs which I do now poſſeſs and enjoy? The whole Compaſs of the Earth to me ſeems but a Point, and

and yet Men will be dividing it into Kingdoms and Dominions.

King *Philip* receiving a Fall in a Place of wreſtling, when he turned himſelf in riſing, and ſaw the Print of his Body (in the Duſt) *Good God*, ſaid he, *what a ſmall Portion of Earth hath Nature aſſigned us, and yet we covet the whole World!*

Some are ſo covetous, that the Riches of *Potoſi* will not content them; whereas in a retired Life there is no Occaſion for Money, but only to look on it, and tell it over.

I am here at no Man's Command, but am a Servant to Reaſon; yet I enjoy that Privilege which *Diogenes* bragged of, when he ſaid, *Ariſtotle dines when it ſeems good to King* Philip, *but* Diogenes *when himſelf pleaſes.*

It is a ſtark Madneſs for a Man to think he ſhall be ſafe and quiet when he's great.

Many Liberties may be taken in a private Condition, that are dangerous in a publick.

I can walk alone where I pleaſe, without a Sword, without Fear, without Company; I can go and come, eat and drink, without being taken notice of.

The higher we are raiſed, the more eminent are our Errors and Infirmities; there is not a Day, not an Hour, that we can call our own; how can we expect Peace and Repoſe in a Station, when all that ever went before us, have encountered Hazards and Troubles, if not Death it ſelf? Conſider when you are exalted in the Orb of Glory, that every Man that admires and flatters you, envies you too in his Heart.

It's common to Men of the greateſt Eminency, that they periſhed by the Hands and Harms of thoſe they leaſt feared.

What

What with our open and ſecret Enemies, we are never ſecure; we are betrayed by our Friends, our Servants, or Relations; but theſe are the Infelicities and Meaſures of Courts, not of Cottages: Servitude is the Fate of Palaces; he that is Maſter of many, is the Servant yet of more.

Innocency hath no Reſidence at Court, where Ambition always wars againſt eminent Virtues.

Let any Man but obſerve the Tumults and the Crowds that attend Palaces, what Affronts muſt we endure to be admitted, and how much greater when we are in! The way to Happineſs and Tranquillity is fair, but the Paſſage to Greatneſs is craggy, and ſtands not only upon a Precipice, but upon Ice too, and tho' we our ſelves ſhould be at reſt, Fortune will not ſuffer us.

What are Crowns and Sceptres, but golden Fetters and ſplendid Miſeries, which if Men did but truly underſtand, there would be more Kingdoms than Kings to govern them: Look not upon the Splendor of a Crown, but upon the Tempeſt of Cares which accompany it: Fix not your Eyes upon the Purple, but upon the Mind of the King, more ſad and dark than the Purple it ſelf; the Diadem doth not more encompaſs his Head, than Cares and Suſpicions his Soul: Look not at the Squadrons of his Guards, but at the Armies of his Moleſtations which attend him.

A great Fortune is a great Slavery, and Thrones are but uneaſy Seats.

Sedes prima, eſt vita ima.
Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ, culmine lubrico:
Me dulcis ſaturet quies.
Obſcuro poſitus loco,
Leni perfruar otio.

Thoſe Grandees upon whom the admiring Multitude gaze, as upon refulgent Comets, and Prodigies of Glory and Honour, of all Men are moſt unhappy; look into their Breaſts, then you ſhall ſee the Swarms of Cares and Anxieties which inceſſantly corrode their very Hearts.

Conſider the brave Men of the World, who for their Merit have been advanced to the higheſt Elevation of Glory, have, for their Virtues, been ruined; ſome have been proſcribed, becauſe their Deſerts were above requital, and others, not becauſe they had done any harm, but for fear they might do ſome, by reaſon of their Greatneſs.

Rutilius and *Camillus* were rewarded with Baniſhment, to whom *Rome* did owe not a little of her Greatneſs and Renown: The *Athenians* caſhiered, not only their *Miltiades* and *Themiſtocles*, who had often preſerved their Lives and Fortunes, but alſo their *Phocion* and *Ariſtides*, which are not ſo much the Names of Men, as of Virtue and Goodneſs.

The *Venetians* clapt up in Priſon that brave *Pedro Lore-Dano*, a Senator of *Venice*, becauſe he had ſo much Authority as to becalm a Tempeſt by Land; I mean a great Commotion and Tumult raiſed by the Seamen, which threatned much Danger to the City, and this *Par Region' di Stato.*

Every thing that is Virtuous and Good, does not always triumph: Things of this World have their Seaſons, and that which is moſt eminent, is obnoxious to the ill Arts of others.

Ever think it's the beſt Living in the temperate Zone; between *Nec Splendida, nec Miſera.*

If Heaven ſhall vouchſafe me ſuch a Bleſſing, that I may enjoy my *Grotto* with Content, I can look

look upon all the great Kingdoms of the Earth as ſo many little Birds-neſts. And I can in ſuch a Territory enjoy my ſelf as much as *Alexander* did, when he fancied the whole World to be one great City, and his Camp the Caſtle of it.

If I were advanced to the *Zenith* of Honour, I am at the beſt but a Porter, conſtellated to carry up and down the World a vile Carcaſe; I confeſs my Mind (the nobler Part of me) now and then takes a walk in the large Campaign of Heaven, and there I contemplate the Univerſe, the myſterious Concatenation of Cauſes, and the ſtupendious Efforts of the Almighty; in Conſideration whereof I can chearfully bid adieu to the World.

Depone hoc apud te, nunquam plus agere Sapientem, quam cùm in conſpectu ejus, Divina atque Humana venerunt.

You will find by Experience (which is the beſt Looking-glaſs of Wiſdom) that a private Life is not only more pleaſant, but more happy than any Princely State.

I can eaſily believe, that *Diocleſian*, after his Retreat from the Empire, took more Content in exerciſing the Trade of a Gardener in *Salona*, than in being Emperor of *Rome*; for when *Maximianus Herculius* writ to him to reſume the Empire (which he had with much Felicity governed for twenty Years) he returned this Anſwer, *That if he would come unto* Salona, *and obſerve the rare Productions of Nature, and ſee how the Coleworts, which he had planted with his own Hands, did thrive and proſper, he would never trouble his Head with Crowns, nor his Hands with Sceptres.*

And ſometimes I think, that *Dionyſius* took as great Pleaſure in commanding his Scholars in *Corinth*, as in reigning over *Syracuſe*.

This made *Scipio*, after he had raiſed *Rome* to be the Metropolis of almoſt the whole World, by a voluntary Exile, to retire himſelf from it, and at a private Houſe in the middle of a Wood, near *Linternum*, to paſs the remainder of his glorious Life, no leſs gloriouſly.

The talleſt Trees are weakeſt in the tops, and Envy always aimeth at the higheſt.

Thoſe who have been bad, their own Infelicity precipitates their Fate; if good, their Merits have been their Ruin.

If they have been Fortunate abroad, they have been undone at home by Fears and Jealouſies.

If unſucceſsful, the Capricio's of Fortune are counted their Miſcarriages, and their Unhappineſſes eſteemed for Crimes.

Howſoever a virtuous honeſt Man, (as I wiſh you ever to be) though his Bark be ſplit, yet he ſaves his Cargo, and hath ſomething left towards his ſetting up again.

There is no Safety, no Security, no Comfort, no Content in Greatneſs: This made a great Man ſay, *Requiem quæſivi & non inveni, niſi in Angulo cum Libello: I have ſought for Reſt and Quiet, but could not find it but in a little Corner with a Book.*

Vive tibi, & longè nomina magna fuge.

O the Sweetneſs and Pleaſure of thoſe bleſſed Hours that I ſpend apart from the Noiſe and Buſineſs of the World! How calm, how gentle, not ſo much as a Cloud or Breath of Wind to diſturb the Serenity of my Mind! The World to me is a Priſon, and Solitude a Paradiſe.

If

If you think it pleaſant from Land to behold Mariners ſtriving with Storms; or without endangering your ſelf, Armies joining Battel; certainly nothing can be more delightful, than from the calm Throne of Wiſdom, to view the Tumults and Contentions of Fools; not that it's pleaſant that others are afflicted; but it pleaſeth that we our ſelves are not involved in the ſame Evils.

All the exterior Luſtre of the World, which charms the Eyes of Men, is but a painted Cloud, a Dial which we then look on, when the Sun of Honour reflects upon it; or like an Act in a Comedy, which preſently hath its *Exit.*

Long Life and a peaceful Death, are not granted or held by the Charter of Honour, except Virtue and Integrity renew the Patent: Flattery and Envy, two antient Courtiers, lay ſecret Trains to blow up the greateſt Structure of Fortune.

Give me a retired Life, a peaceful Conſcience, honeſt Thoughts, and virtuous Actions, and I can pity *Cæſar.*

Vitam ſi liceat mihi
Formare arbitriis meis.
Non faſces cupiam, aut opes,
Non clarus niveis equis
Captiva agmina traxerim:
In ſolis habitem locis.
Hortos poſſideam, atque agros.
Illic ad ſtrepitus aquæ
Muſarum ſtudiis fruar:
Sic cum fata mihi ultima
Perneverit Lacheſis mea,
Non ulli gravis aut malus
Tranquillus moriar Senex.

The kindeſt Couple of a Shepherd and a Shepherdeſs that ever met, came unhappily to be parted at laſt by a moſt deplorable Fate.

As the Miſtreſs was aſleep upon the Graſs, a Serpent bit her by the Breaſt and ſhe died of it. So ſoon as the Husband had diſcharged all the Funeral Rites and Duties, he erected a Monument to the Honour of her Memory, and paid her his daily Viſits, ſtrowing Flowers and Roſes upon it, with a particular Caution that no ſort of unclean Thing ſhould be ſuffered near it. As he was one Day either killing Worms with his Feet, or cutting them to pieces with his Sheep-hook, according to his Cuſtom; there was a Voice ſpake to him to this Purpoſe: Be not ſo cruel, gentle Shepherd, to thy once beloved *Amarante*, for the Worms that thou haſt now deſtroyed with a friendly Intention, are no other than a Part of that Creature; or if I may not be credited, look but under the Stone that covers them, and believe thine own Eyes. He had no ſooner rais'd the Stone but whole ſhoals of Maggots came creeping out from under it, and theſe Words along with them: *Think no more of what I once was, but treaſure up this in thy Mind; That what* Amarante *is at preſent,* Thyrſis *muſt one Day be.* Theſe laſt Words made ſuch an Impreſſion upon the Shepherd, that from that Day forward, he bad adieu to his Flock, and gave himſelf up wholly to the Thoughts of Death.

SECT.

SECT. XXVII.

Of COMPLAISANCE.

IT will be great Prudence in you, well to ſtudy the Art of Complaiſance; certainly an Art of excellent Uſe in the Conduct of Affairs!

For there are ſo many Circumſtances in the way to an Eſtate or Greatneſs, that a moroſe or peremptory Man rarely attains either.

Never violently oppoſe your ſelf againſt the Torrent of the Times you live in, thereby to hazard your Fame or Fortune; but by fair Complaiſance attain your Safety.

Plato compares a wiſe Man to a good Gameſter, which doth accomodate his Play to the Chance of the Die.

So ſhould a wiſe Man accomodate the Courſe of his Life, to the Occaſions which do often require new Deliberations.

Mahomet made the People believe that he would call a Hill to him, and from the Top of it offer up his Prayers for the Obſervers of his Law; the People aſſembled, *Mahomet* call'd the Hill over and over to come to him; and the Hill not moving, he was not at all out of Countenance at it, but put it off with a Jeſt, *If the Hill will not come to* Mahomet, ſays he, Mahomet *will go to the Hill.*

You muſt imitate *M. Porcius Cato*, who was of ſuch a Temper, that he would humour all Occaſions, and was never out of his way.

Knowledge it ſelf ought to be according to the Mode, and it's no ſmall piece of Wit, to counterfeit the Ignorant; the Reliſh of Things changes according to the Times.

Let a prudent Man accomodate himſelf to the preſent, though the paſt may ſeem better unto him.

When any thing is requeſted of you which you are not willing to grant, deny it not point blank, but make your Denial to be taken down by Sips; leave always a Remnant of Hope to ſweeten the Bitterneſs of the Denial: Let Courteſy fill up the vacuity of Favour, and good Words ſupply the defect of good Deeds: Hold Men in Hopes, when you cannot give them Satisfaction.

A complaiſant Humour, aſſiſted with the practical Knowledge of Men and Things, gains and raviſhes the Hearts of People; it's a thing of good Conſequence, for a Man to make the beſt of his own Talent.

The Air of the Countenance hath certain Charms which have a great Influence on the Minds of Men.

Marſhal *de Rhetz* did deſerve the higheſt Encomium for his Complaiſancy; the Acceſs to his Perſon was ever eaſy, his Humour not moroſe, his Countenance ſerene, and when Neceſſity and private Reaſons obliged him not to grant a Petition, it was in Terms that ſweetned the Diſcontent of the Unſucceſsful.

Truth hath Force; Reaſon, Authority; and Juſtice, Power; but they are without Luſtre, if the graceful way and manner of doing be wanting; the pleaſant way of doing makes the Man of Faſhion.

A wiſe Pilot always turns his Sail according to the Wind.

It will be Prudence in you to aſcribe your moſt eminent Performances to Providence; for it will take off the edge of Envy; and none are leſs maligned, or more applauded than they who are

are thought rather Happy than Able, and Fortunate than Cunning.

When you come into Company, or to Act, lay aſide all ſharp and moroſe Humours, and be pleaſant; which will make you acceptable, and the better effect your Ends.

Xenocrates, who was of a very ſevere and rigid Diſpoſition, would be very pleaſant in his Diſcourſe; at which the Diſciples of *Plato* much wondering, ſaid *Plato*, *Do you wonder that Roſes and Lillies grow amongſt Thorns?*

I muſt confeſs, I am by the malignity of my Stars, very moroſe: I cannot ſubject my ſelf to the Humour of other Men; I cannot, with *Anaxagoras*, maintain Snow to be black; nor, with *Favorinus*, a Quartan Ague to be a very good thing; but muſt appear without any Diſguiſe, and declare my Judgment according to my own Sentiments.

I have no *Sol* in me, nor am I ductile; I cannot mould my ſelf *Platonically* to the World's Idea: I had rather loſe my Head, than ſtoop to any low and unbecoming Action: In my Solitudes I can bleſs my ſelf, when I contemplate the Felicity that my Aſhes will meet in the Urn.

SECT. XXVIII.

Of FABER FORTUNÆ.

EVery Man is *Faber Fortunæ*, but there are many ſpoiled in the making.

If you aim at Advancement, be ſure you have *Jovem in Arcâ*; otherwiſe your flight to Preferment will be but ſlow without ſome golden Feathers: You muſt ſtudy to ingratiate your ſelf into

the Favour of ſome great Perſon, upon whom you muſt depend rather than upon your own Virtues: If not, you will be like a Hop without a Pole, for every one to tread upon: And wiſe Men know that Merit muſt take a great Compaſs to riſe, if not aſſiſted by Favour.

To gain the Favour of great Perſons, you muſt be skilful in the Art of Fencing; for he that on the Right or Left hits their Humour, wins and partakes of their Bounty; but not he that uſeth much Skill.

If you ſet up for a Favourite, it's Prudence to have Fame to ſound the Trumpet of your Worth before you offer your ſelf; for by that Means you will make your ſelf to be deſir'd, which will be a great Advantage to you; but by offering and intruding your ſelf, they will think you are rewarded when you are accepted.

In raiſing the Fabrick of your Fortune, there is no ſmall Wiſdom in the poliſhing and framing the Materials of ordinary Diſcourſe, to diſcern Tempers, to ſuit the Humour and Character of Men; rightly to obſerve Time, and prudently to make Occaſions, will ſerve as ſo many Steps to get up to the Pinnacle.

Some Men in the making of their Fortune, are well ſtudied in Men, but know not the Nature of Buſineſs; others are only wiſe by Rule, and ſtudy Maxims, but ignorant in timing of Buſineſs, and making Opportunities.

Some Men by Flattery (an Art much in Faſhion) have raiſed themſelves, and done their Buſineſs without running any riſque; but I look upon Flatterers as the Peſts of Society, and the Diſgraces of Humane Nature.

He that will be Maſter in the Art, muſt ſet before him the excellent *Cato Major*, who was ſaid

ſaid to be, *Adeo verſatilis Ingenii, ut quocunque loco viveret fortunam ſibi fabricare viſus eſt.*

To be *debonair*, and behave your ſelf with decorum, will contribute much to your Advancement; for the *Roman* Orator tells you, *Proprium hoc eſſe Prudentiæ, conciliare ſibi Animos Hominum & ad uſus ſuos adjungere.*

The covering of your Imperfections and Defects are of no leſs Importance than the illuſtrating of your good Parts.

The Mould of a Man's Fortune is in his own Hands.

The Architect of Fortune muſt diſpoſe his Mind to judge of Things as they conduce to his particular Ends; for we have obſerved ſome, in the Conduct of Affairs, prefer Things of Shew and Appearance, before Things of Subſtance and Effect.

Order your Affairs ſo as not to paſs for a crafty Man; the Truth is, there is no living now a-days without uſing it; but it's better to be reputed Prudent, than Cunning.

The firſt Employments are a Trial of Worth, and a ſetting forth of your Credit and Character to the World; and what you ſhall ſtrive to do afterwards, ſcarce makes amends for what you ſhall have done before.

You muſt be induſtrious upon all Occaſions, to ſet forth and illuſtrate your Talent with moſt Advantage; for concealed Virtue is like a Mine undiſcovered.

Make Sail while the Gale blows, follow the Current while the Stream is moſt ſtrong; for if Fortune be followed, as the firſt doth fall out, the reſt will follow.

He that cannot endure to ſtrive againſt the Stream, ſhall hardly attain the Port which he purpoſed to recover: There is always a Difficul-

ty in Things that tend to Grandeur: He that's afraid of Leaves, let him not enter into the Wood; never leave a String untouched that may make Muſick for your Intereſt and Advantage.

You muſt be of a ſagacious Spirit, for Sagacity is an Oracle in Doubts, and a Golden Thread in a Labyrinth.

Quickneſs of Diſpatch in Buſineſs is a great advantage to your Riſing; for Superiors do not love to employ thoſe that are too deep, or too ſufficient, but ready and diligent.

The Folly of one Man, is the Fortune of another, and no Man proſpers ſo ſuddenly as by the Errors of others.

It's ordinary for one Man to build his Fortune out of the Ruins of another; when the Tree begins once to fall, every one haſtens to gather Sticks.

A Philoſopher was asked what was doing in Heaven? Anſwered, *Magnæ Ollæ franguntur & ex fruſtis earum minores fiunt.*

We ſee in Nature, the Corruption of one Thing is the Generation of another; and many Men have generated their own Fortunes, by the taxing of the Corruptions of others.

But I cannot approve of the Methods of the Marqueſs of *Peſcara*, who, to advance himſelf, would draw Men into dangerous Practices, and then diſcover them himſelf, making other Mens Offences the firſt Step to his own Greatneſs.

If you be of Merit, and aſpire, tranſplant your ſelf, for your own Country will envy your eminent Qualities; and your Country-men will better remember the Imperfections you had in the Beginning, than the Merit by which you advanced; and he will never have great Veneration

on for a Statue, who hath ſeen it the Stump of a Tree.

Homini præclaro, vivendum, ubi Princeps vivit.

If you aſpire to Advancement, it's not enough for you to ſtand at the Gate of Fortune in a good Poſture, and expect till ſhe opens it; but *ut hæ tibi pateant fores confidentia & induſtria pulſandum eſt fortiter:* Confidence and Induſtry are two neceſſary and uſeful Engines to mount up to Grandeur.

It's not enough for a Man to have Merit and Virtue; but he muſt know how to bring himſelf into Play.

Sometimes a trivial Action, if dexterouſly done, promotes a Man more than the moſt ſolid Virtue, or the greateſt Merit.

The Grand Seignior one Day reading of a Letter upon a Balcony in his Garden, the Wind blew it out of his Hand; the Pages that attended being emulous to pleaſe ſo great a Prince, ran down the Stairs to fetch it up; but one of the Pages amongſt the reſt, that had practiſed to ſupport himſelf in the Air, threw himſelf from the Balcony to recover the Paper, and ſuddenly remounting with it, preſented it to the Grand Seignior, whilſt the reſt were running down to fetch it: This, to ſpeak truly, was a raiſing of himſelf to Grandeur, for the Prince being wonderfully ſurpriſed with ſo rare an Action, preferr'd the Page to the higheſt Dignity, for afterwards he was made Grand Vizier.

A pleaſant Jeſt, or an apt Repartee, ſometimes advances a Man more than all his Study or Virtue.

Doctor *Mountague*, Chaplain to King *James* the Firſt, waiting upon his Majeſty, when he was walking in St. *James*'s Park; the King told the Doctor,

Doctor, *That he was more troubled how to diſpoſe of the Biſhoprick of* London (being then void) *than he was of any thing in his Life; for there are many that make for it with ſo ſtrong an Intereſt, that I know not,* ſaid the King, *to whom to give it:* The Doctor told his Majeſty, *That if he had Faith, he might eaſily diſpoſe of it: Do you take me for an Infidel,* ſaid the King? *No, pleaſe your Majeſty,* ſaid the Doctor; *but,* I ſay, *if your Majeſty had Faith, you might remove this Mountain* (clapping his Hand upon his Breaſt) *into the Sea.* The King was ſo well pleaſed with the Pun, that he *gave him the Biſhoprick.*

Some Politick Men have raiſed themſelves to Honour by Freeneſs in opening themſelves.

Sigiſmund of *Lunenburgh*, King of *Bohemia*, being in the Diet in *Germany*, for the Choice of an Emperor after the Death of *Robert* of *Bavaria*, ſpake the firſt according to Cuſtom, and declared to them the Qualifications that an Emperor ought to have; *How that he ought to be a wiſe Perſon, of a good Eſtate to ſupport the Honour, and a valiant Man able to protect them:* After he had diſcourſed of theſe at large, he told them, *That he thought theſe Qualifications did not agree better with any Perſon than himſelf, and that no Man was more worthy of the Empire than himſelf:* The reſt of the Electors were ſo well pleaſed with his Freedom and Generoſity, that they unanimouſly gave him their Voices, and ſo he was advanced to the Imperial Dignity.

Honours and Preferments are rarely the Reward of Virtue, but the Work of Paſſion and Intereſt: Is it not ſtrange to obſerve a Perſon raiſed to the Dignity of a Conſtable of *France*, for having taught Magpies to fly at Swallows?

To

To what Grandeur do you think ſuch another Perſon as *Domitian*, if he had lived in that Prince's Time, would have advanced himſelf unto, who was ſo excellent at catching of Flies? But let Honour be your Merit, not your Expectation; and attain to Preferments not by winding Stairs, but by the Scale of your own Virtues: If you miſs of it, you muſt be content, there is a Reward for all Things but for Virtue.

Though Virtue be a Patent for Honour, and Preferments ought to be an Encouragement for Worth; yet it may be obſerved in the Courſe of the World, that Men of the greateſt Abilities are on Deſign ſuppreſſed; and they deal with Perſons of the beſt Accompliſhment, as the Birds in *Plutarch* did, who beat the Jay, for fear, in time, ſhe might become an Eagle.

And it hath been the unhappy Fate of many virtuous Perſons, like the Ax, after it hath cut down the hard Timber, to be hang'd up againſt the Wall unregarded, or like a Top, which hath been for a long Time ſcourged, and run well, yet at laſt to be lodged up for a Hobler.

The great *Gonſalvo*, after he had conquered the Kingdom of *Naples* for *Ferdinand* of *Spain*, lived under an Oſtraciſm in his own Country, without Preferment or Regard.

Vatinius, a Perſon of no Moment, was advanced; but *Cato*, the Glory of his Age, rejected.

Rome's ſecond Founder, *Camillus*, was baniſhed, *Scipio* that great Scourge of *Carthage* was diſgraced, and *Coriolanus* died in Exile, only baniſhed, becauſe their Worth and Virtue lifted them above the ordinary Pitch of Subjects.

'Tis great Pity methinks, thus to ſee the Curtain drawn between a virtuous Perſon and Preferment. So far am I from agreeing with *Carneades*, that Injuſtice is to be preferred before Juſtice;

Juſtice; or that it's better to be a Knave than a virtuous honeſt Man.

Though I am many times almoſt of Opinion that it is better to be Fortunate, than Wiſe or Juſt; and ready to cry out with *Brutus*,

O Virtus, colui te ut rem, at tu nomen es inane.

Therefore if you deſign to riſe and become great, I would not adviſe you to accompliſh your ſelf over-much, or ſtudy to be very learned or wiſe; for I have obſerved that Wiſdom many times gives a check to Confidence, which is the Scale and Rundle by which many climb up to the Pinnacle; and I find by Experience, that common Heads and narrow Souls, by Induſtry, accompanied with Ambition and Covetouſneſs, work Wonders, and do the Buſineſs of the World.

Sextus Quintus being made Pope, an old Acquaintance of his came to give him a Viſit, and to rejoice with him for his great Advancement; but privately between themſelves he told his Holineſs, *That he much admired how he was promoted to that Dignity, to be Head of the Church, when he had ſuch mean Parts.* Sextus Quintus told him, *That if he underſtood how Folly governed the World, he would not admire that he was made Pope.*

It was well obſerved by the *Italian*, that there are not two more fortunate Qualifications, than to have ſomewhat of the Fool, and not too much of the Honeſt.

Virtue or Merit is no longer in eſteem than there is uſe of it.

But be aſſured, there is nothing ſo dangerous and terrible in any State, as a powerful and authorized Ignorance.

Men

Men of weak Abilities ſet in great Places, are like little Statues ſet on great Baſes, made to appear the leſs by their Advancement; whereas wiſe Men exalted, like good Planets in their ſeveral Spheres, they carry their Influences of Virtue and Wiſdom round about the Kingdom.

A little good Fortune is better than a great deal of Virtue; and the leaſt Authority hath advantage over the greateſt Wit.

But let nothing diſquiet you; a virtuous Perſon will at one time or another be thought good for ſomething; and a wiſe Man will once in an Age come in Faſhion: Fortune doth reward with Intereſt thoſe who have the Patience to wait for her.

I am much pleaſed with the Remarks of *Themiſtocles* upon the *Athenians*, who reſembled himſelf to a Palm Tree, the Leaves and Boughs whereof Men break off in fair Weather, and run under it for Shelter in a Storm.

Princes may beſtow Preferments, but they cannot make Men truly honourable.

Heliogabalus's Cook was ſtill but a baſe Fellow, though his Maſter made him as great as were his own Vices.

And it's ſometimes a greater Honour to fail of the Reward of Merit, than to receive it; the Glory and higheſt Recompence of noble Actions, is to have done them; and Virtue out of it ſelf, can find no Retribution worthy of her.

Cato gloried more in that the People asked why he was not preferred, than he would have done in enjoying the greateſt Honours they had to beſtow.

If you have gained upon your ſelf a Reputation of Virtuous, to preſerve it and eſchew Envy, make a fair Retreat; there is nothing bet-

ter than a Life retired from daily Converſation, eſpecially of the Multitude.

Fugiat Sapiens commercia vulgi.

The greateſt Perfection loſes of its Worth, by being every Day in ſight: Therefore let a wiſe Man take himſelf to the Sanctuary of an honourable Retreat; for a fair Retreat is as glorious as a gallant Combat.

Solon accounted *Tellus* the *Athenian* the moſt happy Man, for living privately on his own Lands.

SECT. XXIX.

Of NEGOTIATING.

IN all Undertakings, firſt examine your own Strength, the Enterpriſe next, and thirdly the Perſon with whom you have to do; take a juſt Meaſure of your Abilities to perform it, and whether it holds Proportion unto your Deſigns; and before your Enterpriſe, conſider what the End may be, then what Means and Inſtruments you have to obtain it.

It's Indiſcretion to attempt an Eagle's flight with the Wings of a Wren: Conſider, *Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recuſent*?

Have a care, leſt attempting too high Things you catch a Fall, like *Thales* in *Laertius*, who contemplating the Stars, fell into a Ditch.

When an Enterpriſe fails, the Door is open to Contempt.

It's no Prudence to attempt over-hard or extreme Points, but to chooſe in your Actions that which is moſt practicable and paſſant; this will preſerve

preſerve you from a Foil, and increaſe Reputation.

When you attempt any great Enterpriſe, take a Companion with you, by that means you ſecure your ſelf againſt the Evil which may happen, or at leaſt bear but part of it; the skilful Phyſician, who hath not ſucceeded in the Cure of his Patient, never fails to take the Aſſiſtance of another, who under the Name of Conſultation, helps to bear up the Pall; he that takes the whole Conduct of Affairs upon himſelf alone, attracts to himſelf all the Envy.

In your Undertakings, if you will be ſucceſsful, let Reaſon be the Preſident of all your Actions; Miſcarriages are the Effects of Folly: Fools are unfortunate, becauſe they never conſider; and Men make Fortune greater than ſhe is, and by their own Folly increaſe her Power. Fore-ſight is the Right Eye of Prudence.

He that forecaſts what may happen, ſhall never be ſurpriſed; it's too late to begin to arm when the Enemy is in our Quarters.

Prudence is the Midwife of all Actions, if well delivered; without it they are ſtill-born; it will be as a domeſtick Oracle to you: It's the *Ariadne*'s Clew which will guide you thro' the *Mæanders* of the moſt perplext and intricate Affairs.

Opinion is the Guide of Fools, but Reaſon and Prudence conduct wiſe Men: Be like *Homer*'s wiſe Man who hath his Eyes, *à fronte & tergo*, before and behind; remember *Periander*'s μελετη τὸ πᾶν. Thought is all in all: Prudence will prevent all Miſcarriages and Infelicities in your Actions, and rings the Alarum Bell upon the Approach of any to make you fly to the Remedy.

If you have any Enterpriſe in hand, do it with a boon Courage, for from Diffidence immediately ſprings Fear, and Fear baniſhes Aſſurance.

Philip

Philip of *Spain* having deſigned one for an Ambaſſador, the Man comes modeſtly and coldly to him, to propoſe ſome things to his Majeſty, in order to his Embaſſy; the King ſaid, *How can I expect that this Man will promote and effect my Buſineſs, when he is ſo fearful and faint in the Solicitations of his own?* Therefore Confidence and Boldneſs are excellent Engines to effect your Deſigns: For by an Effluxion of Spirits from your Fancy, you do, as it were, tie and bind him with whom you have to do, to condeſcend to your Deſires.

Be not over precipitate in your Deſigns; great Deſigns require great Conſideration, and they muſt have their Time of maturing, otherwiſe they will prove abortive. The Fox reproached the Lioneſs for her ſterility and ſlowneſs in Breeding; ſhe anſwered, *It's true, I breed ſlowly, but what I bring forth is a Lion.*

The Emperor *Veſpaſian* did ſtamp his Coin with a Dolphin and an Anchor, with this Impreſſion, *Soon enough, if well enough:* The Dolphin out-ſtrips the Ship then, ſoon enough: An Anchor ſtays the Ship, that is well enough.

In all Affairs of Difficulty you muſt not think to ſow and reap at once, but muſt prepare Buſineſs, and ſo ripen it by degrees.

When you deſign to act any thing of Concern, never blow the Trumpet that others may take notice of it.

He that declares himſelf is obnoxious to Cenſure, and if he ſucceeds not, becomes ridiculous: Secrecy in Buſineſs is a great Means of obtaining. It holds the Minds of Men in ſuſpence, and raiſes Expectation, which makes every thing to be thought a Myſtery, and the Secret of that begets Eſteem, and multiplies to Glory.

Cùm facturus es aliquid, cogita quo in ſtatu eris cùm egeris, ſeu expediat ſeu non.

Never attempt any thing but what is hopeful and juſt, for it will be equally troubleſome to you, either not to ſucceed, or to be aſhamed of the Succeſs.

In all your Affairs chooſe your Inſtruments that may be proper and adapted to the Buſineſs, and ſuch as are fit for the Matter: For be aſſured, if they fail, the whole Machine of your Enterpriſe, tho' never ſo well concerted, will fall to pieces.

There be Perſons that can pack the Cards, and yet cannot play well; ſome Men are good to act, but ill in Counſel; others are good in Counſel, but ill to act; you muſt make choice of ſuch Perſons as are good in their own Affairs.

A Fool knows more in his own Houſe, than a wiſe Man in another's.

I like not the Choice of ſuch Inſtruments as are over-cunning (for they are ſeldom honeſt and true to their Truſt) which can ſound the Depth and Bottom of their Deſign; or of thoſe who being out of Employment, can contrive any thing whereby to prejudice the Perſon who employed them.

Poppæus Sabinus, for four and twenty Years (and that in the Days of the greateſt Tyranny) was ſtill made Ruler over the greateſt Provinces of the *Roman* Empire, not for any excellent Ability that was in him, *Sed quia par negotiis neque ſupra erat*: But for that his Sufficiency did no more than equal the Charge which was impoſed upon him.

In the Management of Affairs it's not ſafe always to uſe the ſame Tools, or the ſame Conduct, for that being obſerved by them with whom you have to do, you will aſſuredly be diſappointed in your

your Enterpriſe: It's eaſy to ſhoot a Fowl that flies out-right, but not one that is irregular in its flight.

A cunning Gameſter ſeldom plays the Card which his Adverſary expects, much leſs which he deſires; yet it's not good to be always upon the Intrigue, or to uſe too great Artifice, for at ſecond bound you will be diſcovered: Jealouſy is upon the Watch, there is much Skill to guard againſt it.

A wiſe Man walks not always in the ſame Way, nor keeps always the ſame Pace, but acts according to the Occurrences of Affairs, and varies according to the alteration of Time and Place.

Your Inſtruments being well choſen, the next Step is to obſerve that excellent Apothegm of *Pittacus*, καιρὸν γνῶθι; for be aſſured, the right timing of Buſineſs is the Art of Policy; for Affairs depend on many Circumſtances, and what hath ſucceeded at one time, hath been unfortunate at another.

Time is the Meaſure of Buſineſs, as Money is of Wars: If the Tides and Currents of Occaſions be not taken in their due Time, they ſeldom ſucceed, for Opportunities admit of no Aftergame.

There is nothing which contributes more to the making of our Undertaking proſperous, than the taking of Times and Opportunities; for Time carrieth with it the Seaſons and Opportunities of Buſineſs; if you let them ſlip, all your Deſigns are render'd unſucceſsful; but if they be rightly taken, and followed with Diligence, you ſhall ſeldom miſs of your Purpoſe.

The State of *Venice* ſent two Ambaſſadors to the Pope, about ſome grand Concerns between him and that Republick; the Pope was very ill and kept his Bed; but the Ambaſſadors much preſſed

preſſed for Audience, and after great Importunity, it was granted to them: One of the Ambaſſadors made a very long Harangue to the Pope about their Concerns, and how his Holineſs was miſinformed, as to the actings of the State of *Venice*; the Pope was very uneaſy, by reaſon of the tediouſneſs of the Oration; but being ended, the other Ambaſſador told his Holineſs, *That he was fearful that his Holineſs did not fully mind their Buſineſs, becauſe he was ſo ill; if he pleaſed, his Colleague ſhould repeat his Oration over again:* Said the Pope, *let me know what you will have, and it ſhall be granted to you, rather than be troubled to hear your long and tedious Oration again.* In this Juncture and Opportunity the State of *Venice* gained that from the Pope, which at another time they could never have obtained of him.

A wiſe Man muſt not only turn with the Occaſions, but alſo run with them.

If you will bring your Deſigns into a ſafe Harbour, you muſt act as the Tide ſerves.

When you make your Application to any Perſon, you muſt firſt know his Character, next feel his Pulſe, and then attack him by his ſtrongeſt Paſſion, which is his weakeſt ſide, and you will never fail to obtain your Ends.

You muſt ſtudy to be a good Book-man, one that underſtands Men better than Books; get *Apollo*'s Spectacles, *Tireſias*'s bright Lamp of Underſtanding, or the true Candle of *Epictetus*, and you will diſcern Men at the firſt glance, and obſerve all their Intrigues and the Traverſes of Fortune.

There is a great difference betwixt knowing of Things, and knowing of Perſons: It's a quaint piece of Philoſophy to diſcern the Minds and Humours of Men; the Knowledge of Perſons teaching

ing Men to play their Cards the better, and perform Buſineſs with more Dexterity.

The beſt expounding of Men, is by their Natures and Ends; the weakeſt Sort of Men are beſt interpreted by their Natures, the wiſeſt by their Ends.

By Trifles are the Qualities of Men as well diſcovered as by great Actions; becauſe in Matters of Importance, they commonly temporize and ſtrain themſelves, but in leſſer Things they follow the Current of their own Natures.

Sermo eſt Index animi; Speech is the Interpreter of the Mind; Words, tho' they be like Waters to the Phyſician, full of Flattery and Incertainty, yet are they not to be deſpiſed, when they are ſpoken with Paſſion and Affectation; and a few Words caſually offered, are more to be regarded, than thoſe of ſet ſolemn Speeches, which rather ſhew Mens Arts than their Natures.

In your Addreſs behave your ſelf with Prudence (that's the Key to unlock Secrets, and unriddle Myſteries) otherwiſe you will have no good return.

He that makes a fair Addreſs, and hath not Prudence for his Conduct, is like a Houſe that hath convenient Entries and Stairs, but never a good Room in it.

When an old Acquaintance of *Tiberius* began his Addreſs to him, with, *You remember*, Cæſar; *No*, ſays *Cæſar* (cutting him ſhort) *I do not remember what I was.*

When you addreſs to any Perſon, fix your Eyes upon his Face and Faſhion, it will make a great Diſcovery of the Receſſes of his Mind, and be a Direction to you in your Buſineſs; for as the Tongue ſpeaks to the Ear, ſo the Geſture to the Eye.

Atticus,

Atticus, before the firſt Interview between *Cæſar* and *Cicero*, did ſeriouſly adviſe *Cicero*, touching the compoſing and ordering of his Countenance and Geſture.

You muſt learn to faſhion your ſelf, and to make a good Judgment of Occaſions. *Illud eſt ſapere, ſi ubicunque opus ſit, animum poſſis flectere.* To diſcern Tempers, and to ſuit the Humour and Character of him with whom you have to do, is a Secret abſolutely neceſſary, but requires a good Stock of Wiſdom.

Keep Formality above-board, but Prudence and Wiſdom under-deck; for nothing will give a greater *Remora* to your Deſigns, than to be eſteemed wiſe by them with whom you are to deal: It will beget Jealouſies in them, and your Wiſdom will be but an Alarm to them, never to come unprovided when they have any Concern with you.

It's no ſmall piece of Wit, ſometimes to act the Part of the Ignorant; and there are occaſions when the beſt Knowledge is to pretend not to know.

Some Perſons with a little Compliance are to be wheedled; there is nothing to be got of them by Reaſon; for having none themſelves, they will receive none from others.

It's a delicate part of practical Knowledge, well to obſerve and gueſs at the Meaning of the little Hints that are given you by the bye, and to know how to improve them; this is the fineſt Probe of the Receſſes of the Heart: But as they are ſometimes cunningly given out, ſo are they cautiouſly to be received.

Let your Applications be made with a Boon-Grace, (that's a political Magick to charm the Hearts and Affections of them with whom you have to do) but be not over ceremonious; it's

good to carry your ſelf with that Decorum as to gain Reſpect, but I would not have you paſs for a Maſter of Ceremonies.

If you can handle Men right in their Affections and Humours, and know at what Times, in what Manner, and by what Means they may be ſtirred up, you may reſt aſſured, that before their Minds be throughly known, you are already Maſter of what your Heart deſires.

Boccace hath given us a Novel of a covetous rich Chuff newly in Office, that had a very fine Woman to his Wife, and wanted a fine Horſe. He had alſo a delicate Nag in his Eye, that would be for his Turn, if he could but have him upon reaſonable Conditions. So he went to the Owner of it in a ſtile of Reſpect, to know if he would part with his Horſe, and the loweſt Price: He did this as the cleanlieſt way of feeling his Pulſe; for who knows, ſays he to himſelf, but for my Wife's ſake he may make me a Preſent of him? The *Magnifico*'s Anſwer was this, That the Nag was not to be had for Money; but upon certain Conditions he might be prevailed upon to part with him. When they came to treat upon Terms, he demanded only one half Hour's liberty of ſpeaking to his Wife, and it ſhould be in his Sight too, but out of his Hearing.

The Officer ſtruck the Bargain, and ſo leaving the *Magnifico* in a great Hall, he went up immediately to his Wife and told her of the Agreement. The Woman made twenty Excuſes, but the Husband, in fine, would have it ſo, and ſo it muſt be; wherefore come along with me, ſays he, into the great Hall and give him the Hearing, but not one Syllable I charge you of Anſwer or Reply. The Husband and the Wife upon this came down together, where the *Magnifico*

nifico took the Lady by the Hand, told her the Articles before her Husband, and then led her off to one end of the Hall, while the Husband took his Place, out of Hearing, at the other.

His Speech ran much upon the charming Beauties of his Miſtreſs, the infinite Paſſion he had for her, the abſolute Power ſhe had over him, and how Ambitious he was to lay his Life and Fortune at her Feet, the Impoſſibility of his living without her; and for a Concluſion, that his Life depended upon the Sentence he now expected to receive from her Mercy and Goodneſs.

The *Magnifico* made a ſhort Pauſe here for fear of his Doom; but after ſtanding at Gaze, without one Word in return, he began to ſuſpect this obſtinate Silence for a Trick of her Huſband's; eſpecially finding how her Colour went and came, and that her Pulſe ſeem'd to beat to another Tune. This Fancy put it in his Head, ſince ſhe would ſay nothing her ſelf, to play both Parts in one, and to perſonate her Anſwers to his own Queſtions, as for Example.

My dear *Magnifico*, ſays he, every Day gives me freſh Aſſurances of thy Friendſhip and Eſteem, and of that Tenderneſs of Affection which I perſuade my ſelf thou haſt long born me; to have told thee this ſooner, would neither have been decent nor ſeaſonable, and it has not been for want of good Will neither, that I have kept my ſelf thus long upon the Reſerve. But to make thee ſome ſort of Amends for the uneaſineſs of this Delay, I am now to tell thee for thy Comfort, that the bleſſed Hour is at Hand that ſhall anſwer all thy Longings, and crown all thy Wiſhes. My Husband is very ſuddenly to

take a Journey that will keep him away for ſome conſiderable Time; wherefore I would adviſe thee to watch my Chamber-window towards the Garden, and whenever thou ſeeſt a Crimſon Scarf upon the Window, come to the Gate that Night in the duſk of the Evening, and thou ſhalt find me ready to bid thee welcome. When the *Magnifico* had gone thus far in the Name of the Lady, he cloſed up the Scene with theſe few Words; Madam, ſays he, you have ſtruck me Speechleſs, and there's nothing more now to be done, but to wait upon your Husband.

So ſoon as the Formality was over, the Huſband called out to the *Magnifico*: Well, Sir, ſays he, I have done my Part, and do now expect you ſhall do yours too, and make good your Bargain. Pardon me, ſays t'other, you promiſed me I ſhould ſpeak to your Wife, but I have been talking to an Image; not but that the Horſe is at your Service however, though I could wiſh you might rather have had him as a Gift, than as a Purchaſe at ſo inſignificant a rate. The Husband valued himſelf mightily upon the Thought of having out-witted the *Magnifico*; and ſo, without any more ado, he mounted his Beaſt and went his Way. The loving Couple were now at Liberty to uſe their own Diſcretion; but as to the Menage of the Signal, and the Greetings that followed after, the Hiſtory is ſilent.

SECT.

SECT. XXX.

Of the POLITICK.

THE World every Day puts on new Dreſſes, and is ſo diſguiſed in various Shapes of Policies, that he muſt be a wiſe Man that is able to unriddle the Tranſactions of it.

The Variation of the Latitude of the Maxims received is ſo great, that a Scheme of new Politicks had need be erected to underſtand the Sphere of Action.

There goes more to the making up of one wiſe Man now a-days, than in antient time of ſeven: Formerly there were but ſeven wiſe Men in all *Greece*; at preſent you will hardly find ſo many Fools in a Nation.

A wiſe Man muſt therefore learn to caſt the Courſe of Polity into new Moulds, as Fortune and Affairs require; if a Man be accompliſhed with great Virtues, yet if he wants Sagacity, he will never make any Figure in the World.

A Politick, like *Sampſon*, muſt carry his Strength in his Head, not in his Arms.

Confidence, Ambition, and Covetouſneſs, are the *Climax* by which he aſcends to Grandeur.

At all Marts of Buſineſs he hath his Factors, though they do not ſeem openly to trade: He makes others do his Buſineſs, he hath his Expences, as great Princes cauſe little ones to do and to act their Affairs, when they do not know it.

In all Affairs he makes himſelf neceſſary and uſeful.

He is a conſcientious Perſon, for he always compounds Conſcience with Reaſon of State.

He is one that is very free in conferring ſmall Favours and Courteſies, to beget Confidence, that he may deceive in great Matters.

He makes uſe of others, as the Fox did of the Cat's Foot, to pull the Apple out of the Fire for his own eating.

Conſcience is the Rudder by which he ſeems to ſteer his Actions, but he turns it as the Wind blows for his beſt Advantage.

When he hath gotten any Perſons into his Net, he doth not preſently draw it; but when they are gotten into the Tunnel, they are then at his Mercy.

He thinks it not Prudence to ſtand ſo near a great Perſon, as to be oppreſſed with his Ruin; nor ſo far off, but when his Ruin comes, he can raiſe himſelf upon ſome Part of it; therefore like the Crab, he keeps the Door of the Oyſter; he makes what Advantage he can, when Opportunity ſerves, and is not nice in taking Advantages.

Intereſt is that which leads the World in a String; he imitates the Hawk which flies high, yet will deſcend to catch its Prey; he draws Intereſt out of that Quarter where the Wind blows faireſt for Advantage: He hath *Briareus*'s Hands to oppoſe Deſigns, as well as *Argus*'s Eyes to penetrate Counſels.

He is an *Achitophel* for Plotting, as quick-ſighted as *Linceus*, as active as Fire, as inſinuating as *Chariſophus*; and like the old Woman *Ptolemais*, never right but when upon ſome Intrigue.

He is continually upon the Deſign, thinking that ſomething may happen by chance beyond expectation; the Ape little thought by putting on his Maſter's Cap, to cure him of a Pleuriſy.

If

If at any time he disburſes Money for any Body, he uſes it as Anglers do their Fiſh, to bait their Hooks, and catch more.

His Conſcience, like *Fortunatus*'s Purſe, is full of Gold and Self-ends: That his Nature may ſwell and look big in the Rolls of Fame, he is bold and daring, and never out of a Plot.

He thinks that fortunate Wickedneſs is a Virtue, and that a Sin back'd with Succeſs, deſerves a Triumph.

As for Juſt and Unjuſt, he looks upon them to be the Needle-work of idle Brains.

His beſt Apothegm is, *He that is in the High-way to Honour, is never out of the Road to Virtue*; and well knows, *Qui avec le Profit avec le Honneur.*

He condemns the Anatomiſts for maintaining that there is a Ligament that ties the Tongue and the Heart together; and hath no kindneſs for the People of *Quambaia* and other Parts of *Peru*, becauſe they have their Heads in their Breaſts, and ſo their Tongues are too near their Hearts, which he endeavours ever to keep aſunder.

He likes not the Jackal, becauſe it provides Food for the Lion; but hath a great regard for the prudent Cat, for that ſhe Mouſes only for herſelf.

Intereſt is the Card by which he ſteers, and himſelf the Harbour to which all his Deſigns do arrive.

He is like *Theramenes*'s Shoe, fitted for every Man's Foot; like the Spaniel, when he cannot make uſe of his Teeth, he wags his Tail.

He takes no more of Virtue than ſerves for his Turn, and deſires only an Opinion of Honeſty to procure him other Men's Faith, the better to bring about his Deſigns, and deceive them.

He never ſtands upon thoſe trifling Things Conſcience and Honour; for in great Undertakings he thinks there is nothing more unhappy or unproſperous, than a coy and ſqueamiſh Conſcience.

When he hath any great Deſign in Projection, the better to effect it, he puts on a religious Dreſs, and a Countenance with a godly wry Look, like a *Perſian* Alphabet: This, he ſays, is the beſt Magnetiſm to make a ſtrong Verticity to the Point of any Deſign.

He can ſwallow down Oaths with as much Celerity as *Lazarillo de Tormes* could a Sauſage.

He puts on the white Robe of Innocency, the better to conceal the blackneſs of his Attempts; his Words he puts into a ſpiritual Quirpo; and, *Proteus* like, aſſumes that Shape which is moſt in Grace, and of moſt profitable Conducement to his Ends.

He makes uſe of Religion as a Stirrop to get into the Saddle, and ſo upon the back of Honour.

Hypocriſy is the Ground and Baſis of his Polity, and to find out Occaſions, he thinks, is the knack of Men of Wit.

He is very dextrous at giving out of News, and hath a Mint always about him to coin ſuch as may be current and ſeaſonable to his Ends.

He always carries a Doſe of *Pillulæ Aureæ* about him, for they work ſafely, and remove all Obſtructions; and thinks there is nothing ſo hard, but that pernicious Metal (Gold) will penetrate; and though upon an Aſs's Back, it will take the ſtrongeſt City; and he aſſures us, That

Deſtruction ſurer comes, and rattles louder,
Out of a Mine of Gold, than out of Powder.

I have

I have given you a Proſpect of the Politick, that you may know his Principles, and abhor the Practice of them.

Politici eſt virtus maxima, noſſe dolos.

And that Men of little Honour or Integrity are the fitteſt Timber to make great Politicians of.

The Trees were ſo well ſatisfied with the Monarchical State, both of Birds and Beaſts (the one under the Eagle, the other under the Lion) that they took up a Reſolution of erecting a Kingly Government among themſelves. The Queſtion in ſhort was put, and they were unanimouſly for the Thing; though not above five or ſix Competitors for the Choice. The Oak's Pretence was long Life, the Comfort of its Shade and Protection, and the Obligation the whole Race of Mankind had to it, for feeding their firſt Parents in Paradiſe. The Laurel valued it ſelf upon being Thunder-proof, and for the Honour of Crowning the *Roman* Emperors, and thoſe that enter'd the Capitol in Triumph. The Pomegranate claimed a Natural Right to a Crown for having brought the Signature of a Crown into the World along with it. The Olive's Pretenſion was, that the Plant was a Symbol of Peace, and Sacred to the Goddeſs *Minerva.* The Vine ſtood upon the Merit of making the Life of Man long and happy. They were thus far very much divided among themſelves where to pitch: But when they came in the End to caſt their Eyes and their Thoughts upon the Orange, it's perpetual Verdure, the incomparable Fragrancy both of its Fruit and Flowers, and thoſe Fruit and Flowers never out of Seaſon too: They chooſe the Orange Tree for their King *Nemine Contradicente,*

and without ſo much as one Word ſpeaking for himſelf.

SECT. XXXI.

Of the FAVOURITE.

IF it be your Fortune to riſe and become a Favourite to a great Perſon, you may have ſome hopes in *Eutopia*; for I have heard Men are advanced there for their Merit and Worth.

You muſt underſtand there are many Doors which open to Preferment, but the Prince keepeth the Keys of them all.

Therefore be ſure to ſtudy well the Alphabet of his Humour, and obſerve his Inclinations, as the Aſtronomers do the Planet Dominant, and the Mariners the North-Star.

For great Perſons account them the wiſeſt Men that can beſt ſuit themſelves to their Humour; and uſually they tie their Affections no farther than their own Satisfaction.

Therefore as Princes have Arts to govern Kingdoms; ſo Favourites muſt have Arts, by which they muſt govern their Prince.

Deſire not to monopolize his Ear, for his Misadventures will be imputed to you; and what is well done, will be aſcribed to himſelf.

Too great Services will be over-ſights and weakneſs to you; that Merit to which Reward may eaſily reach, doth ever beſt.

To ſtudy the Humour of a Prince, may for the preſent advance; but to underſtand the Intereſt of his Kingdom, is always ſecure.

He

He that ſerves a Prince's private Intereſt, is great for a Time; but he is always ſo, who is careful of the publick Good.

Be ready to give an Account, if required, of all your Tranſactions; for he is like Gold, which hath too much Allay, that feareth the Touch.

In all your Deportment be humble, and of eaſy Acceſs; a Favourite is like Coin, to which Virtue may give the Stamp, but it's Humility muſt give the Weight.

A high Fortune, like great Buildings, muſt have low Foundations.

Pride doth ill become any Perſon; and tho' no Man be thereby injured, yet it doth move in others an Offence; for none can indure an exceſſive Fortune any where ſo ill as in thoſe who have been in an equal degree to themſelves.

You muſt be *Minimus in ſummo*, like the Orient Stars, the higher they are, the leſs they appear; Honour is *bonum ſine clavi & ſerâ.* To be proud of Knowledge, is to be blind with Light; to be proud of Virtue, is to poiſon your ſelf with the Antidote; to be proud of Authority, is to make your Riſe your Downfall.

Where Pride and Preſumption go before, Shame and Loſs follow after.

A Country-man in *Spain* coming to an Image enſhrined, the firſt making whereof he could well remember, and not finding that reſpectful Uſage he expected: *You need not* (quoth he) *be ſo proud, for we have known you from a Plum-tree:* Have a care you do not find the Mythology in your ſelf.

To be humble to Superiors is Duty; to Equals, Courteſy; to Inferiors, Nobleneſs; to all, Safety; Fortune may begin a Man's Greatneſs, but it's Virtue that muſt continue it.

Never do that in Proſperity, whereof you may repent in Adverſity.

Ever think Goodneſs the beſt part of Greatneſs: When Honour and Virtue are in Conjunction, it's a noble Aſpect, and *Jupiter* is Lord of that Aſcent.

But Greatneſs without Goodneſs, is like the *Coloſſus* of *Rhodes*, not ſo much to be admired for its Workmanſhip, as its huge Bulk; therefore make Goodneſs like a Diamond ſet in Gold, a Support to Greatneſs.

Greatneſs may build the Tomb, but it's Goodneſs muſt make the Epitaph.

Give Things the right Colour, not varniſhing them over with a falſe Gloſs.

A Flatterer is a dangerous Fly in a State, yet they thrive and proſper better than the moſt worthy and brave Men do.

But I would adviſe you to have ſo much of the *Perſian* Religion in you, as to worſhip the Riſing Sun; you muſt learn to tranſlate into Engliſh, *Neminem triſtem dimittere*; and when you cannot give Men Satisfaction in that they deſire, entertain them with fair Hopes; Denials muſt be ſupplied with civil Uſage; and tho' you cannot cure the Sore, yet your Prudence may abate the Senſe of it.

If you have any venturous Deſign in Projection, it's Prudence before you come to Action, ſometimes to give Things out on purpoſe, to ſee how they will take; by that Means you will diſcover the Inclinations of the People; if it hath no fair Reception, preſently check it, and make no farther Progreſs.

If you deſire that the Deſigns you labour with, may not prove abortive, do not aſſign them a certain Day of their Birth, but leave them to the natural Productions of fit Time and Occaſi-

ons;

ons; like thoſe curious Artiſts in *China*, who temper the Mold this Day, of which a Veſſel may be made a hundred Years hence.

If you have Enemies, as you may expect many, being great in your Maſter's Favour, the better to eſtabliſh your ſelf, is privately to give out falſe Libels and Reports, tending to your own Diſgrace; your Enemies, like Powder, will fire at the firſt Touch, and then you know what you have to do; and to deal plainly with you, the Greatneſs of one Man is nothing but the Ruin of others; and their Weakneſs will be your Strength.

But if any Paſquils or Libels ſhall be vented againſt you by others (as the moſt excellent Perſons many Times are infeſted with them) it's more Prudence to bury them in their own Aſhes, than by confuting of them, to give them new Flames; for Libels neglected will preſently find a Grave.

But let me tell you, as falſe Rumours and Libels are not always to be credited, ſo are they not always to be neglected; it being no leſs vain to fear all Things, than dangerous to doubt of nothing.

And we have learned by Experience, that Libels and Paſquils (the only Weapons of ſome unhappy Perſons) have been Fore-runners of the Ruin and Deſtruction of the braveſt Men.

You muſt be careful to keep an Ephemerides, to know how the great Orbs of the Court move; and if any new Star ſhall ariſe out of the Eaſt, and Men begin to worſhip it, you muſt ſtudy either to eclipſe or ſuppreſs it; therefore it will be Prudence to cut off all Steps by which others may aſcend to Height or Grandeur; for if you leave any Stairs ſtanding, others will climb up.

And

And I must tell you, it's more safe at Court to have many Enemies of equal Power, than one false and ambitious Friend, who hath absolute Command.

But in case any shall get up, you must by your Sagacity, remove him out of the way, under pretence of some honourable Employment; or otherwise, when that is done, you know how *Augustus Cæsar* dealt with *Marc Anthony*, when he got him from *Rome* into *Egypt*.

It hath been the Practice of some, like the Fox, to thrust out the Badger that digged and made room for him; but this must be left to your Discretion.

In all Business ever pretend the publick Good; that will make you popular, and so you may with more Safety and Security drive on your private Interest; and let me advise you to be so faithful a Servant to your Master, that whatsoever you do your self, you suffer not others to deceive him.

Make the Royal Interest and your own one; incorporate your Favour with the Authority of the Sovereign; so you cannot be offended, but the other will be troubled.

Study what you can to partake of his Bounty; the more you obtain from him, the greater is your Security; for he will look upon you as his Creature, and by him raised, and so will endeavour to preserve you; but if you propose any thing, which you are afraid will hardly be accepted, or granted; offer it by Parcels, that one Piece may be digested before the other be presented.

In all your Negotiations, you must have an indiscernible Way of Intelligence, as Angels have of Communication: *Gyge*'s Ring will be of great Use unto you; for he observeth best, who is least observed himself.

And

And if you deſign your own Safety, ſpeak Truth, elſe you will never be believed; and by this Means your Truth will ſecure you, if queſtioned; and put thoſe you deal with (who will ſtill hunt counter) to great Loſs in all Undertakings.

It will be Prudence in you to oppoſe in Councils, all Reſolutions as to Buſineſs of Importance in dubious Matters; if the Thing deſigned ſucceed well, your Advice will never come in queſtion; if ill (whereunto great Undertakings are ſubject) you may make Advantage by remembring your own Council.

But in great Concerns, it will be your Wiſdom not to reſt in the dull Councils of what is lawful, but to proceed to quick Reſolutions of what is ſafe.

Admit none to be of your Cabal, but ſuch as have their Fortunes ſolely depending upon you.

In dangerous Attempts, put others before you to act; but ever keep your ſelf behind the Curtain.

In doubtful Matters you muſt be always provided with ſome cunning Stratagems, either to baffle your Enemies, or elſe to ſecure your ſelf and your Party.

If by Wiſdom you cannot attain your End, uſe *Argentea Tela*, they never fail, for *Virtutem & Sapientiam vincunt Teſtudines:* And as Men have a Touchſtone to try Gold, ſo Gold is the Touchſtone to try Men.

I have hinted theſe unto you, not that you ſhould act any thing againſt Honour, or the Dignity of your Religion.

Prudence is an Armory, wherein are as well defenſive as offenſive Weapons; the firſt you may make uſe of upon all Occaſions, but of the other only upon Neceſſity.

We

We know that the *Apocrypha* is allowed to be digeſted into one Volume with the Sacred Word, and read together with it; but where it thwarts that which is Canonical, it's to be laid aſide.

Polity and Religion, as they do well together, ſo they do as ill aſunder; the one being too cunning to be good, the other too ſimple to be falſe; therefore ſome few Scruples of the Wiſdom of the Serpent, mix'd with the Innocence of the Dove, will be an excellent Ingredient in all your Actions.

SECT. XXXII.

The SUN *of* HONOUR *in the* WEST.

BUT I have blotted too much Paper; and I muſt with *Apelles*, *Manum de Tabulâ*; if you are mounted on the Pyramid of Honour, you muſt know it hath but one Point, and the leaſt ſlip may hazard your Fall.

If you ſhould chance to loſe your ſelf in the Empire of Greatneſs, return to your own Solitudes and Privacy, and there you may find your ſelf again.

Let no Condition ſurpriſe you, and then you cannot be afflicted in any: A noble Spirit muſt not vary with his Fortune, there is no Condition ſo low, but may have Hopes; nor any ſo high, that is out of the reach of Fears.

In your worſt Eſtate hope, in the beſt fear; but in all be circumſpect; Man is a Watch, which muſt be looked to, and wound up every Day.

It no leſs becometh the worthieſt Perſons to oppoſe Misfortunes, than it doth the weakeſt Children to bewail them.

Though you loſe all, yet you may ſtill poſſeſs your Soul in Patience; this is your laſt Reſerve, and that ſtrong Hold, whereunto he who is beaten out of the Field, may always retire, and cannot be forced out of it, but by ſurrendring it.

It's the Temper of a brave Soul, always to hope, Adverſities are born with greater Glory, than deſerted; for ſuch are the Comforts of unhappy Virtues and innocent Souls.

That Miracle of Valour, the then Dauphin of *France*, and after *Charles* the Seventh, when they told him of that Sentence which was extorted from the Parliament of *Paris* by the two Kings, one of *France*, his Father, the other of *England*, his Enemy, whereby he was declared uncapable of ſucceeding to the Crown of *Lillies*; he ſaid undauntedly, *That he appealed*; his Friends wondering at his Speech, asked him whither; he anſwered again, *To the Greatneſs of my Heart, and the Point of my Sword*; and his Words were followed with anſwerable Effects.

Brave Soul! whom the loſs of a Crown could not diſpirit.

Impavidum feriunt ruinæ.

Suffering is the ſtay to Preferment, and great Infelicities uſher us into Glory, if by Patience we can triumph over our Calamities.

Misfortunes are troubleſome at firſt, but when there's no Remedy but Patience, Cuſtom makes them eaſy to us, and Neceſſity gives us Courage.

It was a rare Temper of *Eumenes*, whoſe Courage no Adverſity ever leſſened, nor Proſperity his Circumſpection; one Month in the School of

of Affliction, will teach you more Wiſdom than the grave Precepts of *Ariſtotle* in ſeven Years; for you can never judge rightly of humane Affairs, unleſs you have firſt felt the Blows and Deceits of Fortune.

I am not (I bleſs my Stars) diſturbed at any thing, neither doth Paſſion diſquiet me: I hate nothing, except it be Hatred it ſelf; and I am no more troubled for the Want of any thing I have not, than I am becauſe I am not the Sophy of *Perſia*, or the Grand Signior: He is a happy Man that can have what he will, and that I profeſs my ſelf to be, becauſe I will nothing but that I can have.

I am much delighted with the pleaſant Humour of *Thraſalus*, and can, in my own Conceit, make my ſelf as rich as the *Indies*.

I am a little World, and enjoy all Things within my own Sphere: Honour and Riches, which others do aſpire unto, I do now poſſeſs and enjoy them in my ſelf: Health is the temperate Zone of my Life, and my Mind is the third Region in me; there I have an intellectual Globe, wherein all Things ſubſiſt, and move according to my own Ideas.

The Stars, tho' glorious and ſplendid Bodies, yet I look upon them but as Spangles, which at beſt do but embroider the outſide of that Canopy whereupon I my ſelf am to tread.

Many times I raiſe my Spirits to ſo generous a Pitch, that I think Heaven it ſelf not too high for me: I can graſp in one Thought all that Globe for which ambitious Men fight.

I account nothing more noble than my Soul, except the Almighty God, whoſe Off-ſpring it is; I never ſtain it with that Earth or Metal, which others are ambitious to get; for my Soul doth ſhew by deſiring more, how unſatisfactory all extrinſick Objects are. Doth

Doth any Man rob you of your Goods? Conſider that God, by that Man, takes back what he hath only lent you; the Thing you foreſaw is come to paſs; and what amazes you? The Thing which hath happened, you have often ſeen and known.

All Things by Nature, in the Univerſe, are ſubject to Alteration and Change: How ridiculous then is it, when any thing doth happen, to be diſturbed, or wonder, as if ſome ſtrange Thing had happen'd?

I muſt own my ſelf as a Part of the Univerſe, and therefore cannot be diſpleaſed with any thing that happens to my particular Share; for nothing which is good to the Whole, can be hurtful to that which is Part of it.

However, *Innocens ſit Animus in iratâ Fortunâ*; for virtuous Perſons, like the Sun, appear greateſt at their ſetting, and the patient enduring of a neceſſary Evil, is next unto a voluntary Martyrdom.

Adverſity overcome, is the higheſt Glory; and willingly undergone, the greateſt Virtue; Sufferings are but the Trial of gallant Spirits.

That brave *Ariſtides* being ſentenced to Baniſhment, ſaid no more but this, *I wiſh my Country no more harm, than that they may never have any more need of* Ariſtides.

A brave Soul muſt not yield himſelf up to Croſſes and Diſaſters, but make good his Ground, and ſtand firm againſt any Accident that can befal him; for 'tis but the breaking of the firſt Shock, and we ſhall find the reſt but Fancy and Opinion; and let him complain what he will, his Impatience is the greater Miſchief of the two.

If I muſt make choice either of continual Proſperity, or continual Adverſity, I would chooſe the latter; for in Adverſity no good Man can want

want Comfort, whereas in Proſperity moſt Men want Diſcretion.

Things below, as they merit not my Affection when I enjoy them, ſo they never vex or afflict me when I loſe them.

I can call nothing my own, but my Sins.

Calamities, if proſperouſly overcome, are like thoſe Winds, which if they do not throw down, do advantage Trees, by ſhaking them to a greater Faſtneſs at the Root.

That which is future or paſt, cannot hurt you, but only that which is preſent; and cannot your Patience hold out one Inſtant?

If you conſider you are a Man, your Misfortune will not ſeem new unto you; if you reflect on the Infelicities which happen to others, your own will ſeem but light to you.

If thou art diſquieted at any thing, conſider with thy ſelf, is the Thing of that worth, that for it I ſhould ſo diſturb my ſelf, and loſe my Peace and Tranquility?

Have you loſt your Dignities? You have not loſt them, but ſurrender'd them; they are the Favours of Fortune, rarely the Characters of Merit; they have no Goodneſs in them, but what he ſtamps on them that doth enjoy them: If he be not good, they are not Dignities, but Indignities: It cannot be ſaid that a Man loſt his Dignities, but that they loſt him that gave them that Denomination, and made them Dignities.

Conſider Things really as they are, and you can never be troubled for any of them: If you have a Glaſs, eſteem it as a Glaſs, and that it may be broken, and then you will never be angry when it is broken.

As there is no Gain upon Earth, without ſome Loſs; ſo there is no Loſs without ſome Gain; if

if thou haſt loſt thy Wealth, thou haſt loſt ſome Trouble with it: Art thou degraded from thy Honour? Thou art likewiſe free from the Stroke of Envy; ſet the Allowance againſt the Loſs, and you ſhall find no great Loſs.

The World is a Sea, where ſome Men are wrecked; but all are toſſed with Winds, and ſubject to the Agitation of the Waves; let it be your Prudence to gain ſuch a ſafe Port, which may ſecure you from the one, and preſerve you from the other.

I honour the Gallantry of *Camillus*, whom the Dictatorſhip did not elevate, nor Exile abate the Bravery of his Spirit.

I have many Times obſerved, that the moſt virtuous Perſons are not the greateſt Favourites of Fortune.

When Fortune is moſt prodigal of her Favours, for the moſt part ſhe intends no long Continuance; and Felicity that is grown old, draws near an End, and extream ill Fortune is not far from a Reverſe.

Etiam mala Fortuna ſuas habet levitates.

And though you are fallen from your Prince's Favour, yet you may be *Rex Stoicus*, a King in your own Microcoſm; and he who knoweth how to rule that well, may deſpiſe a Crown: Thrones are but uneaſy Seats, and Crowns nothing but ſplendid Miſeries.

The Change of your Fortune may diminiſh your Hopes, but it will encreaſe your Quiet; you muſt underſtand that Favourites are but as Counters in the Hands of great Perſons, raiſed and depreſſed in Valuation at Pleaſure; and like Dials they are not looked on, when the Sun of Majeſty is off of them.

There

There is no Conſtancy either in the Favour of Fortune, or in the Affection of great Perſons; ſo that no wiſe Man can truſt the one, or depend ſafely upon the other.

To be without an Eſtate, and not to want; to want, and not to deſire; to take the Changes of the World, without any Change in a Man's ſelf, are excellent Qualifications, of which you muſt ſtudy to be Maſter: You are a Ball; what is a Ball the better, if the Motion of it be upwards, or the worſe, if it be downwards, or if it chance to fall upon the Ground?

But whatſoever the Traverſes of Fortune are, let no Diſcontent ſurprize you; if the Thing be within your Power, manage it to your Content; if not, it's weakneſs in you to be diſquieted.

Make your beſt of every thing, or at the worſt, you may yet mend it and think it beſt: However, it will be Piety in you to ſubmit to Divine Providence.

I always ſtrike Sail to Divine Providence; ſuch Things as happen to me, and not by me, I adore, not cenſure: For there God's Wiſdom hath a greater Store and Share, where mine hath the leſs.

He is truly wiſe, who can endure Evil, and enjoy Good.

An humble Soul, like a white Sheet, muſt be prepared to receive that which the Hand of Heaven ſhall imprint upon it.

Never antedate your own Misfortune; for many times Men make themſelves more miſerable than indeed they are; and the Apprehenſion of Infelicity doth more afflict them, than the Infelicity it ſelf.

Amongſt the various Accidents of Life, I lift up my Eyes to Heaven, when the Earth affords me no Relief; I have recourſe to a higher and greater

greater Nature, when I find the Frailty of my own.

All Afflictions and Calamities are to me welcome, for I never more feel the Divine Aſſiſtance and Comfort, than in my greateſt Extremities; and becauſe I am under the Protection of the Almighty, I take but little care of my ſelf.

I never beg of God but general Bleſſings, becauſe he, in his Divine Wiſdom, knows better what is good for me in particular, than I my ſelf.

Diſcontent is the greateſt Weakneſs of a generous Soul; for many times it's ſo intent upon its Unhappineſs, that it forgets its Remedies.

I would not have you diſordered within you, when there are ſo many things out of order without you.

Hope will be your beſt Antidote againſt all Misfortune, and God's Omnipotency an excellent Means to fix your Soul.

If you be not ſo happy as you deſire, it's well you are not ſo miſerable as you deſerve; if things go not ſo well as you would they ſhould have done, it's well they are not ſo ill as they might have been.

If you ſeriouſly conſider, you have received more Good than you have done, and done more Evil than you have ſuffered.

Meaſure not Life by the Enjoyment of this World, but by the Preparation it makes for a better, looking forward what you ſhall be, rather than backward what you have been; you need not fear Death, the laſt change, who hath been acquainted with a Life ſo full of change; if you have lived well, you have lived long enough; ſo ſoon as Death enters upon the Stage, the Tragedy is done; believe me, he that anchoreth one Thought

Thought upon any thing on this Side Heaven, will be ſure to be a Loſer in the End.

There is nothing can render the Thoughts of this Life tolerable, but the Expectation of another. I would not deſire to live a Moment, if I thought I was not to live again.

My Life is full of Miſery, and I have but a few Days to live: Happy Miſeries that end in Joy; Happy Joys that have no End; Happy End that ends in Eternity.

To ſerve God, and keep his Commandments, is the only Wiſdom; and will at laſt, when the Account of the World ſhall be caſt up, be found to be the beſt Preferment and higheſt Happineſs: And ſo farewel. Remember your Mortality and eternal Life.

An Elephant that was marching at the Head of his Troops towards the Execution of ſome great Deſign, met a Doe upon the Way, and invited her into the Park, the Doe promiſing at firſt Word to make one of the Party; the Elephant in the mean while enlarging himſelf upon the Honour of the Enterprize. In this Interim a Weazle croſſed the Way upon them, and the Doe took ſuch a Fright upon't, that the whole Earth could not make her ſtand her Ground. The Elephant asked her if ſhe was not aſhamed to run away from ſo pitiful a Creature? No, ſays the Doe, 'tis not the Beaſt I dread, but the Preſage which our Family has many Times found the Miſchief of to our Coſt. The Elephant made Sport with the Fancy, and laid it home to the Doe, that ſhe was prevailed with to follow him yet once again: By the time they were advanced a hundred Paces upon the Way, they heard the Crowing of a Cock from the next Village, and the Cock was worſe to the Doe than the Weazle; ſo ſhe went directly

directly to the Elephant, and charged him as he loved his Life, not to advance one Step farther, for never any Body heard a Cock crow at that Time of the Day, and purſued his Journey, but ſome diſmal Calamity befel him. If this, ſays he, had befallen a Lion, as it did an Elephant, or any of that Race which is afraid of Cocks, it might have foreboded ſomething; but what's a Cock, I pray, either to thee or me? Neither am I of the Temper to abandon a glorious Deſign for an imaginary Hazard. Upon theſe Words the Elephant marched up to the Enemy, charged him and gained his Point; the Doe in the mean while ſlinking behind the Buſhes, in a Confuſion at the Thought of her own Meanneſs of Spirit.

Sententiæ Stellares:

OR,

MAXIMS of PRUDENCE

To be obſerved by

ARTISANS of STATE.

1. THAT Government is beſt tempered, where a few Drams of Fear are blended with the People's Love.

2. It's the Intereſt of Princes to make Acts of Grace peculiarly their own; becauſe they which have the Art to pleaſe People, have commonly the Power to raiſe them.

3. A Multitude of Offices are dangerous to a Prince, and ſerve for nothing but to rifle his Purſe; and the fuller they fill their Coffers, the more facile is their Juſtification when queſtioned: When *Verres* was *Prætor* of *Sicily*, he had with wonderful Corruption pillaged that Province; and at the ſame time the *Prætor* of *Sardinia*, being ſentenced for depeculating and robbing that Province, *Timarchides Verres* his Correſpondent at *Rome*, writ a Letter to him, giving

ving him warning of it: But *Verres*, in a Jolly Humour, anſwered him, *That the* Prætor *of* Sardinia *was a Fool, and had extorted no more from the* Sardinians *than would ſerve his own Turn; but himſelf had gathered up ſuch rich Booties amongſt the* Sicilians, *that the very Overplus thereof would dazle the Eyes of the Senate, and blind them ſo, that they ſhould not ſee his Faults:* Hence we may conclude, that juſt Men muſt be guilty, becauſe they were Fools, and others ſhall be innocent, becauſe they were Knaves.

4. Religion is the only Orb which doth influence Men's Minds; and except the Prince be powerful over their Religion (which is the Bond of their Affection) he will have but a weak Dominion over their Perſons.

5. A Prince that runs on any Deſign, contrary to the general Humour and Spirit of the People, may indeed make his Miniſters great Subjects, but they can never make him a great Prince: Whereas a Prince that doth act with the Hearts and Intereſt of his People, can never fail of making what Figure he pleaſes in the World, nor of being ſafe and eaſy at Home.

6. That Prince which raiſes an Army to effect any thing againſt the Bent and Inclinations of his Subjects, is like him who raiſed an Army to keep out the Plague, when the Army itſelf was infected.

7. Sects in their firſt Riſe are to be nipped: but being over-grown, it's Wiſdom not to oppoſe them with too ſtrong a Hand, leſt in ſuppreſſing one, there raiſe many: A ſoft Current is ſoon ſtopped, but a ſtrong Stream reſiſted breaks into many, or overwhelms all.

8. He who putteth off his Hat to the People, gives his Head to the Prince; for the immode-

rate Favour of the Multitude, as it can do a Man no good, ſo it will undo ſo many as ſhall truſt to it : It was ſaid of the Earl of *Eſſex*, that he was grown ſo popular, that he was too dangerous for the Times, and the Times for him.

9. If any Perſon begins to be aſpiring, it is Prudence in the Prince to deal with him as the Birds did, who beat the Cuckow, for fear he ſhould become a Hawk.

10. It may ſometime be the Intereſt of a Prince, not only to remove Grievances by doing what is deſired, but even Jealouſies, by doing ſomething which is not expected ; for when a Prince does more than his People look for, he gives them reaſon to believe that he is not ſorry for doing what they deſired.

11. Tranſcendent Services and too great Benefits from Subjects to Kings, are of dangerous Conſequence, when they make the Mind more capable of Merit than Duty.

12. A Parliament is the trueſt Glaſs, wherein a Prince may diſcern his People's Love and his own Happineſs.

13. Too great Severity in the Laws, ſeldom does good : For many Times the common Guilt make the Penalties impracticable.

14. If Affection lead you to Court, take care that Intereſt keep you there ; for when it's once paſt Noon with a Favourite, it's preſently Night with him ; the good Fortune of the Court hath few ſure Friends, but the ill Fortune of it none.

15. Kings cannot meet without great State, and they ſeldom part without much Envy, who never are farther aſunder than when they meet.

16. All

16. All States ſtand more by Fame than Force; it's moſt ſafe neither to diſcover Weakneſs nor hazard Loſs by attempt.

17. What is the great humour and bent of a Nation, ought ever to be much conſidered by a State, which can hardly miſcarry in the Purſuit of it.

18. Two Things break Treaties; Jealouſies when Princes are ſucceſsful, and Fear when they are unfortunate.

19. Rigor in Matter of Religion, ſeldom makes ill Chriſtians better, but many times makes them ſubtle and reſerved Hypocrites.

20. Money is the Sinews of War, and the Object of Men's Affections; that Prince who is rich in Treaſure, becomes puiſſant in the one, and abſolute Maſter of the other.

21. There are ſome Evils in a State that cannot be conveniently remedied; the Maladies of States are incurable when they are inveterate; and a cachectical, or ill-affected Body, is better let alone in Repoſe, than to have the Humours ſtirred by Phyſick that cannot carry them off.

22. A Prince's Fortune, and a Favourite's Faith, end together.

23. Polity at home, and Intelligence abroad, are the two Poles upon which every well governed State turns.

24. A Prince ought more to fear thoſe which he hath advanced, than thoſe he hath oppreſſed; for the one hath the Means to do Miſchief, but the other hath not the Power.

25. A wiſe Prince doth ſtrike his Enemies more ſmartly with the Head, than with the Hand, and is as much to be feared for his Prudence as for his Valour.

26. In civil Tumults, an adviſed Patience and an Opportunity well taken, are the only Weapons of Advantage.

27. It's Wiſdom in a Prince to ſhew himſelf abſolute in his Authority firſt, and then indulgent in his Nature.

When *Antigonus* was asked, Why in his old Age his Government was ſo mild and eaſy: *Formerly* (ſaid he) *I ſought for Power, but now for Glory and good Will.*

28. Taxes and Impoſitions ought to be in a State, as Sails in a Ship; not to charge and overlade it, but to conduct and aſſure it.

When *Antigonus* exacted Money ſeverely, one told him, *Alexander* did not do ſo: *It may be ſo* (ſaid he) Alexander *reaped* Aſia, *and I do but glean after him.*

29. When a Prince ſeeks the Love of his Subjects, he ſhall find in them enough of Fear: But when he ſeeks their Fear, he loſes their Love.

30. It is not ſafe for a Prince to nominate his Succeſſor, that is, to diſrobe himſelf before he is ready to ſleep; and when he hath named him, his Teſtament is made; neither can he live after that in any Security: The Succeſſor takes off the People's Eyes from the preſent Sovereign: The Son of *Dionyſius* the Elder, asked his Father, *Whom he would make his Succeſſor in the Government?* *Dionyſius* asked his Son when he knew him guilty of ſuch a Crime; and if he would have him make his Grave before he was dead?

31. When a Prince hath by his Arms conquered a Country, it is Prudence in him to carry himſelf graciouſly towards the conquered, and to give the Noble Men great Titles of Honour, but little Power; to adminiſter Juſtice to the

the People in general, and to have a ſpecial Care of laying too great Taxes, for fear of a Revolt. Theſe Politicks were unhappily obſerved by *Charles* VIII. after he had *Naples*, which was the Cauſe of its Revolt. After *Philip* had conquered *Greece*, ſome adviſed him to place Garriſons in the Cities: *No*, ſaid he, *I had rather be called Merciful a great while, than Lord a little while.*

32. Force doth rather fortify than change the Reſolution of Man in Matters of Religion: Therefore nothing ought to be done violently in Reformation; the Strings muſt be wound up gently; the Muſick ſounds a great deal ſweeter when they are looſe, than when they are ſtrain'd up too hard.

33. That Prince who will keep his Crown on his Head, muſt be ſure to keep his Sword by his Side.

34. Denials from Princes muſt be ſoftened with gracious Uſage, ſo that, though they cure not the Sore, yet they may abate the Senſe of it; but beſt it is that all Favours come directly from themſelves, Denials and Things of Bitterneſs from their Miniſters: Therefore if a Prince reſolve not to anſwer a Requeſt, the leaſt offenſive Way is, not to uſe direct Denial, but by Delays prolong the Time; and ſo inſtead of Effect, miniſter Matter of Hope. *Henry* IV. of *France* was ſo courteous, that when he would not anſwer a Petitioner, he always ſo obliged him with ſome good Word, that he went away ſatisfied.

35. The more a Prince weakeneth himſelf by giving, the poorer he is of Friends.

36. Equal Authority with the ſame Power, is ever fatal to all great Actions; and therefore

one wiſe General, having but a thouſand Men, is more to be feared than twenty of equal Authority; for they are commonly of divers Humours, and judging diverſly, do rarely what is to be done, and loſe time before Reſolutions can be taken.

37. Reward and Puniſhment juſtly laid, do balance Government; but it much concerns a Prince, that the Hand be equal that holds the Scale; therefore if any Subject doth deſerve never ſo highly of his Prince, if he becomes afterwards a Malefactor, he muſt be made an Example of Juſtice, without regard of his former Merit. *Manlius Capitolinus*, though by Valour he had delivered the Capitol of *Rome* from the *French*, who beleager'd it; yet afterwards growing Seditious, was thrown down from the Capitol, which by his great Renown he had formerly delivered.

38. The Prince who ſcrews up the Pins of Power too high, will break the Strings of the Commonwealth. Wiſe Princes make uſe of their Prerogative, as God Almighty doth of his Omnipotency, upon extraordinary Occaſions.

39. The Prince is the Pilot of the Commonwealth, the Laws are the Compaſs.

40. Reverſionary Grants of Places of Profit, and Honour by Princes, are the bane and ruin of Induſtry; but Acts of Grace and Bounty, are the Golden Spurs to virtuous and generous Spirits.

41. In holy Things, he that ſtrikes upon the Anvil of his own Brain, is in danger to have the Sparks fly in his own Face.

42. A Kingdom is like a Ship at Sea, whoſe Ballaſt ſhould be the Prince's Coffers; which if they be light and empty, ſhe doth nought but tumble

tumble up and down, nor can be made to run a direct and ſteady Courſe; therefore it is the Intereſt of Princes to have a good Treaſure againſt all Extremities; for empty Coffers give an ill Sound.

43. That Prince who, upon every Commotion of the Subject, ruſhes preſently into open War, is like him, who ſets his own Houſe on Fire to roaſt his Eggs.

44. That State which goeth out of the Liſts of Mediocrity, paſſeth alſo the Limits of Safety: While *Sparta* kept her ſelf within thoſe Boundaries that *Lycurgus* preſented unto her, ſhe was both ſafe and flouriſhing; but attempting to enlarge her Territories by new Acqueſts of other Cities in *Greece* and *Aſia*, ſhe every Day declined.

45. Rather than the leaſt Diſhonour ſhould fall upon the Stage, it is Prudence ſometimes to preſerve the Honour of the Publick, to caſt the Male-Adminiſtration upon ſome Favourite or Counſellor, and offer him a Sacrifice to Juſtice.

46. *Charles* the Fifth laid the Loſs and Diſhonour he received in the Invaſion of *France*, by Way of *Provence*, to *Anthony de Leva*. The *Spaniards*, to cover the Diſhonour they received in their Attempt againſt *England* in Eighty Eight, caſt it upon the Duke of *Parma*, in his not joining with them in convenient Time. So did *Charles* the ſixth of *France*, upon the Duke of *Berry*, in his Deſign of invading *England*, as many wiſe Princes and States had formerly done.

47. Reputation abroad, and Reverence at Home, are the Pillars of Safety and Sovereignty.

48. Frames of Policy, as well as Works of Nature, are beſt preſerved from the ſame Grounds they were firſt founded on.

49. The Miniſters of Princes muſt be *pares Negotiis*, fit for their Buſineſs, and not *ſupra*, above it, or too able for it; for another Man's too much Sufficiency (as they think) is a Diminution of their Reſpect, and therefore dangerous.

50. Taxes which the Sovereign levies from the Subject are as Vapours which the Sun exhales from the Earth, which doth return them again in fruitful Showers.

51. Too great a City in a Nation is like a bad Spleen in a Body natural, which ſwells ſo big, as makes all other Parts of the Body lean; therefore ſome ſober Perſons have conceived, that it is more Prudence to have three Cities of equal Power, that in Caſe one ſhould rebel, the other two might balance, or give Law to the third. A great City is the fitteſt Engine to turn an old Monarchy into a new Commonwealth.

52. The State which doth not ſubſiſt in Fidelity, can never continue long in Potency.

53. Wiſe Princes muſt ſometimes deal with mutinous Subjects, as the Sun did to take away the Paſſenger's Cloak, not as the ruffling Winds, to blow him down.

54. There is nothing which doth more impoveriſh a Prince, than Impreſts of Money at great Intereſt; for thereby a Prince is brought to one of theſe two Extremities, either to overthrow his Demeſnes and Finances, whereof the *French* Kings are Examples; or elſe to turn Bankrupt and pay none, as King *Philip* of *Spain* hath done to the Merchants of *Genoa*, *Florence*, *Ausburg*, and almoſt to all the Banks in Chriſtendom.

55. A deſtructive Peace, and an unſucceſsful War, are both fatal in the Iſſue.

56. In-

56. Intereſt is the Compaſs by which all States muſt ſteer their Courſe; therefore a wiſe State will always be found in its Intereſt.

57. A Prince is never feared Abroad, or honoured at Home, that hath not levied an Army, or at leaſt made all the Preparations requiſite to carry on a War.

58. The Sword is the laſt Reaſon of Kings; and if it be not the beſt, yet certainly the beſt able to defend them.

59. When any Miſchief grows in a State, and becomes formidable, it's many Times more Prudence to temporize with it, than by Force to attempt the Redreſs of it; for they who go about to quench it kindle it the more, and ſuddenly pluck down that Miſchief upon their Heads, which was then but feared from them, by courting or diſſembling the Miſchief; if it doth not remove the Evil, at leaſt it's put off for a long Time.

60. *Charles* the Fifth (even he who was Sirnamed the Wiſe) of *France*, at ſuch Time as he was Regent in *France*, his Father at that time being a Priſoner in *England*, by evil Counſel of ſome, being ignorant in Matters of State, at once ſuſpended all the Officers of *France*, of whom he ſuppreſſed the greateſt Part, appointing fifty Commiſſioners for the hearing ſuch Accuſations as ſhould be laid againſt them for Extortion and Bribery by them committed; whereupon all *France* was in ſuch a Tumult (by reaſon of the great Number of ſuch as were Male-contents) as that ſhortly after, for Remedy thereof, he, by Decree in the High Court of Parliament in *Paris*, was forced to abrogate the former Law.

61. It's a noble Ambition, and abſolutely neceſſary for a Prince to believe none of his Subjects

more wiſe than himſelf, nor more fit to govern; when he hath not this good Opinion of himſelf, he ſuffers himſelf to be governed by others, whom he believes more fit than himſelf, and by this Means falls into many Infelicities. This was the Unhappineſs of *Philip* the Third of *Spain*, tho' a Prince of eminent Parts; yet ſuffering himſelf to be governed by the Duke of *Lerma*, he became of ſo little Eſteem with the People, and had no way to free himſelf from thoſe Indignities which were caſt upon him, but by becoming a Church-man and a Cardinal.

62. A wiſe Prince, when he is obliged to make War, ought to make it powerfully and ſhort, and at firſt to aſtoniſh his Enemies with formidable Preparations; becauſe by this Means it turns to good Husbandry, and the Conqueſts made thro' fear of Arms, reach farther than thoſe made by Arms themſelves.

63. Puniſhment and Reward are the two Pillars whereon all Kingdoms are built; the former ſerves for reſtraining of vile Spirits, the latter for the Encouragement of the generous; the one ſerves inſtead of a Bridle, the other of a Spur.

64. The Love of the Subject is the moſt ſure *Baſis* of the Prince's Greatneſs; Princes are more ſecure, and better defended by the Love of the People, than by many Troops and Legions; every wiſe Prince muſt ſuppoſe that Times of Trouble may come, and then he will be neceſſitated to uſe the Service of Men diverſly qualified; therefore his Care and Study muſt be in the mean time, ſo to entertain them, that when thoſe Storms ariſe, he may reſt aſſured to command them; for whoſoever perſuades himſelf by preſent Benefits to gain the good Will of Men, when Perils are at Hand, ſhall not be deceived.

65. It's

65. It's not ſafe for a Prince to commit his Secrets to his greateſt Favourite; for if he who is concerned will give, the Prince is certainly betrayed.

66. It concerns a Prince as much to contain his beſt Friends within a moderate and convenient Greatneſs, as to weaken and depreſs his greateſt Enemies.

67. No wiſe State will ever begin a War, unleſs it be upon Deſigns of Conqueſt, or Neceſſity of Defence; for all other ways ſerve only to exhauſt Forces and Treaſure, and end in an untoward Peace, patched up out of the Weakneſs and Wearineſſes of the Parties.

68. Nothing doth ſo much conduce to the ſafety of a State, as to place the ſupreme Power in one; for Commands depending upon divers Votes, beget Deſtruction and Ruin; and as this Courſe prevents War, ſo it beſt conſerves Peace.

69. Foreign Succours are moſt dangerous, and therefore they ſhould be the laſt Reſort of every wiſe State; for they are ſeldom gotten out but by the undoing that State which received them; or elſe, as moſt commonly it happens, they make themſelves Maſters of it.

70. Thoſe People which by Arms do endeavour to deliver themſelves from Oppreſſion, do many times change the Tyrant, but not the Tyranny; and after a Rebellion is ſuppreſſed, the King is more King, and the Subjects more ſubject.

71. It's eaſier to make Subjects than to keep them; Men may ſubmit to the Force of Arms, but they never obey an unjuſt Power.

72. None are more apt to attempt upon the People's Liberties, than ſuch who are vicious and debauched; for they commonly think Principality but a Security of great Crimes: Yet none are leſs able to compaſs their Deſigns; for he

he who will dare to attempt that which no honeſt Man will, muſt be able to do ſuch things, which none but a prudent and ſtout Man can perform.

73. The chief Wiſdom and Happineſs of a Prince, is to know well to enjoy the Sovereignty of his Power, with the Liberty of his Subjects; Love, Fear and Reverence, are the three Ligaments which tie the Hearts of the Subjects to their Sovereign: Let the Prince have the firſt in Height, the ſecond in good Meaſure, and of the laſt ſo much as he can.

74. That State which doth affect Grandeur, to the Preſervation of it's Intereſt, muſt be bold and daring; in the mean time there is no Safety, and thoſe Attempts which begin with Danger, for the moſt Part are crowned with Glory, and end in Honour.

75. That State which will preſerve it ſelf in Puiſſance, muſt prevent Diviſions, to which States are ſubject; and where People are factious and apt to Diviſions, it's Prudence to ſoften them with Pleaſures; for where they are ſubtle and proud, they muſt be made voluptuous; ſo their Will and Malice will hurt the leſs. It's ſome Security that a Faction is debauched; for it's not ſafe to ſuffer ſober Men to come to undo the Commonwealth; as in a Tempeſt, each Wave ſtriving to be higheſt, rides upon the Neck of that which haſten'd to the Shore before it, and is it ſelf ſuppreſſed by one following: So it happens in a civil Tempeſt of the Commonwealth; each Party ſtrives to ſuppreſs the other, till a third, undiſcern'd, aſſaults and ſuppreſſes the Conqueror.

76. When a Nation is at War within it ſelf, it's not ſafe for any State or Prince to attempt the Invaſion of it, for it will certainly re-unite againſt them.

77. When

77. When a State is jealous of the Obedience and Loyalty of the *Metropolis*, or chief City in it's Dominions, the only Means is to borrow great Sums of Money of them; for by that Means they will not eaſily break out into any Action or rebellious Attempts, for fear of loſing their Money. *Edward* the Second of *England*, being deprived by his own Subjects of his Royal Diadem, had never been reſtored, if he had not been indebted to the Citizens of *London*, who upon his coming up to *London*, purchaſed him the Favour and Friendſhip of the greateſt Part of the City; of which being Maſter, his Power increaſed, and thereby became ſo ſtrong, that he ſubdued moſt of his Enemies, and thereby recover'd his Kingdom. *Eumenes* underſtanding that divers Noblemen ſought Occaſions to kill him; to prevent their Malice againſt him, pretended that he had need of great Sums of Money, which he borrowed of them who hated him moſt, to the end they might give over the ſeeking of his Death, whereby they were aſſured to loſe all their Money.

78. He who groweth great on the ſudden, ſeldom governeth himſelf in the Change: Extraordinary Favour to Men of weak or bad Deſerts, doth breed Inſolency in them, and Diſcontentments in others; two dangerous Humours in a State.

79. Great Perſons muſt not at all be touched, but if they be, they muſt be made ſure from taking Revenge; and there is nothing more dangerous, than to bring a great Courage to the Place of Execution, and then grant him his Pardon; for he will always remember the Affront, and forget the Pardon.

80. The queſtioning of great Perſons produces as much Terror (tho' it argues not ſo much Rigor)

Rigor) as the Puniſhment; extremity of Law muſt be uſed towards ſome few, to ſettle Quietneſs in the whole, and it's as it were a particular Blood-letting for the general Health.

81. Fools are ruled by their Humour, but wiſe Men by their Intereſt.

82. A Prince of mean Force ought not in any wiſe to adventure his Eſtate upon one Day's Fight; for if he be victorious, he gaineth nothing but Glory; but if he loſeth, he is utterly undone.

83. It's the Intereſt of Princes, that their Servants Fortune ſhould be above Temptation; for many times new Officers, or Princes, are like freſh Flies, bite deeper than thoſe which were chaſed away before them.

84. A wiſe Prince ought to ground upon that which is of himſelf, and not upon that which is of another; for Government is ſet up in the World, rather to truſt it's own Power, than to ſtand upon others Courteſies.

85. A good Magiſtrate muſt be like the Statue of *Apollo*, who had a Launce in one Hand, and a Harp in the other: That is, Reſolution to awe on the one ſide, and Sweetneſs to oblige on the other.

86. A Prince hath more reaſon to fear Money that is ſpent, than that which is hoarded up; becauſe it's eaſier for Subjects to oppoſe a Prince by Popularity than by Arms.

87. Outward Eſteem to a great Perſon is as Skin to Fruit, which though a thin Cover, yet preſerves it.

88. Tho' one be raiſed by the Vulgar, yet it's not ſafe to build upon them; nothing is more unſtable than Greatneſs, founded only upon another's Pleaſure; nor are the Favours of any, more uncertain than thoſe of the Vulgar.

89. Love

89. Love preſerves the Empire, which Power ſets up.

90. The Diſeſteem of religious Ceremonies, argues the Decay of the civil Government. Pious Princes have firſt kept their People religious, and thereby made them virtuous and united.

91. Hereſies and Error in the Church, are rather to be ſuppreſſed by Diſcipline, than increaſed by Diſputations: For in many Caſes it's Impiety to doubt, and Blaſphemy to diſpute.

92. Schiſmaticks are like a Top, if you ſcourge them, you keep them up; but if you neglect them, they will go down alone.

93. Revolutions of Government, and the ſucceſſive Inundations of ſeveral Factions, like the overflowing *Nilus*, continually leave many Seeds and Spawns of Monſters, which may eaſily be formed to any Deſign.

94. The Love and Hate of the People are equally dangerous.

95. Religion is the Foundation of Society; when that is once ſhaken by Contempt, the whole Fabrick cannot be ſtable nor laſting.

96. Great Men are the firſt who find their own Grief, and the laſt who find their own Faults.

97. Emulation amongſt Favourites, is the Security of Princes.

98. The two main Principles which guide humane Nature, are Conſcience and Law; by the former we are obliged in reference to another World; by the latter in reference to this.

99. Inconveniencies which happen to Government, are ſudden and unlook'd for; therefore a Prince muſt be provided, *in omnem eventum.*

100. It's ſafer for a State by Death to extinguiſh the Power, or by Pardon to alter the Will of great Offenders, than to put them to Exile or Abju-

Abjuration. Therefore *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, being adviſed to baniſh Marſhal *Byron*, ſaid, *That a burning Fire-brand caſts more Flame and Smoak out of a Chimney than within it.*

101. In Treaties, Faith will fail as long as Intereſt lives; and Intereſt will be found as long as Princes reign.

102. In Commonwealths with the *Metropolis* all is conquered, becauſe the Seat of Liberty and Empire being overthrown, the Union is loſt, of which the Government is formed.

103. The proroguing and diſſolving of Parliaments, is like the Diſtilling of hot Waters, the oftner they are drawn off, the higher and ſtronger they are.

104. Bold Outrages are to be feared at the firſt Heat; when they have taken Time, they abate of themſelves, and as the Factions grow ſtale, they utterly fail.

105. The State of a Prince is never eſtabliſhed with Cruelty, or confirmed by Craft.

106. It's more Prudence in a Prince to cut off or pardon, than diſtreſs any Man; for the diſtreſſed Man is ever before Peoples Eyes, to move or exaſperate them; the dead and pardoned are forgotten.

107. To lie ſtill in times of Danger, is Calmneſs of Mind, not Magnanimity; when to think well, is only to dream well.

108. There is no dividing of a Faction by particular Obligations, when it's general; for you no ſooner take off one, but they ſet up another to guide them.

109. It's no Prudence in a Prince to take off the Factious by Rewards; for it will animate others to be ſo, when they find ſuch Encouragements for being troubleſome.

110. Many

110. Many times the way for a Prince to preſerve his Power, is not to keep it. The People of *England*, like Wantons, not knowing what to do with it, have contended with ſome Princes, as *Henry* the Third, King *John*, *Edward* the Second, for that Power which they have thrown into the Arms of others, as Queen *Elizabeth*.

111. Favourites are Court-Dials, whereon all look when Majeſty ſhines on them, and none when it's Night with them.

112. Kings may marry, but Kingdoms never marry; ſo that by Marriage there is no permanent Intereſt gained.

113. All Power is but comparative; no Kingdom can take a juſt Meaſure of it's Safety, by it's own Riches or Strength at home, without caſting up at the ſame time what Invaſions may be feared, and what Defences and Aids may be had from Allies abroad.

114. Anarchy or popular Tumults, have worſe Effects upon common Safety, than the rankeſt Tyranny; for it's eaſier to pleaſe the Humour, and either appeaſe or reſiſt the Fury of one ſingle Perſon, than of a Multitude; take each of them in their Extremes, the Rage of a Tyrant may be like that of Fire, which conſumes what it reaches, but by degrees, and devours one Houſe after another; whereas the Rage of People, is like that of the Sea, which once breaking Bounds, overflows a Country with that Suddenneſs and Violence, as leaves no hopes either of flying or reſiſting, till, with the change of Tides and Winds, it returns of it ſelf.

115. A Prince in Wiſdom ought to make choice of ſuch Perſons to be his Officers, as are rich and knowing; for being rich, they will not abuſe the Prince themſelves; and being knowing, they will not ſuffer others to do it.

116. In

116. In Extremity, the help of Foreigners is not to be condemned, but it's a Remedy leaſt to be truſted, and laſt to be tried.

117. In popular Tumults, many Times nothing is more ſafe than Speed, and greater Advantages accrue by Expedition than Delays; for while ſome are in Fear, ſome in Doubt, others ignorant, all may be reduced to the Limits of Obedience; and Fury, when the firſt Blaſt is ſpent, turns commonly to Fear; and thoſe Perſons which are Heads of Rebellion, whom the People honour and admire at firſt, are at laſt plentifully repaid with Scorn and Contempt.

118. In popular Tumults it's ſafer for a Prince with ſome yielding to condeſcend to Peace, than by ſtanding upon high points of Honour, to hazard the Iſſue of a Battle, wherein the Prince cannot win without weakning, nor loſe without danger of his undoing. *Lewis* the Thirteenth of *France*, was a ſad Inſtance hereof.

119. The Riches of the People are the Prince's Safety, but their Poverty his Calamity; for they being rich, will not eaſily attempt againſt the Government, for fear of Loſs; whereas being poor and beggarly, they will upon every Diſcontent, be apt to break out into Action; for ſuch will think, being poor, that they cannot be worſe, but by bold Attempts, they may be better.

120. In a popular Tumult and Rebellion, the beſt way is, firſt to cut off all their Proviſions, and then ſecondly, to ſow Sedition amongſt them, while the Prince may gain Time, by pretended Treaties to be even with them, drawing off the moſt Eminent of the Faction, and confounding the reſt.

121. Minions and Favourites of Princes, after the Deceaſe of the Prince their Patron, uſually come into diſfavour with the ſucceeding Prince:

Prince: *Oliver de Danne*, *Daniel* and *Doyat*, Servants to *Lewis* the Eleventh; two of them were hanged, *Doyat* loſt his Ears, and was whipped up and down the Streets: And we know the Fate of *Empſon* and *Dudly*, who were ſo great Favourites to *Henry* the Seventh.

122. In the Infancy of a Commonwealth, Merchandiſe is of Advantage; but growing great, it's many times dangerous; for it introduces Luxury, if not reſtrain'd by Sumptuary Laws.

A certain Virtuoſo that underſtood the Buſineſs of Planting and Gardening perfectly well, and the beſt way of ordering both Timber and Fruit-Trees; had in his Ground, among other Curioſities, an Apple-Tree, a Balm, an Orange and a Cork. The Apple-Tree brought him Fruit once a Year, both for his particular Occaſions and for his Friends, and once a Year gathering ſerv'd his Turn too. But at the ſame Time it went to the Heart of the Apple, to ſee how the poor Orange was uſed and rifled both of his Fruit and Flowers. Now this did not one jot move the Orange, till ſhe ſaw a Man at work with an Inciſion Knife upon a Balm-Tree there at hand, to let out the Balſam. So the Orange became now as ſenſible in this Caſe as the Apple was in the other; inſomuch, that the Balſam put the Queſtion to her with ſome Admiration; How ſhe came to find her ſelf ſo concerned for an imaginary Pain? for this way of launcing, ſays ſhe, never comes near the Heart. If my Balm may do my Maſter any Service, let him take it and welcome; but he muſt be at the Pains to cut it out of me, for I part with none upon other Terms.

While they were talking at this rate, they caſt their Eyes upon two Woodmen that were barking a Cork-Tree hard by there, from Top to Bot-

Bottom. The ſeeming Cruelty of this Action put them all into Groans and Lamentations, only the Cork cheared up, and was the better for the flaying, ſhe ſaid, and a great deal eaſier, after being cleared of that ſmothering Coat, than ſhe was before. But do you feel no Pain at all, ſays the Orange? No more, ſays ſhe, than my Maſter himſelf feels when he puts off his Cloaths. In the Concluſion, they came to this Agreement: They were all willing enough, they ſaid, to give their Maſter an acknowledgment out of what they had, eſpecially themſelves being never the worſe for it neither; ſo that all this was no more than a Tribute in Conſideration of the Care he took to ſecure them againſt Heats and Cold, and other Inconveniencies, and to preſerve them from Caterpillars and Locuſts.

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